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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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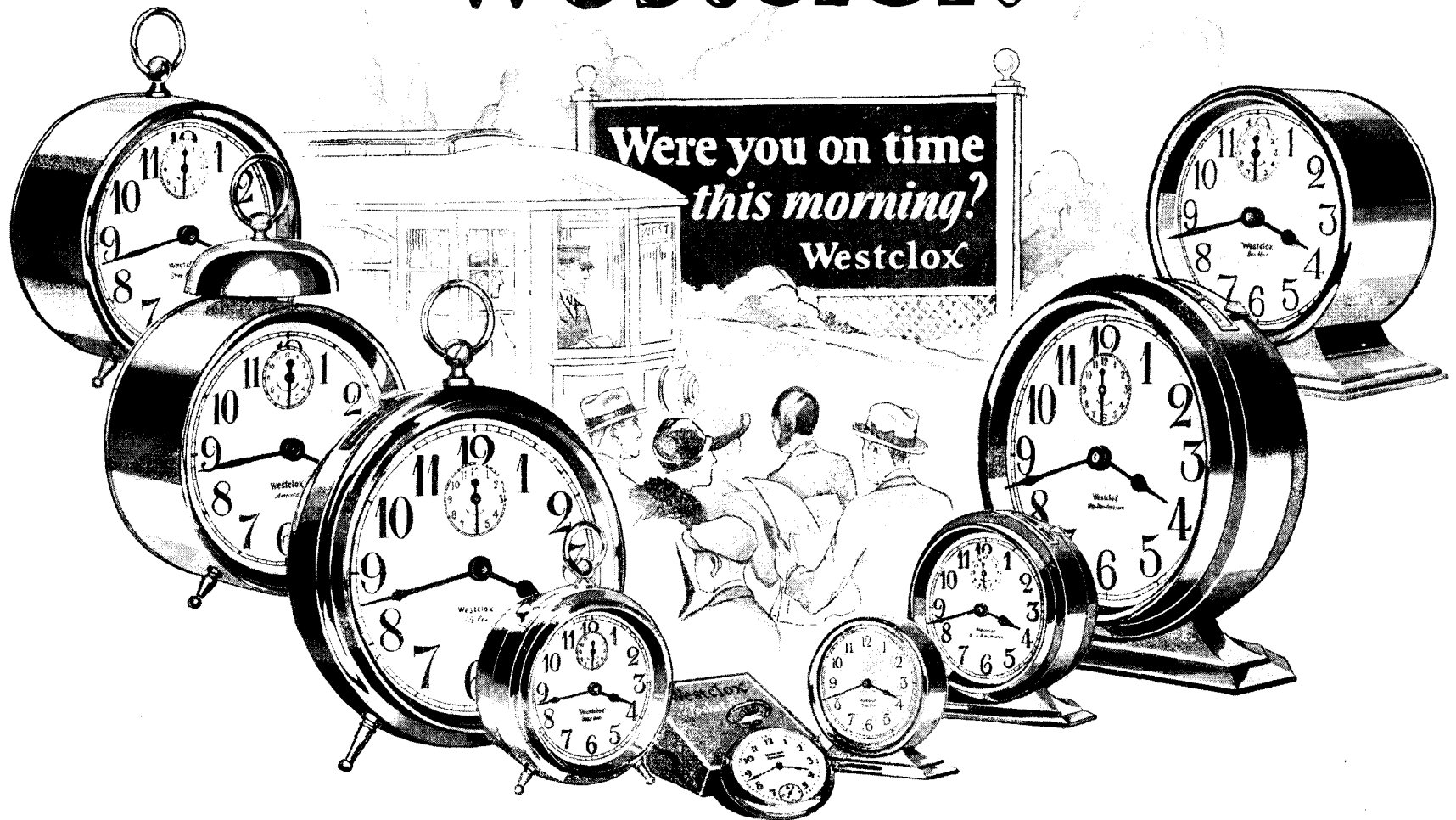
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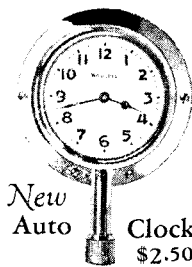


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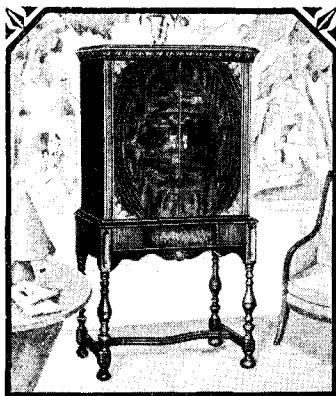
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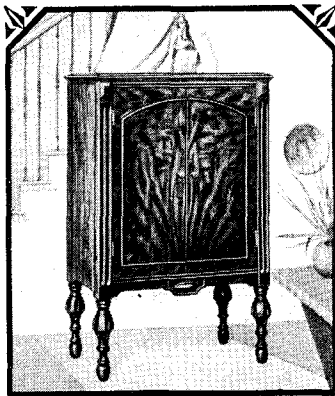


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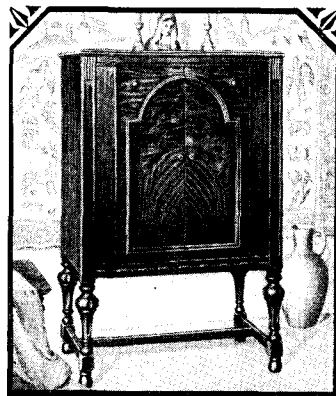
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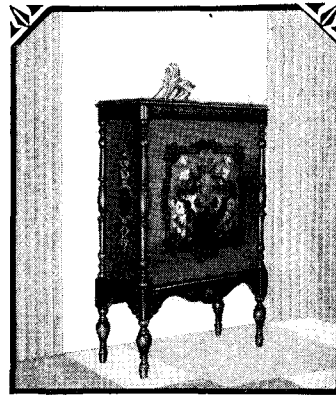
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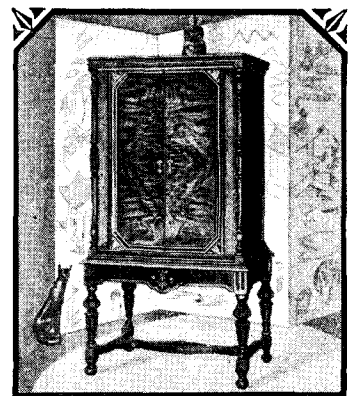
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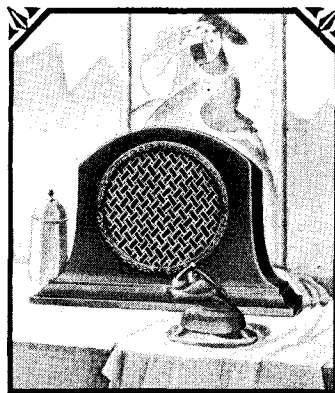
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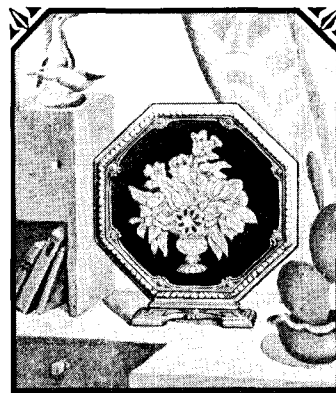
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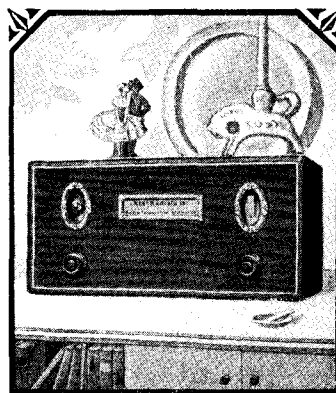
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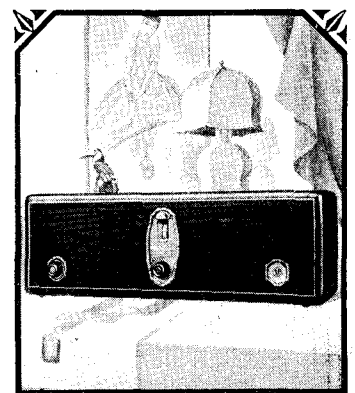
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"I beg your pardon. Did I understand your name to be Wommick? Ah, a new member. May I ask if you play bridge?"

Unabridged

By Clarence Budington
Kelland

A story that tells you what to do when your partner trumps your hole in one

MR. McWHINNEY, with a towel around the middle of him, plumped down upon a bench in the locker-room of the Appletree Golf Club and uttered language. It was without point, incoherent, unparsable—but it was severe and demonstrated that Mr. McWhinney was angry. Weevil and Wills formed a hollow square around him and nodded their heads approvingly. Neither of them had Mac's gift of words, but they stamped ditto marks under each remark as it fell from his lips.

Finally, as he worked off the first pristine purity of his rage, he became understandable and by degrees reached a beautiful clarity. He was even able to remember the name of the man he hated, and when he arrived at this point Weevil and Wills sighed with satisfaction and found seats so they could listen more comfortably.

"He's got manners," said Mac. "He's all choked up with decorum. He's so doggone courteous that if you were to step on him you'd slip like he was a banana peel."

"Hear! Hear!" exclaimed the enraptured chorus.

"He says thank you every time a caddy hands him a club," said McWhinney. "He bends in the middle, and he's so rotten full of etiquette that every time he addresses the ball he calls it 'sir.'"

"Tell it to him, Mac," said Weevil.

"First time I've gone over 100 this year," Mac went on. "He talked me into 104. He educated me into it. Whoever invited him into our foursome?"

"He did," said Wills.

"And what does he do on the first tee?" McWhinney demanded for oratorical effect, but got a veritable answer from Wills.

"He told us how," said that gentleman.

"He told us why," said Weevil.

McWhinney did an impersonation. "I beg your pardon, Mr. McWhinney, but do you mind if I tell you why you sliced that drive? I know how irritating it is to hear suggestions on a golf course, but I have been a deep student of the game, and I'm sure I could set you right. You sliced that one because you drew the face of your club across the ball."

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Illustrated by
Jay Hyde Barnum

"Whoop!" said Mr. Weevil.

"How," demanded Mr. McWhinney, returning to his own proper character, "can a man slice a ball without drawing his club head across it? Eh? How? But what makes him draw his club head across the ball? And how do you stop it? And that's what I said to him, right there on the tee—this confounded Jacob H. Wommick! Jacob H. Wommick! Can you beat that? Can you tie it? Where'd he get a name like that, anyhow?"

"He won \$56 off us," said Weevil in tones of anguish.

"And what did we get for it?" demanded Wills.

"Instruction," said Mac savagely. "I didn't shoot a shot the whole round that he didn't come over, purring like a darn cat, and explain to me what was wrong with it. He told me how to pronate my wrists! Pronate. Now, there's a sweet word. I'd like to pronate my niblick just back of his ear. Say, where's Perry Flagg?"

"HERE I am," said Mr. Flagg, who was chairman of the Membership Committee.

"What's the idea?" roared McWhinney.

"What idea?"

"Putting an encyclopedia of golf on a phonograph record and admitting it to membership in this club. Jacob H. Wommick, that's what I mean. How'd he get past? D'ye owe him money, or something? What's he got on you?"

"The Membership Committee ought to be required to play thirty-six holes with every applicant," said Wills.

"In that case," said Flagg, with that thick-skinned attitude of mind which Membership Committees rapidly take on, "we'd never have a new member."

Old man Arkwright came out of the showers scowling on all impartially. "Never heard such a din," he said sourly. "Gettin' so a man can't take a shower bath without thinkin' he's standin' out in a thunderstorm. What ails ye, anyhow? The way you're shoutin' a body'd think someone made a hole in one."

"Go ahead and tell it," said McWhinney resignedly. "Get it over as quick as you can."

"I ain't goin' to tell it," said old man Arkwright. "All the same none of you fellers ever made a hole in one like I did. None of ye ever stood up on the eleventh tee and grabbed his driver out of the bag and swatted the ball right smack into the hole."

"How long's the eleventh?" Wills asked Weevil.

"Hundred and twenty yards," said Weevil.

"So," said Wills, "Arkwright grabbed the wood and socked the ball with all he had, and in it went! Say, Arkwright, what do you use on a 200-yard hole—a cannon? Or do you send the ball by registered mail?"

"You kin all go to blazes," said the irate old man.

"Let us," said Weevil, "return to the subject of Jacob H. Wommick."

"Owing," said McWhinney, "to the incompetence of our Membership Committee, the critter is in. It makes work for us. Why, I ask you, should we do all the dirty work? Why should we train the young and modify the old?"

"Not for Perry Flagg's sake—he putts with a claw hammer. For our own peace of mind. This new pest'll tag around with us. They all do. So we got to cure him. We got to lay him flat on his back and operate on his conversation with a niblick. We got to fill him with discouragement and disconsolation, so he gets to be deaf and dumb, instead of just dumb."

"But how?" demanded Wills. "I

never heard of any cure for rush of talk to the head. This bird's got a set of automatic vocal cords. I bet you if he was to hang 'em out on the line to dry they'd keep right on vibratin'."

"Is there any worse kind of a talker than a golf talker?" asked Weevil.

"One," said Wills, "and that isn't a new father either."

"What is it, then?"

"One of these doggone lunatics who thinks a golf club is a place where you play bridge. They come out here and sit in the lounge and slam cards down on a table—and then they look out of the window and wonder what all the land is for. I heard one of 'em kickin' about costs the other day. He says you don't need bunkers to play bridge! Huh! All you need to play that game is corns on your feet and a spittoon."

"Who talks the most capable game in the club?"

"Wilson Banks."

"Has he got a good, durable, free-flowin' stream of it—that don't make any sense whatever?"

"I've heard him," said Wills, "and you wouldn't believe how many funny-soundin' words can be used about fifty-two pieces of paste-board."

"It behooves us, then," said McWhinney, "to seek out this sedentary paper chewer and exercise wiles on him. Fellows, Banks don't know it, but he's goin' for a walk. He's goin' to see the great out-of-doors. He's goin' to feel grass grow under his feet. He's goin' t' learn that the world is outside of a window and not inside it."

"It listens," said Weevil, "like you got a notion."

"Mister," said McWhinney, "all other notions turn pale and shiver alongside of this one. Before we git through with this parade Jacob H. Wommick is goin' to feel as silent as the Whisperin' Baritone alongside the Champion Hog Caller of Kansas."

ON THE following Saturday morning there accumulated on the first tee of the Appletree Golf Club five persons, not to speak of caddies. The idea was not to play a fivesome on a crowded course, though there are golfers who consider this to be quite a sociable thing to do. Jacob H. Wommick was there, very resplendent and as full of good manners as a pond across the fairway is of golf balls. He had been especially invited to play with McWhinney and company in a foursome. The fifth party was Mr. Wilson Banks. Mr. Banks had sauntered to the tee during the argument about how many strokes who was to give who. It seemed Mr. Wommick had slept very ill indeed, and there was tape around his thumb to indicate a blister, and he limped a very little. It was his trading method and he hoped to get at least one stroke for each of his ailments.

"Let's make it a field day," said Weevil. "I feel like bettin'. I feel like a lot of promiscuous bettin'. Foursome and individual and syndicates, and doubles for birdies, and bonus for bustin' forty-five—and whatever you can think of."

"That," said Mr. Wommick, "is perfectly satisfactory to me, provided we can arrange the handicaps equitably."

Mr. Banks edged closer. "Gentlemen," he said, "I do not play golf, though, as you know, I am a member and my dues help to keep up the course. I should like to see the course while, as I may put it, the

course is being used. Would you, therefore, object if I were to follow you about?"

"No, indeed," said McWhinney very quickly. "Come along. Glad to have you. Bet you'll catch the old golf bug."

"I have my doubts of that. My game, as you may or may not have noticed, is bridge. I find it ample to take care of all the requirements of what is an exceedingly competitive disposition."

"Meet Mr. Wommick, Mr. Banks," said Weevil.

"Flip a quarter for the honor," said Wills. "I'm playing with Wommick, eh? Well, it's understood I split with you boys on what you get out of him. They're robbers, Wommick. The only way I keep out of bankruptcy is to stand in with them. It's understood I

get my third of all they clean up."

"And very welcome, I am sure," said Mr. Wommick. "I plan to make mine on the individual matches. Will you lead the first nine, Wills?"

Mr. Wills teed up, waggled, jerked his spine spasmodically three times and then commenced the ritual of his back swing. He was the slowest back man in the club. After an appreciable time his club head arrived at the top of the arc, whereupon he fell on the ball tigerishly and whacked out a screaming slice of 150 yards to the fairway of the ninth hole.

"Too bad, partner," said Mr. Wommick. "I know you won't mind if I tell you what you did, so you can correct yourself right at the start of the game. Your back swing was splendid but—"



Mr. McWhinney was angry. Weevil and Wills formed a hollow

Mr. Banks, who had been paying no attention to events whatever, chose this moment to interrupt:

"I beg your pardon. Did I understand your name to be Wommick? Ah, a new member. May I ask if you play bridge?"

"What?" said Mr. Wommick, with startled suddenness.

"Bridge. Do you play bridge? There are a number of us who play a great deal of bridge in the lounge. We should be glad to have you join us."

"I do not play," said Mr. Wommick grimly as he stooped to tee up his ball. So Mr. Banks waited until Wommick was in the midst of his swing. Then he became vocal.

"What!" he exclaimed loudly. "You don't play bridge?"

Mr. Wommick removed a divot from the tee some eight inches behind the ball—which rolled forward three feet and paused.

"HEY, Banks," said Weevil in a shocked voice, "you hadn't ought to speak to him when he's driving. Hard luck, Wommick. Take it over."

"Of course not," said Mr. Wommick, with suppressed emotion. "It would not be ethical. Merely an accident, so to speak. I am sure Mr. Banks spoke without thinking."

"Did I do something I shouldn't have done?" asked Mr. Banks. "Now, in bridge one can speak at will. Of course one does not chatter through the game, but if one has an observation to make or a question to ask, he may do so without exciting comment."

And bridge, if you follow me, is a game calling for concentration!"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Wommick with remarkable suavity. "Ah, yes. But golf is not without its mental side, sir. There must be, Mr. Banks, a strict coordination between mind and muscles. For instance, if Mr. McWhinney will pardon me, his back swing a moment ago was perfection. Mind and muscle travel together as one, but—and I am sure Mr. McWhinney will agree with me, as, indeed, he must—his down swing or stroke was purely physical, with the result that its force was expended before the club head arrived at the ball."

Mr. McWhinney ground his teeth together silently, addressed his ball with the mid-iron, topped it neatly so that it rolled under a lilac bush put there by a heartless Greens Committee for that purpose, and belched plaintively. Weevil, being across the fairway and out of earshot, managed to get off a brassie which redounded to his credit.

"Well shot," cried Mr. Wommick heartily. He had now arrived at his ball, and was playing three. With some care he examined his lie; he cocked his head to one side and considered the problem—it was not good enough for a brassie, but not bad enough for an iron, so he elected to use the spoon. His reasoning was done audibly. Then he addressed the ball.

"Do I understand," asked Mr. Banks, "that you do not play bridge at all?"

Mr. Wommick lowered his club and with a courtesy which was wholly admirable replied, "I have never played the game."

Mr. Banks pondered this shocking statement just long enough for Wommick to commence his waggle. "It is a much more popular game than whist," said he, "owing largely to two particulars, namely: The trump

is not determined by turning the last card dealt, but is selected by the player making the highest bid—"

Mr. Wommick slashed at the ball in a vain effort to make his shot in a pause between sentences. The effort was futile. Mr. Banks continued without pause . . . "and, second, the attack of the game is in the hands of one player, whose partner's cards are spread face up on the table. Am I clear?"

"You are," said Mr. Wommick, but not so abruptly as one might have expected. His good manners were deep-seated.

"The aggressive player is called the declarer," said Mr. Banks, "his partner is the dummy, and his two opponents are called adversaries."

"How—er—interesting," said Mr. Wommick, and he walked away rapidly, presenting very much the appearance of a rabbit in flight, but Mr. Banks presented the appearance of a hound in pursuit. Mr. Wommick holed out in 11!

On the second tee he drew his partner aside: "Mr. Wills," said he, "I find Mr. Banks to be a—er—charming gentleman. It has been indeed, a pleasure to meet him. It is not his fault, of course, that he does not understand the importance of silence while a golf shot is being made, and I would not hurt his feelings for the world. As a new member and a new acquaintance I cannot suggest it to him. But I wonder if you could do so, diplomatically, you understand, and with care not to offend."

"Sure thing," said Wills, who stepped across to Banks and spoke in an undertone which could not reach Wommick's ears. "Good eye, Banksy, old son," he said. "You got him wobblin'. Step in and give him the other barrel."

"I'll take up initial bids on the next hole," said Mr. Banks gravely.

Mr. Weevil drove, and his ball did not slice for the second time that season. Immediately he became obsessed with the idea that he had mastered the game, and his delight was pitiful to see.

"There," he exclaimed, "I've cured that slice. I've got rid of it, by gum! Did you see that one split the middle?"

"It lacked only distance," said Mr. Wommick, "and that you could add by increasing your pivot and by pronating your wrists."

ON THE next shot, Mr. Weevil pivoted and pronated, with the result that his ball curved so rapidly to the right, so acutely, with so beautiful an arc, that it resembled the flight of an Australian boomerang, though it did not come back to its owner's feet. It would not have been so bad if it had, but it chose to come to rest under the sand box on the eighth tee, requiring the next shot to be played over an impenetrable forest. Mr. Weevil, who was tender-hearted on most occasions, had been feeling almost sorry for Wommick, but now his commiseration turned to hatred.

"Pronate!" he muttered to himself. "Pronate!" For the next five minutes he continued to mutter this hateful word. Then, on the second green, where he lay in seven, he edged toward Banks. "Listen, fellow," he said venomously. "Go and pronate him. Pronate blazes out of him."

"I was just saying to Mr. Wommick," said Banks placidly, "that an initial bid of one serves a double purpose. . . . Go right on playing, Mr. Wommick. Do not let me interrupt you. . . . First, it informs the partner that the hand contains at least four trumps and two quick suit tricks, and that the trump suit will have at its head either the ace or two honors. . . . It almost went into the hole, didn't it?" This last referred to the missing by Mr. Wommick of a ten-inch putt. Mr. Wommick turned pleading eyes to heaven.

Mr. Banks waited for the remaining

putts to be made, and continued: "Now, as to five-card suit bids. Bid initially any five-card suit headed by ace-king, ace-queen-jack or any stronger combination, no matter how weak the remainder of the hand. Upon this point I give as my authority Mr. Work. But remember that indiscriminate bidding of four-card suits, even all majors, will be most unfortunate."

He turned pleased eyes upon the other three. "I believe Mr. Wommick will turn out to be an excellent bridge player," he said. "He grasps so quickly."

"Gasps?" asked Mr. McWhinney.

"Grasps," said Mr. Banks firmly.

"You seem a bit off your game today, Wommick," said Mr. Weevil.

"Ah—only temporarily, only temporarily," said Mr. Wommick expansively.

"There's one point that occurs to me," said Banks as they walked to the short third, "and that is finessing. The object of finessing is to capture an adverse card which is missing from a tenace held by the finesser."

"Sweet cat!" exclaimed McWhinney under his breath. "What kind of talk is that? I bet ye Wommick's got something missing from his tenace right now. Where's his tenace at, anyhow? Weevil, how's your tenace?"

"First-class," said Weevil, "but my finesser is cock-eyed on the greens."

FOR example, and reverting to mathematics," said Mr. Banks didactically, "it is interesting to note that with ten cards in declarer's two hands, the finesse with ace-queen-jack will win about twice as often as it will lose."

"You astonish me," said Mr. Wommick in a strangled voice.

"It is, indeed, a fact," said Mr. Banks.

"Shall we now," suggested Mr. Wommick graciously, "play a little golf? By the way," he went on in a frantic effort to better the state of affairs, "I saw an interesting golf article this morning which said that, not only should the club *not* be taken back with the right hand, but also that it should not be taken back with the left. Almost equal pressure with both hands should be exerted. I observed, Mr. McWhinney, that you exaggerate the effort to take the club back with the left."

At once Mr. McWhinney exaggerated the effort to take it back with the right, with the result that he smothered the ball and sent it bounding off to the left, where it came to rest behind an elm tree of large dimensions.

The play for the next few holes was extraordinary. It was magnificent, but it was not golf. If Mr. Wommick succeeded in talking his opponents out of a shot, Mr. Banks countered by enunciating a bridge truism as Mr. Wommick addressed the ball. It seemed, however, as if a placid temperament and a decorum of such graciousness as to form the basis of a new book on that subject might rise superior to card technicalities. Mr. Wommick finished the ninth hole all even with everybody. Everything was halved.

"Shall we carry over the bets?" he asked affably.

"By all means," said McWhinney, and then, in an aside to Banks: "You're throwing us down, fellow. Remember it's bridge against golf. Milton C. Work expects every player to do his duty."

"His line of talk is swell," said Weevil, "but his timing is bad."

"You ain't heard anything yet," said Banks boastfully.

"Bet you five you can't make him swear," said Wills.

"Bet you ten to two you can't make him bust a club," said McWhinney.

"Take you both," said Banks. "Wait till I get the combination finesse and reentry cards and the come-on signal."

"Turn loose your dog," said Weevil. "I hope," said (Continued on page 50)



BARNUM

square around him and nodded approvingly

You tell 'em

By John T. Flynn

The banker has taken off his frock coat and sidewhiskers. One of his first questions today, when a manufacturer wants a loan, is "What is your advertising program?" Yesterday, he frowned on advertising. Today he knows that the more a man sells the more cheaply he can manufacture. He also knows that "The only people in this country that have enough money to support industry are the poor"

WHEN Jack Dempsey and his former manager, Jack Kearns, were out in Shelby, Mont., on the eve of Dempsey's championship fight with Tommy Gibbons, they were having a lot of trouble with the town which promoted the big battle. The town and its chief citizens couldn't raise the stipulated guaranty, and apparently the country around couldn't supply enough customers to absorb all the tickets or even a good share of them. That gave the champion and his astute manager a great shock.

"What do you suppose is the trouble?" asked Jack as they sat in Dempsey's training quarters the night before the battle.

"Well, it's just a case of overproduction," explained Kearns.

"Whadya mean, overproduction?"

"The demand for prize fights out in this region seems to be a fixed quantity and we have produced more prize fight than the customers out here can digest."

You see, the two Jacks had put a good deal of money into a coal mine which didn't do so well. And the facile Mr. Kearns had been having the underlying troubles of the coal business explained to him by some veterans—an explanation it is not possible to make without the frequent use of the word "overproduction."

We've Too Much of Everything

For a number of years it has been part of my duty to write for a group of newspapers a daily article on business. Thus I examine every month scores of statements of large business concerns. I have just glanced back over my daily articles of two months and I find the word "overproduction" leads all others in these reports. There is no doubt that many industries are troubled by machinery which they do not use. Our wheat farms grow too much wheat, we are told. Our lumber mills can cut three times as much lumber as they now sell. Our steel mills could produce, if called upon, 40 per cent more steel. The textile industry is forever in the doldrums because it has too many spindles and too many looms.

For the first time in the history of the world we present the spectacle of a nation actually suffering from having too much. We have too many ball players, too many tailors, too much iron, too much coal, too much copper, too much

grain, too many machines and above all too much money. We waste it by billions on swindlers and sharpers. We feed it by billions to the insects. We throw away billions through extravagance and neglect. We empty into our garbage cans enough to feed several European nations. We spend billions on baseball, football, prize fights and movies. We spend more billions on beauty parlors and fripperies.

And still in spite of all this our funds continue to pile up—to embarrass our bankers with their abundance, to overflow our banks and trust companies and flow down into Wall Street to be used in stock speculation until the spectacle makes the world gasp and the problem of damming this flood perplexes our bankers.

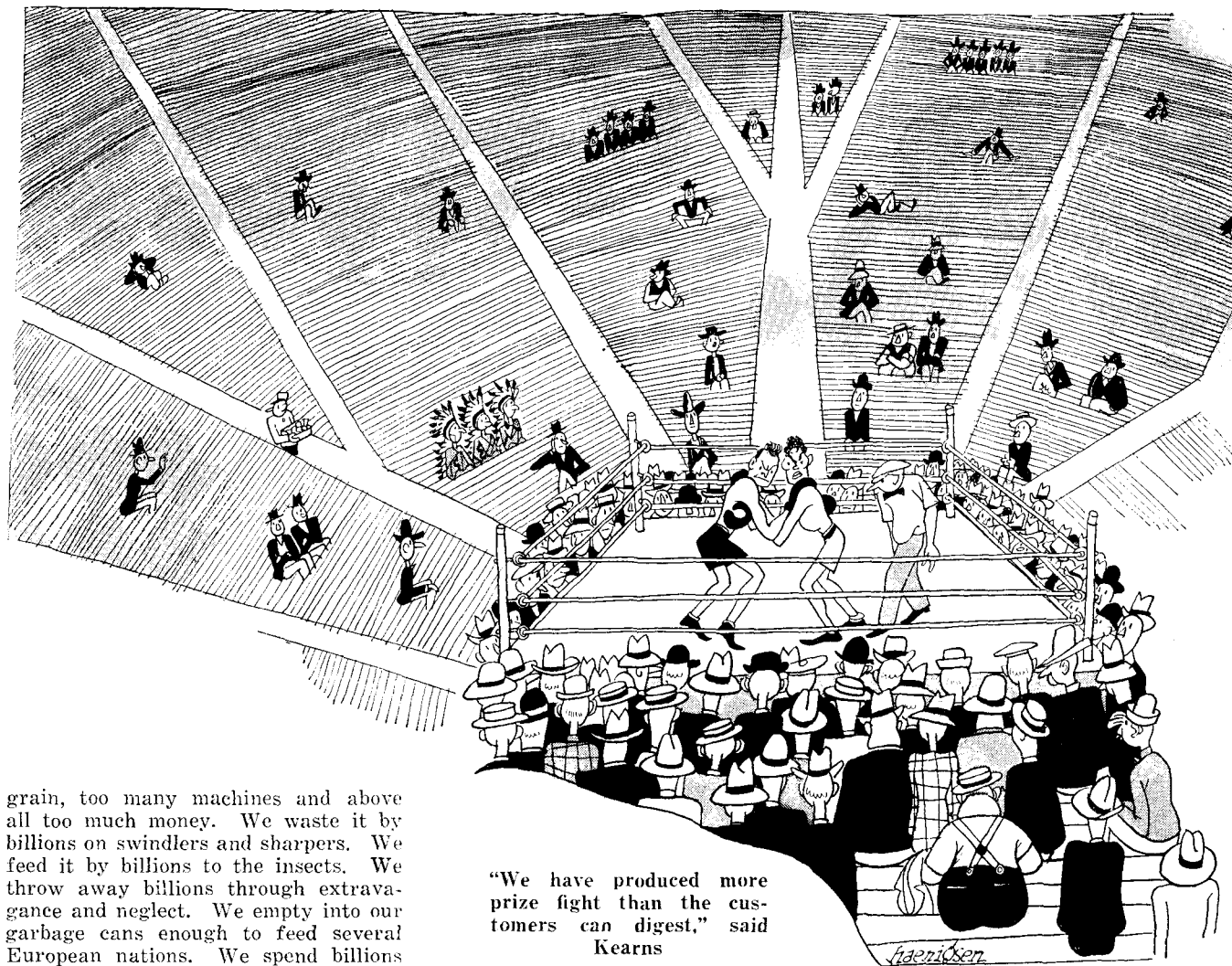
There are a lot of business men who think, very naively, that if you have overproduction, why, the simple way to deal with it is to limit production. If our laws could be changed to allow business men to get together and agree upon some means of curtailing and controlling their output then all would be lovely. But unfortunately nothing is simple in this complex commercial world of ours. When you limit output you stop machines. You silence factories. You throw men out of work. You throw money out of work.

Some time ago I attended a luncheon, one of those midday affairs which business men include under the heading of conferences. The principal speaker was a well-known minister of the gospel, one of those militant religious firebrands who like to be known as high-pressure salesmen of salvation. Another speaker was a banker. The banker talked about the large amount of money invested in American industry which was not making profits and of the importance of correcting that. And then by way of giving his serious talk a touch of humor he referred to our great "army of the unemployed dollars."

"We have too many dollars in this country looking for work," he said, "and we must find something for them to do." When the minister rose, this was just so much red meat for him.

"I will have to admit," he began, "that I can't shed any tears over a banker's dollar out of a job. Dollars don't have any family life. They have no wives. They have no little children to greet their homecoming with hungry faces."

"If the gentleman will come with me



to the East Side I will show him long lines of human beings that are out of jobs and whose plight is a good deal more worthy of consideration." And then he proceeded to paint in horrific colors our well-known and well-advertised unemployment problem.

After the luncheon was over, I had a long chat with that banker. He is one of the three or four most eminent public figures in American banking circles.

Men Suffer When Dollars Loaf

"My minister friend," he said, "is very much mistaken if he supposed that I wanted anybody to cry over an unmarried and childless dollar out of a job. What he overlooked, however, is the relation between that unemployed dollar and his unemployed men in the Bowery. One dollar out of work doesn't matter. But whenever a few thousand dollars get thrown out of employment it will not be long before another man will be added to the line of the jobless."

"Now I am interested in these unemployed men. But there comes a time when we must cease making weepy speeches about them and consider what it is that deprives them of work. At the bottom of it are either our unemployed dollars or our dollars that are working for nothing. And as a banker I am interested in those dollars. And the number of such dollars in this country today is a little disturbing."

I looked the matter up. Take the copper business for instance. The investment of three companies in the copper industry equals \$300,000,000. The capacity of those three companies is double the requirements of business. That means that almost half of that investment is excessive and, therefore, that half the money in those enterprises is idle—working for nothing. The other half must make enough to pay for the idle half—which it cannot do. In attempting to do so it visits an injury upon the consumer, the laborer, and the industry.

Innumerable industries are more or less in the same fix. This means that

there are billions of dollars invested in the excess capacity of those industries that are earning nothing. Billions of dollars out of work and billions of dollars working for nothing. And whose dollars? The bankers'? By no means. Most bankers are rich men, to be sure, but all their dollars combined together don't amount to a row of pins measured against the gigantic demands of American industry. Industry would be in a sad plight if it had to depend on the capital drawn from the rich. The only people in this country that have enough money to support industry are the poor.

If every income over \$10,000 a year were piled up intact the whole total would not exceed six billions of dollars. That's a lot of money, but after the enormous living and spending expenses of those people are subtracted, what is left? A billion or two. And what is that when business begins to want money? Last year it needed over eight billion in fresh capital. But take the incomes of those under \$10,000 a year and you have a total of 40 billion dollars.

This 40 billion includes only those who may be reasonably regarded in the investing class. There is almost as much again which comes from a vast army of laborers and small-wage people who pour several billions into savings banks and insurance companies and housing investments every year.

It is from that vast fund that the great sums required by American business are drawn. It is these incomes under \$10,000 which buy the stocks and bonds put out by the investment bankers. And when an investment gets caught in an unprofitable enterprise it is the dollars of these people and not of the bankers that are thus ensnared.

When dollars are working for nothing it means that the machines they are invested in are not turning and the men ordinarily assigned to tend them are also out of work. Both the worker and his money are unemployed. No banker can look with complacency on that. He is interested in seeing that unused capacity put to work and kept at work.

"There are a lot of business men," explained my banker friend, "who think that they are proceeding wisely when they can put a good, strong brake on production; when they can get a large part of our great industrial machine to close up. But you can see why the banker who represents the investment side of business does not take kindly to that. The banker therefore has been studying this whole problem. And he has come to the conclusion that the problem of production is taking care of itself. We are capable of manufacturing pretty nearly as much as our population wants and at very low cost. What we must now find out is how to get that huge production distributed among them at the very lowest prices.

"Of course we cannot say that we have by any means solved that problem. But there are some things we do know definitely about it. We know that the more a manufacturer sells the more cheaply he can manufacture. We also know that no manufacturer can possibly sell on a large enough scale to get the benefit of this cheap production cost unless he advertises.

"And this is why the modern banker, who used to be very conservative about advertising, has now become so much interested in it.

Laying the Advertising Bogey

"When I was a young man in my first banking job, our conservative old loan committee used to look with a good deal of suspicion at manufacturers who seemed to be dependent on advertising. The bank itself occupied a gloomy, dignified structure, built like a Greek library. The name of the bank appeared on a small brass panel to the left of the central door. When I became cashier, and many new banks were springing up and getting a lot of our depositors, I suggested that we should put a large, dignified sign across the top of our façade bearing the name of our bank. The president looked at me in a hurt kind of way.

"You want to start advertising?" he said, as if I had suggested that the bank employ a circus band and some clowns.

"Well, two years ago I visited the old home town. My old bank now occupies a brilliant modern white terracotta building that shines and glistens in the sun. The bank's name is in electric

signs above the building and—shades of old bankers—every window has a window display like a department store and the bank was in the midst of an intensive advertising campaign. Two months ago I found the bank actually advertising in a national magazine.

"For a good many years the rice millers of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas have been weeping over the bogey of overproduction. Recently they decided to do something about it. So they wrote to a leading banker of New Orleans who heads a great bank which caters largely to the credit needs of agricultural enterprises. They told him they wanted to form a trade association to study their problems. They were hoping for some sort of an understanding that would lead to a limit on production. The banker sat down and wrote a letter to the millers. Like most such letters there was a good deal in its actual language and a good deal more between the lines. He told them, in effect, that he was glad to hear they were about to form an association to attack their problems intelligently. But he added that he strongly suspected that they had selected the wrong problem to deal with. He intimated that he was a little tired of hearing American business men talking about overproduction when their troubles, frequently, lay in underconsumption.

"You have," he told them, "one of the finest foods in the world. Millions of people all over the world know and eat rice. More people eat rice than wheat. If you have more rice here in America than you sell it is because there are too many people in America who don't know about the value of your product. Perhaps if these people knew how to cook rice properly they would like it better than they do the gruel that is served on many tables. Why not tell them how to cook it?"

"What you have got to deal with is not overproduction but underconsumption. And the way to deal with underconsumption is to go to the fellow who does the consuming."

"The banker told the rice millers that if they were prepared to stop thinking of their problem in terms of overproduction and to start dealing with it in terms of underconsumption he was ready to help them. He wound up—and this is the serious point—with the assurance that if they did not do this his bank would have to curtail its credits to the individual millers.

"The end of all this was that the banker literally forced the millers' association, when it was formed, to embark on an advertising campaign involving \$500,000 a year for five years.

"One sure way to continue to overproduce is to admit that you are doing it. When prohibition came a large percentage of the breweries started in making near-beer. But all of these brewers were ready to admit to anybody privately and publicly that nobody wanted near-beer. They admitted it couldn't be sold.

Manipulating the Demand

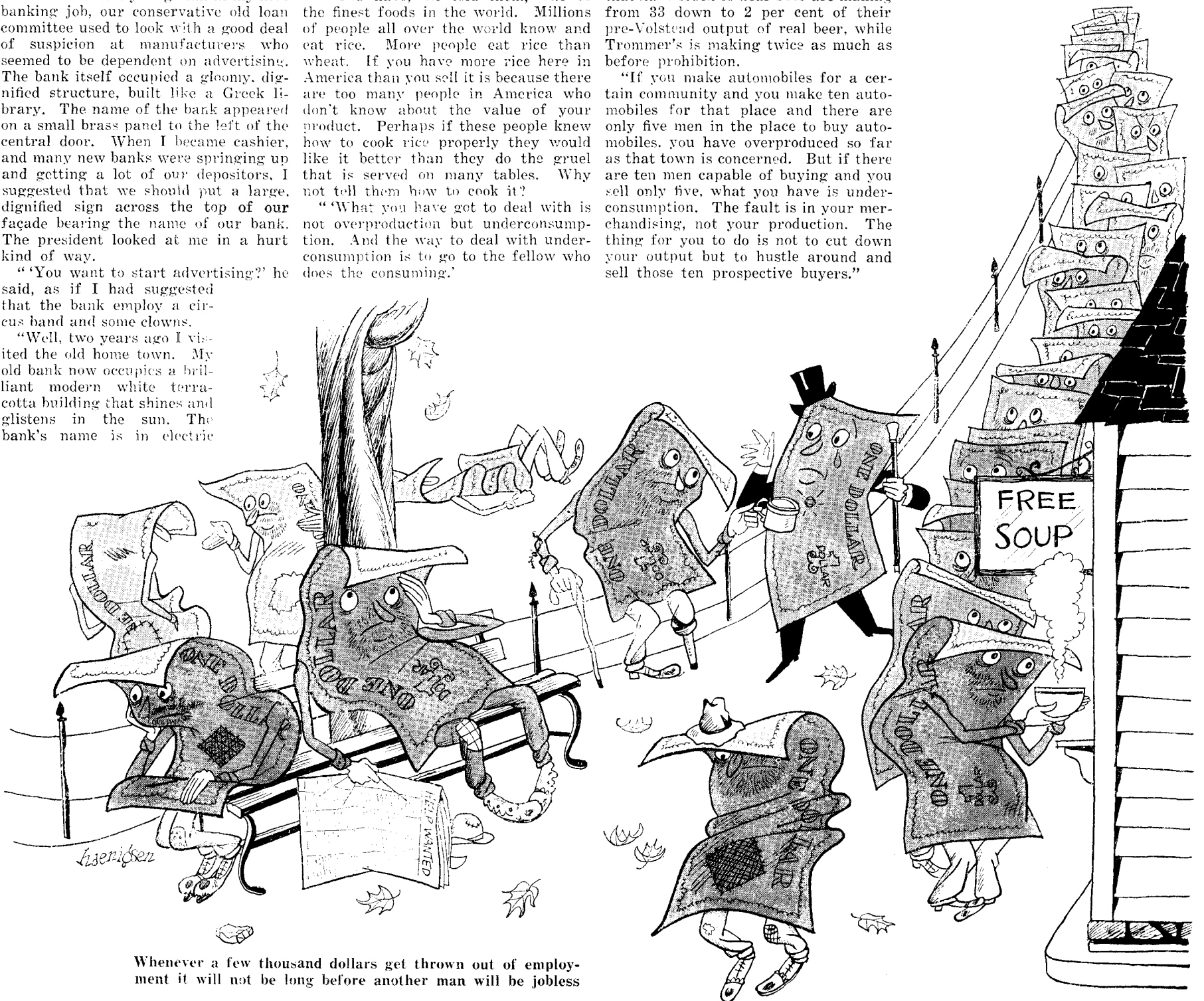
"But there was one brewery—Trommer's in Brooklyn—which didn't admit that. Instead it insisted that people would drink near-beer if they were told about it. And so, while the others went on making near-beer and lamenting the lack of demand, Trommer's went on making it and telling the world through advertising how good it was. The result is that all of the other breweries that have stuck to near-beer are making from 33 down to 2 per cent of their pre-Volstead output of real beer, while Trommer's is making twice as much as before prohibition.

"If you make automobiles for a certain community and you make ten automobiles for that place and there are only five men in the place to buy automobiles, you have overproduced so far as that town is concerned. But if there are ten men capable of buying and you sell only five, what you have is underconsumption. The fault is in your merchandising, not your production. The thing for you to do is not to cut down your output but to hustle around and sell those ten prospective buyers."

That statement of a very practical banker, who is one of the half-dozen leading financiers of this country, corresponds precisely with what another banker has just announced in a book on industry which is being widely advertised and read. The banker-author declares that the characteristic of the age we are entering is the effort to distribute our goods. He calls this the Merchandising Era.

Whoever has visited London recently must have been struck by the campaign being carried on there by the manufacturers of mustard. The Englishman must have his mustard. And he was having it. But the mustard men had the capacity to produce more mustard. To use that capacity would mean overproduction. Not to do so would mean idle plant capacity and hence, unprofitable investment. So they decided to advertise. Now a first-class pessimist could have made a powerful argument against this plan. He could have said, "You are already getting your product into every home. You can't improve that. And at the present time England is in a bad way in business—she is in a state of severe depression. Her purchasing power is exhausted."

But these solid purveyors of British mustard had a little imagination. They realized that they got their product into every home. (Continued on page 48)



Whenever a few thousand dollars get thrown out of employment it will not be long before another man will be jobless

Doorknobs

By Phyllis Duganne

The story of a modern girl who imagined she could take a naughty romance to a bad country and make it behave

LISHA went on talking. Kandy, which was short for K. Anderson and long for Sis, lay stretched on the grass beside him, chewing a blade of grass and glancing at him obliquely from time to time.

"He's such a thorough rotter!" Lisha was discussing the husband of the very pretty Elsie Paget.

"And you are such a thorough idiot!" thought Kandy to herself, with great bitterness.

Impartially, without prejudice, wondered Kandy, was there ever another man so attractive as Lisha Emory? His voice—which was unquestionably the most charming, most melodious and most exciting voice she had ever heard—went on intoning words about Elsie Paget and her regrettable husband, and she enjoyed the sound of it, paying little heed to the sense.

Then there was his figure. He was so very tall; his shoulders were so beautifully broad, his waist and hips so delectably slender. Kandy always wanted to hug him—especially when, as now, he was wearing lanky white ducks and a snowy sweater, with his slim ankles in blue wool socks and a blue-figured handkerchief sticking out of his hip pocket. His hair was thick, with just enough lights in its brown to make him a blond had not his deep blue eyes already done so.

It was only, reflected Kandy to herself, that rather rugged construction of bone beneath the smooth brown of his face that saved him from being detestably handsome. Even as it was, his resemblance to the swanky young men who light cigarettes or caress pipstems or sit at the wheels of low-hung motor cars in advertisements was startling.

She looked across at him lying there beside her on the smooth grass of the Anderson lawn. Just beyond them her four brothers were playing a noisy and at times profane set of doubles; her own racket lay in readiness at her side. His face was serious, his mouth a straight line. Good heavens, was he really falling in love with this Paget female?

"YOU fool," said Kandy to him in her mind, looking at him sympathetically the while and silently. "You driveling idiot! When are you going to snap out of it and realize that I'm the only woman you ever loved or ever can love? When are you going to realize that I'll be nineteen on my next birthday and that these seven years of difference in our ages are mattering less and less and less?"

She chewed up another stalk of grass efficiently.

"It's too bad," she remarked diffidently, "that she has such a hideous figure. She's so pretty."

Lisha looked at her, with that piercing look of his that always made her gasp in recognition of the fact that she really didn't know at all what was going on inside his head, in spite of their nearly nineteen years of companionship.

"She makes me think of that loathsome Schopenhauer's description of my sex," went on Kandy imperturbably. "What was it—wide-hipped and short-legged? I remember how mad it made me when I was sixteen!"

"But now in your maturer years—" said Lisha, and laughed at her. He drew his great length to a sitting position and contemplated her for an amused instant. "You're as long-legged as a newborn calf, Sis!"

She could have slapped him. When he looked at her with that amused, impersonal air, rage so welled within her that she could feel the beating of her heart grow louder, thumpier, in angry rhythm. And he knew how she hated him to call her Sis—because she had told him a thousand times—knew, and never for an instant, the imbecile, knew why!

She rose to her own sneakered feet, in one neat, easy motion and addressed her brothers:

"Hey! How long are you kids going to hog the court? Li and I've been waiting 'most an hour!"

ALONG the macadam road beyond the court a battered red roadster flew by, and an arm waved in their direction, in Kandy's direction. She waved absently, and felt Lisha's eyes on her face.

"Ha!" said Lisha. "Himself!"

Kandy didn't bother to answer. She liked Phil McKenna well enough, and she was humanly flattered by his interest in her—but he wasn't Himself, by a long shot.

"Did you ever hear about Phil and the doorknob?" Lisha asked her.

She shook her head, leaning against the trunk of a big elm and looking at him.

"You know those round white china doorknobs? When Phil was a kid there was one on his nursery door, and he got the bright idea of trying to see whether he could get it in his mouth." Lisha's deep blue eyes were gleaming. "He did, all right—but he couldn't get it out again! He stood there, kicking the door and trying to yell until some people came, and they couldn't extricate poor Phil from the doorknob either! So they brought a little stool and pushed it up to the threshold and let him sit there with the doorknob in his mouth until the doctor or the plumber, or whoever it was, came." He was laughing at her now, and his eyes seemed very deep.

Kandy chuckled.

"Fancy kissing him," said Lisha, "after that! One would always remember the doorknob."

Kandy looked up at him thoughtfully. So that was the moral of his tale! Well, she would always remember the doorknob; Li was right. But she wondered whether he could ever again look at Elsie Paget's pretty, limpid face without thinking of the writings of a German philosopher! Check . . . and checkmate. . . .

"Ready, sis?"

Jerry and Dave had won; the twins flopped down beneath the elm tree, surrendering their side of the court. On the veranda of the house, Mrs. Emory, Lisha's mother, smiled at Mrs. Anderson.

"You must feel as though Lisha were one of your own children!" she mur-



He had conceived the bright idea of getting the doorknob in his mouth

mured. "How devoted he is to them!"

"It's one big family," Mrs. Anderson assented. "They all think of Li as a brother."

Kandy was moving past Lisha to take her proper place on the court; a button on the sleeve of her orange flannel dress caught in his sweater, and she stood very still while he bent over to extricate it. When she moved on to the net her breath was coming as quickly as though she, like Dave and Jerry, had already played three deuce sets.

That autumn Lisha Emory went to China. No one, it seemed to Kandy, except Lisha would be doing the utterly absurd and romantic thing of going to China to design, for a wealthy Chinese merchant, a country home in the best traditions of Chinese architecture. The letters and photographs which he sent to the Anderson family were all addressed to her—and directed to them all. She treasured them in a box which Lisha might, but probably would not, have recognized. It was a box he had made long ago.

Kandy was the first to notice the increased frequency of the appearance of the name Irene Heland—one pronounced it I-ren-ie, Lisha explained—in the letters. Mrs. Heland was the wife of a British importer, the golden-haired type of Englishwoman, with strange violet eyes. "Do send us photographs of all your friends," wrote Kandy. They came. There was no denying Irene Heland's disturbing beauty. After six months, "Irene and I" began to be replaced by vague, ill-defined "we's." "I like it out

here," Lisha wrote. "I've just taken on another bit of work. . . ."

It was a year since he had sailed, and Kandy, at home, had twenty candles on her birthday cake, and Phil McKenna kissed her and asked her to marry him, and she thought of white china doorknobs and violet-eyed Englishwomen and Lisha Emory and told him no very gently.

JERRY got married, and Dave had a love affair with a pretty young dancer, and Kandy was appointed to keep the family soothed down about it. She went to New York occasionally with him, met and liked the little dancer, and felt very much a woman of the world. Then she found Carter Blakeman, who was tall and slender and had dark-blue eyes and brown hair with golden lights in it, and there were no doorknobs in his life, and on the very afternoon of the day when she knew he would propose there came a fat letter from China with a new photograph of Lisha—Lisha in a light linen suit, beside the Great Wall: Lisha dissolving the Great Wall to inanimate insignificance by the living reality of his own profile against the flat Chinese sky, the careless charm of his well-knit body.

More fully than ever Kandy recognized the resemblance between Carter Blakeman and Lisha Emory. You can teach a parrot to say just as good. . . . Kandy wept a little and went downstairs that evening to meet Carter with an undivided heart.

Then for a horrible period there were no letters at all, and she looked up cable rates to China and cried rather a lot. Then his cable—after nearly two years, Lisha was coming home!

He fairly stamped into the house and caught her in his arms, hugged her against him.

"My God, it's good to see you again, Sis!"



Kandy burst into tears, but as everyone in the room was laughing or crying or making some sort of fuss, no one bothered to wonder why, not even Lisha. She sat and stared at him all evening while he talked to them. He was only twenty-eight years old, but his brown hair—with the golden lights in it that made him a blond—was going quite gray. Becoming, of course, and distinguished, but, illogically, Kandy felt that she could claw those violet eyes out of that pink and white face. What did she mean, that Englishwoman? How did she dare make Lisha unhappy? New lines in his brown face; he was thinner. The New England quality of those bones beneath his cheeks was intensified.

"Lisha isn't so good-looking as he used to be," Mrs. Anderson murmured after he had gone home, and Kandy knew what she meant. Not that she agreed with her for an instant; Lisha was a hundred, an infinite number of times, handsomer!

He plunged rather seriously into work, bending over his blue prints and great squares of white paper for many hours every day. Kandy alone had the freedom of his workroom, that reconstructed barn in the meadow between his house and her own. She used to come in silently, with her own drawing board beneath her arm—she had begun to do fashion sketches and occasional small medallions in black and white for magazines—and sit down beside him without speaking. More often than not they talked.

"It's good to be home," he told her one day. "And, Lord, it's good to be with you!"

Kandy's heart pounded.

"You're really the only woman in the world who's worth the powder to blow her to hell, Sis!"

She bent over her drawing board, her fingers working swiftly.

He went on, "You don't know what you mean to me, Kandy!"

"And you—you poor idiot—don't know it either!" she wanted to shriek at him. But she didn't. How could she?

He was smiling.

"What good times we have together,

kid! It's so nice to have you all grown up and old enough for me to say anything I want to! We can talk together, you and I. We'll always tell each other everything, won't we? Save our best stories for one another—keep nothing sacred, no matter how many promises of tomblike silence we've made!"

She looked up at him, wondering whether he really didn't know that he was lying. He would never tell her about Irene Heland, and she couldn't tell him. . . .

She nodded.

HE HAD bought a roadster, and he was a source of perpetual speculation to the young women of the summer colony. "All that good material wasted!" they used to wail when they spoke of him. For he could dance like a dream—and seldom did. At the dances he did attend he would waste gorgeous tune after gorgeous tune in sedate tours of the floor, pushing elderly women before him. He and Kandy danced together like one person.

"Gosh, how do you make him talk, Kandy?" one of them demanded. "I can't get him to say more than three words at a time!" And, as Kandy hesitated, "Of course you two are like brother and sister, anyway!"

She didn't answer that.

They—the young women of the town

—continued to waylay him at every turn; they found trouble with their motors when he drew up in his; they had a positive epidemic of difficulties in putting on coats, fastening gloves, tying shoe strings. He was courteous and charming and eminently desirable—and as attainable as a star in the heavens.

Mrs. Emory worried about him a little. "Lisha's so changed!" she complained to Kandy. "It's so funny for him to have no interest at all in girls. And I used to think he had too much! Here he's getting toward thirty—do you know, Kandy, I don't believe he'll ever marry! It's nice for me, in a way. And of course it's so nice that he has you—he ought to have some contact with young women!"

Kandy had a momentary impulse to tell Lisha's mother everything. Perhaps she could help. Perhaps if one person, somewhere in the world, stopped accepting them as "practically brother and sister" . . . ! She swallowed. She couldn't help her pride. No one was going to know how desperately she was in love with Lisha Emory until he knew, himself, that he loved her!

He went to New York that autumn, and Kandy was twenty-one and came into a small inheritance. She decided to go to New York too; the markets for her drawings were growing, and she was restless. Mrs. Anderson approved

her going. Kandy was a well-balanced sort of girl—no nonsense about her!

"She's one of these modern girls," she told Mrs. Emory. "Perhaps it's because she's been brought up so much with boys. She has a masculine viewpoint. You know, sometimes I feel that Kandy will never marry! It worries me. Boys are

crazy about her—always have been—but none of them seem to cut any ice with her! She sees through them!"

Mrs. Emory nodded. "It's nice that she and Lisha are so devoted," she said. "He'll enjoy so having her in New York!"

Lisha was enthusiastic about her coming. His own studio was in a rambling building in lower New York, a honeycomb of artists of all sorts, and, as luck would have it, the studio just across the hall was vacant. Kandy moved in and took up her residence, separated from him by a scant three feet. Sometimes they had breakfast together in her studio; often they had tea in his. Whenever they were both free from engagements they dined together. Yet they kept, somehow, their separate circles of friends; frequently Kandy heard unfamiliar voices lifted high in the square room across the hall; Lisha swore that he could keep no track of the laughing young men and women who banged the brass knocker above the white card that bore the name K. Anderson.

ALL about them people were falling in love, getting married, having babies. In Lisha's circle, which was slightly older than Kandy's, some had even progressed to the stage of being divorced.

Occasionally young men fell in love with Kandy—it was, after all, an obvious thing for them to do. She was a young woman, vibrantly alive, colorful, animated, with a figure like a reed and an oval face dominated by wide brown eyes with curling lashes. Kandy had even a dimple, elusive, not appearing for everybody or everything, that made her irresistible. She dressed well. "You know, you have better taste in clothes than any woman I know, Sis," Lisha told her and was blankly amazed when she laughed at him. As though she didn't wear his favorite colors, his favorite materials, his favorite lines; as though everything she bought were not with an eye to his approval!

She opened her studio door one morning quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping geniuses about her—artist or no artist. She had, as she said herself, the matutinal habits of a farmer's wife—and started to bend over to pick up the jar of cream that reposed just outside, when she saw that Lisha's door, opposite, was swinging slowly, gently open. She stood, hardly conscious that she was staring. The door continued to move soundlessly; she could see his familiar brown fingers gripping the edge. It opened further.

Simultaneously Lisha Emory was opening his door and kissing a young woman. Her back was toward Kandy, a pretty back, a back that was slender, even in a light-brown fur coat. Slender ankles in beige stockings; small feet in brown slippers. . . .

Kandy started to retreat, but as she stirred Lisha raised his head, and his eyes, looking vaguely over the top of the small beige-colored hat, met hers. He blinked—and grinned. Without a sound, Kandy closed her door before her and leaned against it, on the inside, not daring to move. She heard whispered voices, a muffled little laugh, the patter of small feet tiptoeing down the corridor. A door closed, Lisha's door, and she turned toward her couch, to fling herself upon it, when his voice, in a whisper, sounded through the panel, not three inches from her ear.

She opened the door, and he came in, still grinning, a little self-consciously.

"Gosh, I can't get away with anything, can I?" he greeted her, and he chuckled.

She looked at him dully.

Then: "I'll make you some coffee," she said. (Continued on page 44)



Anger rose swiftly within her as he contemplated her for an amused moment

Rules Rush In

By John W. Heisman

What was the foul? Darned if we know. Something is always going on and we never can tell what's happened. Off-side or holding or rough stuff or something. Of all times to call a penalty! But don't get excited. In this article, Mr. Heisman tells you enough about the rules of football to convince you that it's a good thing we have them

WHEN I started playing football at Titusville, Pa., more than 40 years ago, our game may have been a bit crude: cruder than the college variety.

With the exception of a couple of prohibitions such as running with the ball and murder, we had few rules. Doubtless, to many this made the game a source of endless delight. I remember hearing a man in a railroad train some years ago declare that he would quit anything he was doing and travel any number of miles to see a polo game.

"Why?" his friend demanded.

"Because," said he, "polo's about the only game I know that hasn't been ruined by rules."

But polo is a pastime limited to a very few. Unquestionably if it were to be reduced to terms understandable to the average pocketbook it would become so widely played as to require plenty of rules.

Like football. As football progressed and all colleges took it up as a very necessary part of their curriculums various things had to be done to restrain the lusty youths whose Saturday-afternoon ambition was to die for dear old Alma Mater and take two or three of the opposition into the hereafter with them.

As in all other sports, as in business, as in civilization's progress, rules came as the necessity, fancied and real, arose.

An Argument and a New Rule

Years ago, while my Alabama Poly team was playing Georgia Tech, the Alabama fullback punted. The ball did not travel five yards in the direction of the Tech goal but it probably broke all altitude records.

That ball went straight into the air, and so far up that before it had begun to descend the entire 22 players were milling around awaiting its arrival. As the ball came down the milling became a riot. And matters were complicated by a youth on the crowded and highly agitated sidelines.



A flagrant foul. Ertresvaag of Penn was all set to take a forward pass but his opponent tackled him

Thinking perhaps to add a bit to the fun, this lad booted a cheap ball into the fray. It came down on the edge of the battling players and almost simultaneously with the real ball.

Things were still further complicated by the fact that it was a dry day in a particularly arid spell. The dust lay two inches deep on the field. And with the stampeding of the 22 players and the furor on the side lines the air was heavy and opaque.

The players divided their attentions. One mass fought for the real ball while the other assaulted each other for possession of the false. And to make it all the more exciting the two balls soon were widely separated. The dust storm kept each group oblivious of the progress of the other.

Presently both balls were captured. Matthew Sloan, now president of the New York Edison Company, had one of them. The wrong one. A Tech man was on the right one.

In those brave days there was no rule prohibiting the coach from going on the field and taking part in arguments. I heard the referee rule "first down for Tech" and was at his side before the echo had died.

"Why first down?" I demanded. "They haven't gained their five yards."

"Yes," said he, "but this was a free fumble and that means first down no matter which team gets it."

"Free fumble," I roared. "Why, man, there hasn't been any such term since Noah played the game. There's nothing in the rules today about a free fumble. Tech kicked and Tech recovered. Also Tech had five yards to gain and hasn't made it. Poly touched the ball several times during the scramble, but we never had possession. It was never in our control. Therefore they've had it for the full number of downs and they haven't made their distance. Give us the ball."

"Stand back," said the referee. "There are no such words as possession and control in the book. Poly touched the ball and that gave them constructive possession. First down for Tech."

I lost the argument but I won my point—later. I wrote a letter to the rules committee and that august body wrote my contentions into the rules for the following season. So now, as you watch the game, you may see for yourself that when a fumbled ball is recovered by the team which fumbled, it counts as a down. Unless, of course, the required distance to first down is made in the excitement.

The only exception to this rule would come when, for example, the defensive team recovers the ball and, before it is down, refumbles it and the original

fumbling side recovers. That would mean first down for the fumbling side.

However, we shan't go into side issues of that sort. To get a comprehensive and detailed knowledge of the current rules of football is something akin to a career. Our present interest lies in what helped to bring into the book a number of rules which frequently befuddle the spectator.

When to Change to a New Ball?

Now you may have beheld a referee substituting a new and dry ball for the muddy and waterlogged thing which has served part of the game. The rule has it that on a wet field the ball may be changed for a new one at the end of the second period—at the referee's discretion.

Much of a bitter nature happened before the rules committee became that definite.

My Georgia Tech lads were hard at it with Vanderbilt one terrible afternoon in 1906. I do not recall ever seeing worse weather for anything, let alone football. The field was visited by everything except plague, fire and tornado. It took turns snowing and raining.

On such a field my light Tech team had no right to expect victory. Our one hope lived in Lobster Brown's right foot, and Brown could kick. However, after a few minutes of that mud a siege gun couldn't have done much with that ball. Brown tried valiantly but almost broke his foot.

The game proceeded slowly but the weather got worse with incredible speed and the few bets on Tech seemed to go glimmering as Brown demonstrated how little he could do with the ball. Our one chance had appeared to be a field goal.

We never got that chance but we did better. Somehow we slid across Van-

derbilt's line for a touchdown—five points in those days. A goal after touchdown counted but one—but how we wanted it! Vanderbilt's heavy team might crash through for a touchdown but with a ball like that it might fail of the goal afterward.

Here, then, was an opportunity to take chances. I sent a sub into the game and I was very careful to see that he wore a heavy raincoat as he splashed across the field. He reported to the referee, shed his raincoat and produced from thereunder a nice, dry, kickable ball.

Vanderbilt at once protested and Bradley Walker, the referee, was obviously uncertain.

"It's a regulation ball, isn't it?" I demanded.

"Yes—but—"

"All that the rules say," I went on, "is that the game be played with the prolate spheroid specified in the rules. Well, here's a prolate spheroid, the twin of the one we've just made a touchdown with. How about it?"

Walker perused the book. There was nothing therein forbidding the fresh ball. And Lobster Brown kicked the goal with it.

But today, as I have written, the referee decides when a new ball shall be taken into the game, and not the coach.

Perhaps you have attended a game which ended with the ball in play—in the arms of a runner, or in the air, or on its way from center to the backfield. And perhaps that attempt, executed after the timekeeper's watch registered the final second for play, won the game. Much argument resulted in the grandstand, didn't it?

Well, the rule for this reads: "Time shall not be called for the end of a period until the ball is dead." And a very good sporting rule it is, too.





Here's the kind of bone-crushing football that the rules committee sought to abolish by encouraging passing and kicking

I was playing left end for Pennsylvania in 1891 when the situation which brought about this rule entered football.

George Woodruff was coaching Lehigh at that time. The referee failing to arrive, we asked Woodruff to officiate. The Woodruff honesty was, and probably still is, one of those beautiful, unquestioned things which men never argue over. He demonstrated it before the end of the game.

A Matter of Sportsmanship

It wasn't a hard game for us. We scored four touchdowns and kicked four goals during the first half. But it was on the last play of that half that the question arose.

We had the ball on Lehigh's 39-yard line. Pop Thayer dropped back and booted a neat goal.

But at that moment the timekeeper came galloping toward us. Time had expired while the ball was in the air, on its way to Lehigh's goal. The Lehigh team at once claimed that Thayer's kick should not count. Certainly there was no precedent for a ruling and the rules book was wordless.

"There can be no such thing as time expiring until the ball becomes dead," said Woodruff.

Blount, the Lehigh captain, argued with his coach. But Woodruff told him that while there might not be a definite ruling on the situation, the spirit of the game made it clear enough to him. And that winter the rules committee adopted the rule that I have cited.

I recall another time when none of the agreed-upon officials appeared to take charge of the hostilities. My Alabama Poly team was playing Sewanee and as no substitutes were available we agreed that Sewanee's coach should referee and that Bill Stokes, our captain, who was out with a broken arm, should do the umpiring.

We could have played that game for a month and the score would have been the same in the end—0 to 0. I dare say the ball crossed both goal lines six times. Perhaps more. But it didn't matter.

If Sewanee ran the ball across our line, Captain Bill merely remembered that he had seen one of their forwards holding one of our men or committing some other foul. Therefore the touchdown did not count and the ball was fetched back. When we carried the ball across Sewanee's line, their coach invariably ruled that our center, Jim Culver, had been off-side. And the ball would be fetched back. As I have said, we could have kept that up all year—if the boys had lived.

Perhaps nobody's activities had caused rules committees to sit up so late as the center's. As you know, the center is the player who puts the ball in play and all sorts of trouble has come of when, how and to whom the ball may or must be passed by the center.

For example, there was that remarkable game at Oberlin while I was coaching that college's team in 1892. I forget who our opponent was but I retain a vivid picture of what Bill Westgate, our center, and Merriam, my right end, did.

We had been crowded over until we were within a yard of the right boundary. Between the boundary and Bill Westgate there was room only for one man and it happened to be Merriam.

Bill was all ready to pass the ball to our quarterback but as he swung his hands backward he saw nobody. Now he wasn't going to release that ball unless he saw somebody there to receive it. With commendable presence of mind, Bill hung on to the ball. Not that he wasn't eager to be rid of it.

But the other backs, believing that

Bill had thrown the ball to the quarterback, raced out to the open side of the field. Naturally our opponents hustled after them, leaving Bill with the ball between his large hands and wondering what he was going to do with it.

Here Merriam decided to act. With nobody to interfere with him he reached behind Bill Westgate, relieved him of the ball and took a lonely canter down the side line for a perfectly legitimate but wholly unexpected touchdown.

We adopted that play into our roster of tricks and for ten years it served me well, even to winning a few games. In fact it was the best trick play I ever had. And it worked perfectly with a few noteworthy exceptions.

I tried it in 1909 when my Georgia Tech team was playing Tennessee at Knoxville and had not Allen Artley, my right end for that day, been playing the very first game of his career, he would have made a touchdown with it.

But Allen was highly excited. Allen was close to having lost control of his enormously long legs. He had a right to have long legs, being six feet three.

A Center Tackles Himself

Allen took the ball from Burk, our center, and was on his way for a touchdown with nothing between him and Tennessee's goal except the balmy air. But somehow the boy's legs deserted him, played him false, turned enemy. For 45 yards they carried him with loyal directness.

Then they asserted their independence. On Tennessee's five-yard line they abandoned Allen, leaving him flat on his back. With none near to detain him, he lay there making desperate but futile efforts to arise. The grandstand was roaring with laughter and exhortation. The Tennessee players circled around

Allen wondering what had happened to him. And then one of them pinned him down. Allen was quite all right thereafter. Just field fright. His first game, you see.

But now the rules read that the center must release the ball at once, which dooms that trick.

In 1906 the rules committee created a neutral zone the width of which was the length of the ball. Prior to this the opposing forwards took their positions on a line running through the ball but there was no space between them. There they stood, brow to brow, foot to foot, and carnage was the order of the day. Getting linemen that close to each other was to invite fighting, and fighting there was.

I witnessed two important games between Yale and Princeton in 1890 and 1891 when at least 20 minutes of the 90 played were devoted to battles between locked linemen. The wildest of the fighting was between Heffelfinger of Yale and Riggs of Princeton and frankly, while it wasn't football, it was even better.

Of course both lines got into the fight but the assault and battery that Heffelfinger and Riggs perpetrated upon each other stood out as examples of what college men can do to each other when the occasion demands stern measures. They didn't quite shoot each other. They had no guns.

But the neutral zone separated the two lines. At first the rule stated merely that no player would be found in that neutral zone *at the instant* the ball went in play. In 1914 this was altered to read "the neutral zone may not be encroached upon *until* the ball is put in play."

With this alteration yet to come Georgia Tech and the University of Georgia were playing in 1913. The Georgia team had a (Continued on page 38)

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

The Story Thus Far:

By Zane
Grey

CLIFTON FORREST is returning home from the war after having been among the "missing" for over a year. He has been given a month more to live and he wants to spend that with his family in New Mexico.

He has not told his family of his home coming so he takes a taxi at the station and drives to Cottonwoods, his old home, only to find the Lundeen, enemies of the Forrests, living there.

Virginia Lundeen had been on the same ship and again on the same train coming home though he had not recognized her. She had been very kind to him.

When Virginia opens the door of what he thought was his own home and tells him heart-brokenly that it is now her home and that his family live in her old home, an adobe shack, he is so overcome that he faints on the doorstep.

Virginia and her friend Ethel Wayne take him home, much to Mr. Lundeen's displeasure. Mrs. Forrest is gracious and pleasant and grateful but Mr. Forrest merely ignores Virginia. Ethel accuses Virginia of being in love with Clifton.

Returning home, where a house party is in progress, Virginia hears the rumor that her father is going to marry her off to Malpass, supposed to be part Spanish, a man who is evidently in charge around her father's estate.

Virginia is introduced to Malpass and then realizes that he is the man who once made rather questionable love to her. Just before going to her room she announces that from now on she will take charge of her horses and cowboys. A few moments later her father walks into her room.

III

"ARE you alone?" Lundeen asked, coming to the window.

"Ethel is asleep in the bedroom," replied Virginia, studying her father's face.

"May I smoke?"

"I'd prefer you didn't. I hate cigarette smoke in my room. There's enough of it outside."

"Shore, you're a queer girl," he rejoined as he sat down, to look at her with amusement and curiosity. "You love money, travel, friends, excitement, horses, don't you?"

"I'm afraid so, especially the last."

"Ethel's mother has been telling me about you," went on Lundeen. "She has a high opinion of you. Thinks you ought to get married."

"Yes, she's told me—the old matchmaker."

"I'd like to talk to you about that presently. . . . We're not very well acquainted, Virginia: that is, like we used to be when we were poor."

"How could we be? You sent me away to school while I was growing up and to travel afterward."

"Shore. It's my fault. But there were reasons why I didn't want you heah, outside of my wish to give you a good education."

Virginia did not encourage him to explain those reasons. She feared his candor. He was too cool, too sure of himself.

"Mrs. Wayne tells me you're home for good. No more rustlin' about?"

"Did you read my last letter?"

"Waal, if I did, I've forgotten."

"Father, you want me to stay home now, don't you?"

"Why, I shore do, Virginia, providin' you're—waal, like your mother. It'd please me to see the ranch overrun by young people. I'm away a good deal. An' the place ought to be kept up."

"I can't be like my mother. I've a mind of my own."

"Waal, that was plain today, when you told Malpass where to get off. I wish you hadn't done it, Virginia. He hasn't spoken to me yet, but he shore was riled."

"That is nothing to me. I was annoyed because my horses were not here, and he discharged Jake and Con. The nerve of him! I shall get them back. Why are there nothing but Mexicans on the ranch?"

"He prefers them. Cheaper an' easier

to manage. I'm bound to admit he's right. Cowboys, when you haven't any cattle, are a blamed nuisance."

"Aren't you running any cattle?" asked Virginia, in surprise.

"No. Cattle went to nothin'. Ruined a lot of ranchers. Clay Forrest, for instance. All he had was in cattle. He was cattle poor."

"How did you come into possession of Cottonwoods?" inquired Virginia casually, but under veiled eyes she watched him keenly.

"Waal, at the beginnin' of the war I sold out, an', for the first time in my life, had money. Malpass was the brains of my luck. He advised it. He went in with me, an' we lent Forrest money. Malpass saw the break comin' an' knew we'd catch Forrest. Waal, the crux of it came when Malpass struck rich silver in an old mine on Forrest's land. Up in the foothills. Padres in the early days had worked it, an' Malpass had a map. Got it in Mexico."

"On the strength of that we lent Forrest all the money we had an' could raise. Forrest owed it. He was in a bad fix then, an' it went from bad to worse. Yet the fool had faith in cattle goin' up, so he bought more an' more. But cattle dropped to nothin'. That ruined Forrest. Our deal went into the courts, an' we got Forrest's land an' stock. By land I mean this ranch, which was a Spanish grant. The property below, where Forrest lives now an' which was our home for so long, was not on the grant. It always was Forrest's, an' that was all he saved out of the wreck."

"Father, did you consider that an honest deal?" queried Virginia.

"Waal, it was business, an' that's pretty sharp these days. Clay Forrest an' I clinched from the time we came heah from Georgia. I laid many a hard knock to him. So it didn't grieve me to take over his property. Ha! Ha!"

"But the old mine where Malpass found the silver. How about that?"

"Made our fortune. We got money out of it to develop the phosphate mines in the South. An' there's where our big money comes from."

"Are you and Malpass partners?"

"Yes, in our minin' deals. But this ranch is mine."

"Father, it was crooked," declared Virginia feelingly.

"Waal, it always was dog eat dog with me an' Forrest. An' I won't split hairs over it, arguin' with you."

"Such a deal might not show Forrest's rights in court, because naturally you'd claim you discovered the silver after you got the land. But morally it is dishonest."

"No, not in this heah day an' age. You're a woman, an' you always were sentimental about the Forrests."

"But at least you will split the proceeds from the silver mine?"

"I wouldn't give Clay Forrest a dollar to save his life," declared Lundeen, with hate swelling in every word.

"Then I shall," replied Virginia calmly and coldly.

"Waal, you won't do anythin' of the kind. You haven't it to give. That two hundred thousand I put on interest for you isn't available."

"Where is it?" asked Virginia, aghast.

"Malpass took the principal, or most of it, an' invested it down South. We needed some money quick. Of course you'll gain in the long run. But you can't get hold of it now."

"Then I have no—no income?"

"We'll fix that up, Virginia. I reckon there's ten thousand or so to your credit in the bank. By the time you spend it we'll arrange the other."

"Mr. Augustine Malpass! . . . He seems—ahem—quite important in the affairs of the Lundeens."

"Waal, I reckon," returned her father with a short laugh, ignoring her scorn. "An' that brings me to the point. You rode me off the trail. . . . Virginia, as far back as three years ago me an' August talked over a marriage between you an' him, when the proper time came."

"Indeed! How interesting!"

"YOU needn't be so cuttin'. You shore owe it to August that you got your education an' travel an' that you're heah at Cottonwoods now. It was his brains."

"I have much to thank Mr. Malpass for," returned Virginia, in bitter passion.

"Virginia, I hope you're not mixed up in any love affair."

"No, I'm not, if that will relieve your extreme anxiety about me."

"Waal, I'm glad. For my heart is set on this. I don't want to rush you, daughter, but in good time, I hope—"

He rose, evidently disconcerted by the sudden turn of her head to face him with her contempt and shame.

"You are proposing marriage for me—with Mr. Malpass?"

"It amounts to that," he answered, regaining his assurance.

"Thank you. I feel immensely flattered that you'd like to see me the wife of a crook."

"Virginia, he's no more than I am," protested Lundeen impatiently.

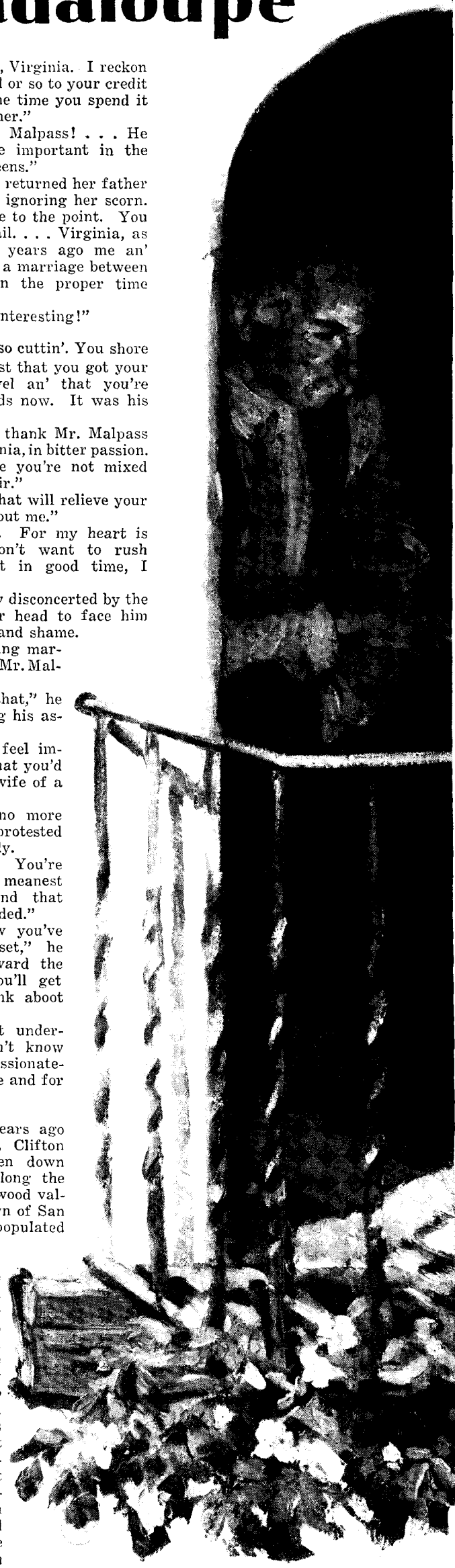
"Assuredly not. You're both crooks. The meanest of crooks—the kind that can't be apprehended."

"Waal, I'll allow you've reason to be upset," he added, moving toward the door. "Reckon you'll get over that, an' think about it."

"Father, I don't understand you. I don't know you," she ended passionately. "I refuse—once and for all!"

* *

Many a time, years ago it seemed to him, Clifton Forrest had ridden down the shady road along the edge of the cottonwood valley to the little town of San Luis, which was populated by Indians and Mexicans. The trading store there had finally been taken from Lundeen by Clifton's father, who had then run it more to help his many employees than to exact profit from them. The few bits of silver that it now brought in constituted the extent of the Forrest income. Toward San Luis Clifton walked now, and when he fell down, which



he did often, he got up and went on. "Cliff," his mother had said the day of his arrival home, "your father tried to stick in that store. But he couldn't. I hired one Mexican after another. If one was lazy, another was dishonest, and our only income is from that store. Think of that, my son! It used to be one of your father's charities. What a sad pass we have come to!"

"Mother, I'll run the store," Clifton had replied, with cheer and a smile that hid his earnestness. And this was why he was trudging along the road, not, despite his mental and physical ills, insensible to the glory of the May morning.

THE white snowy cottonwood seed was floating in the amber air and falling like thistledown on the green grass. Quail ran across the road, leaving tiny tracks in the dust. Birds and colts and calves showed their delight in the balmy air and golden sunshine of spring. Clifton felt the renewal of nature in his own heart and along his veins. He could not help being glad that he had to live instead of to die. How he had longed to give up the struggle! Who but one like himself could understand the torture of body, the destruction of fate, the end of hope, the unutterably soothing thought of rest and oblivion?

Illustrated by
Harold
Von Schmidt

The little adobe store, once a trading post, was situated off the road, on a bank above the irrigation ditch that supplied water to the natives, whose homes were scattered along the gentle slope above the valley.

The natives had small farms and a few head of cattle, upon which they subsisted when not working in some capacity on the range. The decline of the cattle business had made them poor and unable to buy much. Therefore the store was fairly well stocked with canned goods, merchandise, tobacco and all the necessary requirements of horsemen. In addition there were many blankets and baskets which Forrest had purchased from the Indians.

Clifton had cut the price of everything in the store, but the natives were slow to respond. Outside, by the door, stood an old rustic chair with sheepskin lining, and to Clifton it was the most comfortable one he had ever rested in. Here he passed most of the day, a good deal of which he slept away from sheer exhaustion. The natives, except the wild, ragged youngsters, did not pass by often, and they seldom lingered. On the first day Clifton found out that the natives had never overcome the distrust engendered in them during the Lundeen régime of high prices and sharp dealing. Clifton made a present to his informant, and that was his initial act through which he meant to regain confidence.

The day passed like a dream half remembered. Then began the toiling homeward. Dusk caught him stalled at the niche in the adobe wall from which he took a short cut. When his father loomed under the trees Clifton had survived the worst of his collapse.

"Waal, son, Ma was anxious and sent me to meet you," he said, and helped Clifton to his feet. He never alluded to Clifton's condition. If it caused him distress, he gave no sign. Clay Forrest had always been a man who considered physical defects things to conceal. But he did not lack gentleness.

"I was stuck here last night."

"Cliff, somethin' happened today," returned Forrest, with perturbation.

"What?"

"I got back early, an' there talkin' to Ma was that Lundeen girl." He made the announcement with suppressed feeling. "I'd showed her the door the other time, an' I did it again. But she wouldn't leave. Shore, I couldn't throw her out. An' there I was."

"She said, 'I've come heah to ask you somethin', an' I'm goin' to do it.' Waal, seein' I was out of luck an' couldn't get rid of her quick, I told her

to fire away. An' she shore did it, short an' sweet."

"Dad, you could never tell anything. Hurry."

"Cliff, she told me before she went away two years ago she had a couple of hundred thousand dollars in the bank. She found on gettin' home she had only ten thousand left. Malpass had persuaded her father to let him have the rest. . . . An' by Heaven, Cliff, that girl begged me to take the ten thousand!"

Clifton halted, and even in the dusk he could see his father's oxlike eyes rolling. "She did! What for?"

"I asked her, an' she said she believed we had been wronged, an' she wanted to help right it in what little way she could. Begged me to take the last of her money, an' when I replied I couldn't do it she tried to persuade me to take half. Then I said we Forrests would starve to death before we'd accept a dollar of Lundeen money. . . . Cliff, she cried out it wasn't Lundeen money, but Forrest money. I was sort of stumped at that. She was actually testifyin' against her father. I could use that when the deal goes to court again, as it shore will."

"You could, but you won't," declared Clifton.

"Waal, now, why wouldn't I?" demanded Forrest, letting go his hold on Clifton.

"If for no other reason, because I wouldn't let you."

"Hell! Are you in love with that girl?"

"No. I—I hate her, I guess. . . . But I've sense enough to see she's good."

"Waal, Cliff, you sure do love her. An' so does Ma. Reckon it's about the last straw. . . . My stock, my land, my home an' now my family gone over to these cursed Lundeens!"

FORREST stalked away under the gloom of the cottonwoods.

Excitement carried Cliff on and he arrived at the house, breathless but unconscious of fatigue. The living-room was cheerfully bright and supper ready. Clifton related to his mother the conversation between him and his father.

"He's implacable, Cliff," she said, with a calmness that soothed him. "But for me he'd have shot Lundeen and Malpass long ago. We have our task, my son."

"Mother, it plumb riled me when he said I—I was in love with Virginia. It sure floored me. And when I denied it he came out more bitter. He even said you loved her too."

"I do, an' I'm afraid he's guessed."

"Mother!"

"Go on with your supper, son," she returned. "As for Virginia—I used to love her when she was a ragged, wild child. An' I reckon it's come back. She's grown beautiful, Cliff, an' spite of it all she's unspoiled. She might spend money like wastin' water, but it means little to her. I think it noble of her to offer what they'd left her."

"Noble, yes. But it's an admission of her father's guilt. I wish she hadn't done that. Dad swears he'll use it in court. We must keep him from it."

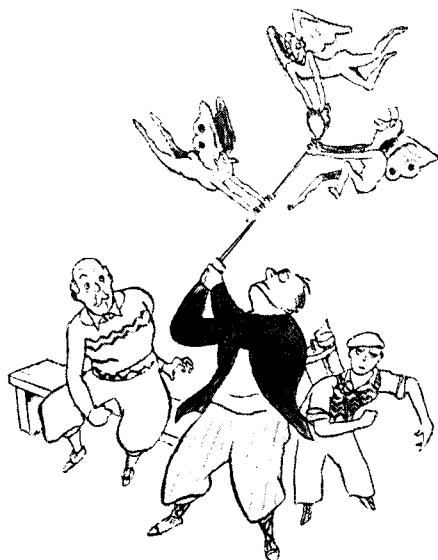
"My son, we must keep him from a great deal more," she replied gravely. (Continued on page 52)

"Thank you. I feel immensely flattered that you'd like to see me the wife of a crook"

Goofey Golf

By Grantland Rice

The attack is usually severe, the symptoms are frequently weird, and even the greatest are not entirely immune. You may even catch the bug yourself!



An English golfer developed an incredible form of self-hypnosis. He couldn't even swing at the ball

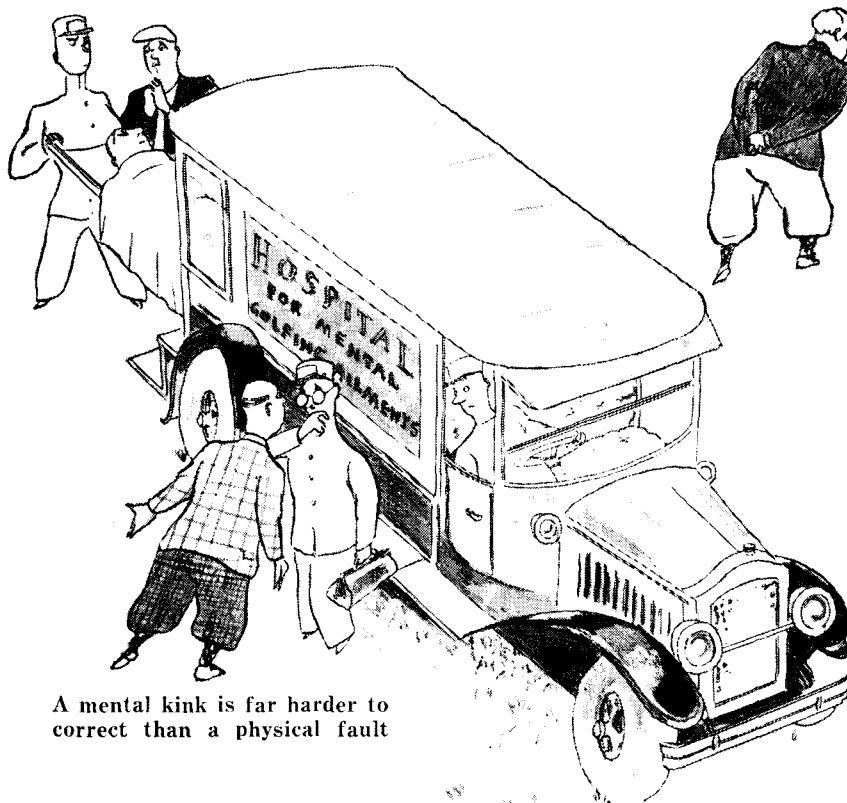
HIS age was around 56 or 57. His golf score was from 80 to 82—rarely better, rarely worse. He was not long, but usually straight, down the middle. He was better than good around the green. He had a swing with a queer, unexpected twist of hands and body just at the top, before starting the down swing. You expected him to miss the ball, but he never did. "You'd be in the low 70's," I said to him one day, "if you had a good swing, a swing with that zigzag loop cut out."

"I have a fine swing," he said. "I'll show you." He took a practice swing that was as smooth as a champion's. It carried none of the circular movements interpolated when he hit the ball. "It's a fine swing," he said, "but I can't use it in hitting the ball. I've tried for ten years but I can't even start the club down without that funny-looking twist at the top. I can use a good swing on dandelions or cigar stumps, but not on a golf ball. I feel hypnotized when the ball is there."

Golf is full of self-hypnotizers. A certain habit suddenly grabs a golfer by the throat and he can't shake loose. It is the only game that has this queer form of habit domination that is hard to break.

There are now two ex-open champions, both fine golfers, among the best in any country, who can't hit a short pitch or make a short putt without addressing the ball from ten to twenty times. They continue to move the club head back and forth, apparently desperately trying to hit the ball, but something seems to hold them back.

The effect upon their nervous systems is terrific. The tension and the nerve torsion often leave both ill at the end



A mental kink is far harder to correct than a physical fault

of a tournament, but at least one of them has been unable to break away from the long delayed hit, as the club head travels back and forth across the ball.

One of them said he couldn't hit the ball unless he took these preliminary addresses, although he admitted it was wrecking his nervous system. I played a practice round with him and suggested that he step up and hit, no matter where the ball went, to see what would happen. He was around in 68. But three days later, when another tournament started, he was still trying desperately to hit the ball on about the twelfth waggle. The habit had him.

There is another ex-state champion who sometime ago averaged between 74 and 78. For no reason that he could explain he suddenly began dipping his hands and the club head in a big forward loop at the top of the swing, before hitting the ball. And his scores jumped from around 75 to 100 or 105. The best professionals in the game tried to correct the fault but found it was lodged too deeply in the brain or in the subconscious strata of the mind to be removed. And five years of play and practice couldn't eliminate it.

There is no other game outside of golf where the mental and nerve pressure is so tense as to develop any such freak habits of completely wrecked form. Some years ago J. H. Taylor, five times open champion of Great Britain, one of the greatest mashie players ever known, started shanking his mashie pitches. This means hitting the ball up in the heel of the club, where the shaft joins the blade.

Self-Hypnosis is the Answer

Taylor tried every known cure, but the fault had entered his brain to become a mental golfing ailment. After six months of useless effort he finally surrendered, quit golf for nearly a year, and took a long tour of Europe, as far from a golf course as he could get. When he came back the fault had disappeared and he was never bothered with it again.

Just what is it that brings about these queer habits that are so hard to cure? Take the case of Jerry Travers, four times amateur champion and once open champion of the United States. Travers was one of the finest putters ever known. He was a great iron player. His swing with a driving iron was the last word in form. But in using

a wooden club he had a habit of reaching the top of the swing smoothly and then suddenly lifting his hands before he hit at the ball.

He tried every known cure, without effect. He knew what he was doing, but he couldn't stop it. There was some subconscious mental urge that lifted his hands from a correct position before he could hit the ball. It broke up his wooden club play and forced him to win championships with an iron club attack most of the time.

Travers had uncanny concentration and nerve control. He had a remarkable golfing temperament. He was a great uphill fighter. Why couldn't he swing a wooden club without this sudden hand lifting at the top? Self-hypnosis seems to be the only answer.

The Reverse Effect

There was a case in England of a golfer who couldn't even hit at the ball. At the top of his back swing his wrists and body would lock and he couldn't force himself to start the down swing.

Golf is a game where the pressure on the nervous system is extremely heavy.

For example, take the matter of looking at the ball. The golfer starts to play a shot and his head pops up. He says to himself on the next effort, "I'll look at this one if it is the last thing I do in this miserable world."

He sets his gaze intently on the ball. He starts his back swing, and then, just at the moment of hitting, the head pops up again and his entire system is one vast caldron of wrath. Why can't he keep his head still and look at the ball? The more intense his effort is in this direction, the surer he is likely to lift his head.

The whole matter seems to work with a reverse effect. The tenseness produced by desire and overanxiety has left his system a mass of quick triggers. The best way to cure head lifting is to bring more ease and smoothness to the swing, to lighten the grip a trifle and keep your mind on the ball, rather than your eye. The eye usually follows the direction of the brain.

Harry Vardon had a pupil who developed the habit of turning over both hands and wrists as he hit the ball. As a result he hit said ball with the top of his club, rather than the face. Vardon made every known effort to cure this fault, but found the job impossible. The kink had lodged in the brain. The

pupil finally had to use nothing but wooden clubs, since there is no hitting surface on the top of an iron.

Golf instructors frequently have to use queer devices to cure these mental kinks. Alex Girard, at Maidstone, had a golf pupil who couldn't hit with the face of his club. His wrist action took the club out of line.

"I ought to be able to hit accurately," the pupil said one day, "because I used to be a stone cutter where hitting with the head of a hammer was a more accurate job than this."

Girard stopped practice and finally located a hammer. He teed the ball on the elevated side of a bunker, handed the golfer the hammer and told him to whale away. Old instincts returned and with the small head of the hammer he hit the ball accurately and well.

Don't be Too Eager

Girard kept his pupil at this work for thirty minutes. He adjusted the mental attitude through an old pattern and when he handed the golfer a golf club once more there was an immediate improvement in his wrist work and his club control.

An incorrect habit in golf, once it becomes fixed, is harder to cure than an incorrect habit in any other game. For golf is about 65 per cent mental, rather than physical, and a mental kink is far harder to straighten out than some physical fault. Once a fault gets lodged in the head it is usually fixed. Habits of fast swinging—habits of throwing the body forward too soon—habits of getting hands and body ahead of the club head—of turning the right around too quickly—are largely mental faults and must be cured from the mental side. They are usually due to thinking ahead of the swing, rather than waiting on the club head to complete the back swing and to lead the down swing.

The average golfer is usually over-keen to hit and he finds it hard to keep this eagerness repressed. Some have developed queer habits of stance and waggling and tee dancing that are hard to explain. Others can't play when there is the slightest movement around the tee or fairway, even forty yards away. Sound and sight leave them hypnotized.

Few understand what the average golf instructor is up against. One of our best known playwrights was taking a lesson some time ago. His instructor had tried every known device to correct certain faults, but they remained intact and unchanged. Finally, at the end of an hour, the instructor's face shone with the light of a discoverer. "I've just located your fault," he said. "What is it?" asked the playwright, quite pleased at this announcement. "You are trying NOT to hit the ball," said the instructor.



Sound and sight have them hypnotized

Lady in Waiting

By John B. Kennedy

Lucrezia Bori—last of the Borgias—has always known the value of patience. First, she had to await her chance to slip out of the bonds of convention that hold an aristocrat of Spain. Then, after fame had come to her, there were many months of silence, waiting for her lost voice to return

NOT everything comes to him or her who waits, but enough profit accrues to the patient to make it, as a general rule, unwise to hurry one's fate.

Lucrezia Bori, for example. Radio history records Miss Bori as the first front-rank operatic star to step before a microphone and thrill waiting millions. That was on the first day of 1925, when press and people acclaimed the arrival of radio as the new great medium of mass instruction and entertainment.

Twenty-five years before, age 6, the famous soprano, who collaborated with the famous tenor, McCormack, in the first great broadcast, began the career that brought her eminence.

Not, however, an auspicious beginning. A raven-haired slip of a girl arose before a gathering of the old nobility of Valencia. She trilled a Spanish song and curtsied low, to the quiet applause of lace-mittened hands sprinkled with deeper exclamations from the gentlemen present.

They hurried her home—to the home of the last of the Borgias, for that was her natal name. Little Lucrezia stayed awake after her prayers were said that night, to sneak quietly out of bed and stand by the moon-filled window, looking over white roofs of Valencia and dreaming of fame.

All She Could Do Was Wait

Elsewhere, a child with so sweet a voice might obtain instant and practical encouragement by promotion to the operatic or concert stage. Not in the social tradition of Castile.

"While it was known that I had a voice," says Miss Bori—she prefers the maidenly title to the more pompous professional label of "Madame"—"and while I was permitted to sing at charades, my family frowned on the stage."

She could have run away from home. She had that impulse. But breeding forges bonds—the binding power of convention, which is custom. A Raquel Meller can spring from the people to instant fame. A Borgia did not know how to spring—or where.

"All I could do," says Miss Bori, "was to wait. Impulsive action would have brought strict discipline. I used strategy."

"The only person in my immediate family who was known for a good voice was an uncle, a monsignor of the church. People would throng to the cathedral at Valencia when it was known he was to sing a Mass. Through his intercession my family tolerated the idea of my receiving vocal tuition. My tutors in girlhood were Farvard and Vidal."

Through the years Lucrezia Borgia went dutifully to the stern Italian maestros engaged by the Spanish dons to give their daughters the grace of music.

She kept a little plan packed away beneath her raven curls. On the eve of her debut, when it is customary for



The aristocratic Bori has earned world operatic fame

Spanish fathers who can afford it to give their debutante daughters their heart's desire, she named no gewgaw or treasure. She asked Papa, sweetly enough, for a trip to Rome.

An aristocratic pilgrimage went to Rome from Valencia. There were Spanish counts and the first cousin of a duke; there were ladies who wore none but hand-made mantillas from the wheels of Aragon—and that is as much a mark of gentility as any.

Her Voice Conquers

Indeed, in that party of fifty or sixty souls, there was only lacking the presence of Señor Cesare Borgia to give it the utmost of Valencia's patrician touch. For while the Borgias bore no title, they held a name more precious than the patents of the Castilian kings.

So that wherever the flower of Valencia society gathered, the Borgias bloomed in the midst.

These visitors from the ancient Spanish port repaired to the opera one night.

The piece was Manon Lescaut, and in the leading rôle was an obscure young diva named Bori. When she entered for her first aria the Valencian ladies gasped, the Valencian gentlemen frowned. Señorita Borgia stared as one in a dream at two rows of home-town faces.

"By my eyes, Lucrezia Borgia!" exclaimed an old don.

The diva seemed struck dumb. She swayed. The tenor steadied her, and she sang. Her muttering townsmen, outraged at the appearance on the stage of a daughter of a distinguished family, heard her for a while in sullen silence. Then, as her voice conquered the Italian audience about them, they succumbed to its magic, broke into wild applause. The old don who had bawled the diva's identity dashed out and raided a nearby florist's for a huge bouquet.

"My father felt at first he had been tricked. As a matter of fact," adds Miss Bori, eyes gleaming with more than a trace of girlish archness, "he

was tricked. In Rome I mutilated the spelling of my name to Bori. That is all the concession I have ever made to the traditions of Valencia."

One of the Cellinis was present at her major debut in Milan. He sent around his card, and Miss Bori accepted an invitation to sup with his party, for she has humor. Shades of the brave days may have haunted that table and marveled at the sight of a Cellini pouring wine for a Borgia, and nobody dropping dead. The explanation would not be that the living Lucrezia Borgia, known as Bori, is a teetotaler (which happens to be so); the reason would be that when a family feud is a century or two old it becomes rather fun for those who survive.

"I have somewhere a genealogical tree with many interesting revelations," Miss Bori declared, sitting regally in her salon above the towers of mid-Manhattan. "But one's genealogy is not a career."

"I learned that when I settled down in Italy to the serious business of gaining recognition in a country swarming with fine singers. Recognition in Italy in those days—not so long ago—was a passport to acceptance everywhere."

Triumph After Triumph

She lived at the celebrated Pension Bouini in Milan, a place without due mention in musical history. The great, near-great and never-great lived there if room could be found. At two long dining tables sat musicians of all the talents; those arrived at fame and those struggling toward it.

She conquered Italy, went to Buenos Aires and France, and won everywhere. And her voice was not the only reason. She had beauty and she had charm. A world accustomed to heavy-weight prima donas, rarely attractive even to philanthropic photographers, arose to welcome a lady who appealed to the eye as to the ear.

It needs only a visit to the opera on a night when Bori is singing La Traviata, Manon Lescaut, Iris or her favorite opera, Rondine, to realize—what we have been loath to believe—that there can be Latin ladies of grand opera who are slim and beautiful to behold.

When Miss Bori came to America in 1912—after establishing herself as a first-rank diva by successful operatic sieges of almost every large European country but her native Spain, in which she has never sung publicly—her striking beauty caused a stir. There followed what enthusiasts of the theater call triumph after triumph.

"Letters?" she laughed. "Scores and scores of them. And I used to answer them all."

There was a Don Quixote of the stage door who worshiped the Spanish diva silently and with eminent respectability. On her two round trips to Europe each year this gentleman, bearded and mild-eyed, would be at the dock to see her depart and silently to welcome her back to New York. Knowing that persistent admirers are usually queer, Miss Bori never complained about the man, although she always recognized him. Likewise she never gave him notice. Until one autumn morning when she strolled down the gangplank, he of the silent watches seemed to have gathered courage enough to speak his piece. A burly guard pushed him aside. He slipped and slid down the dock side into the water, being reclaimed with difficulty. That was the very last time he was seen at the pier.

"Ah," says (Continued on page 46)

You can't have

Demure enough. But not to be trusted in a moon-bathed conservatory with anybody's husband. If you're contemplating marrying her you might send a stamped self-addressed envelope—but what's the use, you'll marry her anyway

Mary Philbin

*First National
Mary Astor*

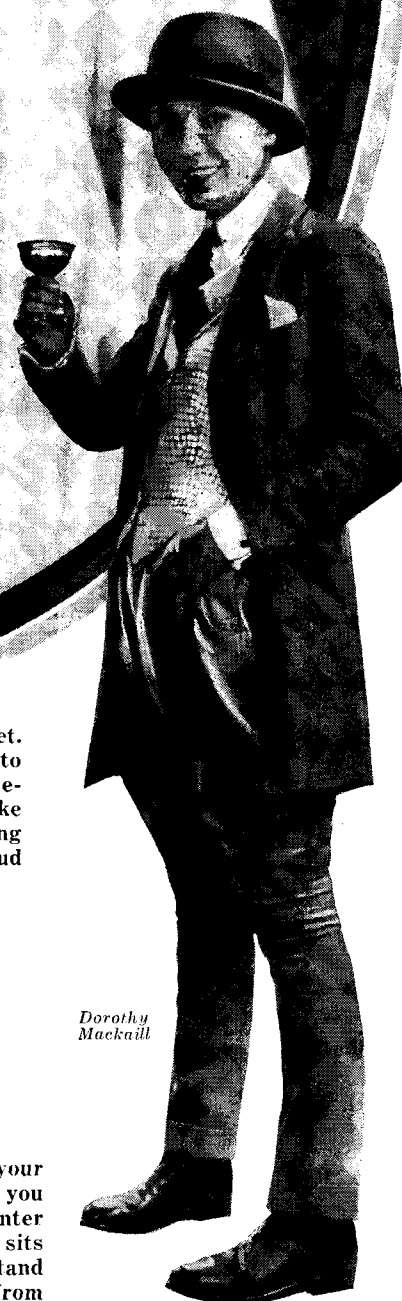


*First
National
Doris
Kenyon*

One of those wives you read about—unless the stove and utensils are just the photographer's props. Fond of clipping out recipes and cluttering up the pigeonholes of her writing desk with them

Here is the spirituelle helpmeet. A good girl but bad company—to juggle Fannie Brice's mischievous line. That is, unless you like to spend your evenings listening to sonnet sequences read aloud

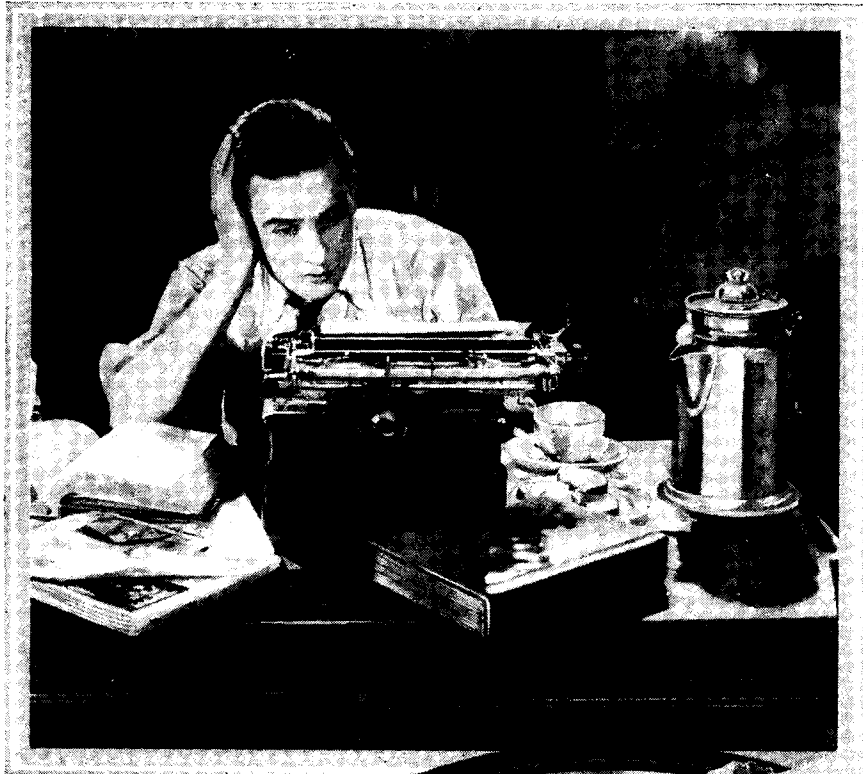
*Dorothy
Mackaill*



The Tomboy type. Hooks your neckties and is always routing you out at sunrise for a brisk canter on the bridge path. Never sits down while there's a table to stand on or a chandelier to swing from

Everything

When it comes to choosing a life partner you've got to make up your mind what type appeals most and then try to find it



Of course the steady, plodding, earnest type may lack the fascination and entertainment value of a movie hero—but at least you know where he is evenings—and that's something

Ben Lyon



*First National
Gilbert Roland*

While here we have a more romantic lad. Thrilling for a time. But what a care these glamorous fellows can turn out to be. So many women feel the same way about them



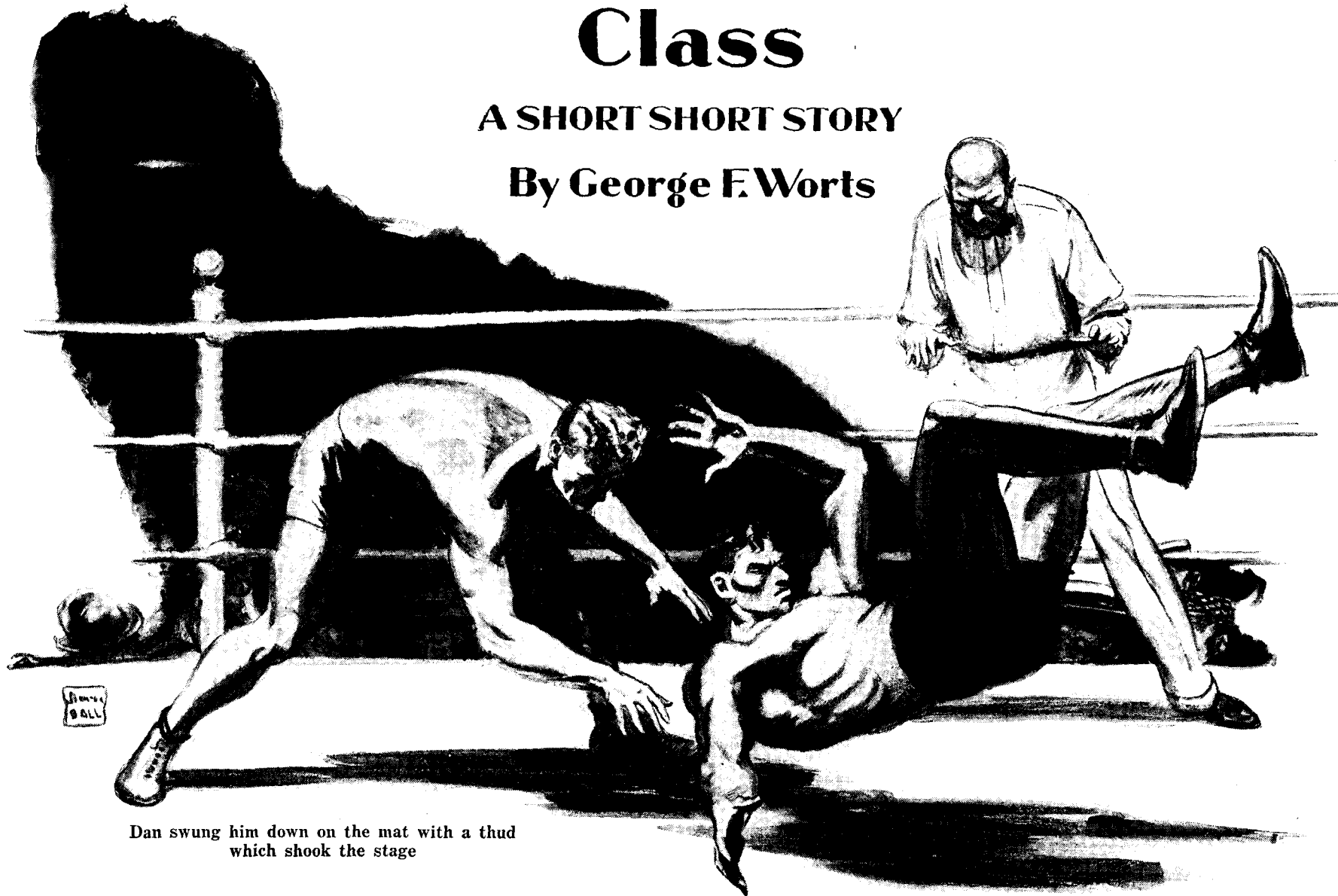
*Warner Bros.
Myrna Loy*

The jazz baby. Lots of fun in those twilight numbers on the ballroom floor. Go on and marry her if you want to. But if you have to eat your breakfast in a cafeteria thereafter, and her cook-book is a can-opener, don't say we didn't warn you

Class

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By George F. Worts



Dan swung him down on the mat with a thud which shook the stage

"NEPKE is a dangerous wrestler," said Glenn Stewart. "He's forty pounds heavier than you, ten years more experienced, and as tricky as a fox. Watch out for his punishing holds. His legs are boa constrictors. He's powerful, but he hasn't class. Know what class is, Dan?"

"Sure!" said Dan Parker. "A guy who is a nifty dresser has class!"

"It's something else," said Mr. Stewart. "Dempsey was a hobo, but he has it. Gotch had it. Tunney has it. Babe Ruth has it. So has Tilden, and so has Bobby Jones. A man with class is a man whose brain works so fast and whose muscles obey so promptly that his timing, or coordination, is perfect. Have you got it, Dan?"

Dan Parker grinned and shrugged. He didn't quite understand, but he knew that Mr. Stewart was always right.

Glenn Stewart, a wealthy sportsman, had selected Dan from the welter of amateur heavyweights and financed him because he personified an ideal.

"Wrestling," Mr. Stewart went on—it was his pet topic—"is the oldest sport in the world, Dan. The ancient Greeks and Romans loved wrestling. It took America, the idealist among nations, to make it the black sheep among sports. If wrestling comes back, it will be because of clean kids like yourself. Now go in there and whip Nepke—with class! And remember—the referee's his friend."

As Dan Parker, a few minutes later, entered the ring for the main bout, he tried to subdue his nervousness. His heart was hammering. A dark mountain of flesh eased through the ropes in the opposite corner and the pulses in Dan's ears began to thump faster.

The announcer was shouting: "In this corner-r-r, Strangler Nepke, heavyweight champion of Ohio; weight 231 pounds. In this corner-r-r, Dan Parker,

an amachoor turning professional tonight. Weight 192." The victor would win in two falls out of three.

The referee called the two men into ring center. They examined each other's fingernails and felt each other's chests. Nepke's hairy chest felt cold and greasy, but Dan could not swear that he was oiled.

He thought: "If fast thinking and fast acting mean class, I'm going to prove it now." When the bell rang, he strode out of his corner, touched the champion's right hand, grasped the left one, turned quickly so that his back was against Nepke's chest and Nepke's left arm was pinioned across his chest. Gripping Nepke's deltoid, Dan lunged forward and swung the champion over his shoulder, through the air and down upon the mat with a thud that shook the stage.

THIS—the flying mare—knocked the wind out of the champion. Before he could recover, Dan had pinned him to the mat with a double head lock. The referee slapped Dan three times on the shoulder. Then he turned to the crowd and announced:

"First fall by Dan Parker! Time: forty-six seconds!"

When the wrestlers met for the second fall, Nepke's little black eyes were glaring with hate. With heads together, hands clasped on each other's necks, the two men were like bulls with locked horns. Nepke swung and pushed Dan this way and that, employing his greater weight to exhaust the lighter man, while he feinted for a hold. He pulled Dan to the mat; wrapped a thick hairy arm about Dan's neck in a chancery hold and squeezed his face into the thick, rubbery flesh of his side, thereby cutting off Dan's wind. Dan broke free and, as he reached for Nepke's head,

the champion trapped him in a scissors hold, his powerful legs being the blades of the scissors with Dan's body between them. Nepke interlocked his feet and squeezed. Dan could not break the hold. Nepke could not pin his shoulders to the mat with this hold; he was using it for punishment, to force Dan to concede the fall. His body became slippery. He had, Dan realized, rubbed oil into himself.

Through a red mist of pain, Dan saw the referee bending lower and lower, watching him as a fox might watch a trapped rabbit. Dan could endure it no longer. He surrendered. The referee tapped Nepke three times on the back.

"Second fall to Nepke in eleven minutes and thirty seconds!" he announced.

The champion wore a grin of contempt when they met for the third and deciding fall. He quickly threw Dan to the mat and began emptying his notorious bag of tricks. Accidentally, it seemed, he introduced his thumb into Dan's eye; accidentally he kicked him in the stomach with his knee; by accident he ran his finger up Dan's nose. And the referee did nothing.

Dan tried for a double head lock, then for a bar lock, but Nepke's tremendous advantage of weight defeated him. Three times he escaped from danger when Nepke reached down for a toe hold. The fourth time, Nepke succeeded. He wrapped his right hand about the toes of Dan's left foot and twisted it.

He heard Dan's involuntary groan and increased the pressure. Dan twisted his mouth in grimaces of agony. The referee was on hands and knees, grinning. It occurred to Dan, in his agony, that he didn't have class. . . .

Suddenly Nepke sprang to his feet and faced the crowd with a grin of triumph. The referee looked at him

blankly. The crowd, in wonderment, stared at him. Dan had not signaled surrender; Nepke had not pinned his shoulders to the mat.

Nepke's grin became a twisted grimace as Dan darted in front of him, picked him up on his shoulders and spun him about several times in one direction, then several times in the other. He swung the 231-pound champion about as easily as if he were a sack of sugar. The crowd roared as Dan released him and sent him sprawling through the air to land with a thump and a gasp.

THIS, the spectacular airplane fall, did not hurt the big man, but it baffled his slow brain. He rolled over to his hands and knees, with Dan kneeling beside him. Dan shot his right arm under Nepke's to clasp his neck in a far Nelson. With this hold he would have, normally, forced Nepke over on his back. He surprised Nepke by clasping his left wrist in a wrist lock, jerking him off balance and executing a double roll, which ended with Dan on top.

Nepke was now on his back, his left shoulder pinned down by the wrist lock, his right shoulder sinking to the mat under the pressure of Dan's free hand on his elbow. He was helpless now; out-matched. His shoulders sagged to the mat.

A few minutes later Glenn Stewart came to Dan's dressing-room.

"What happened?" he cried. "Nepke all but had you with that toe hold. Why did he suddenly let go and jump up as if he'd won the fall?"

"I had to show you I had class," modestly explained the new heavyweight champion of Ohio. "In one more second he'd have had me pinned. I reached up and slapped him three times on the back."

"It gives the timely news of business"

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

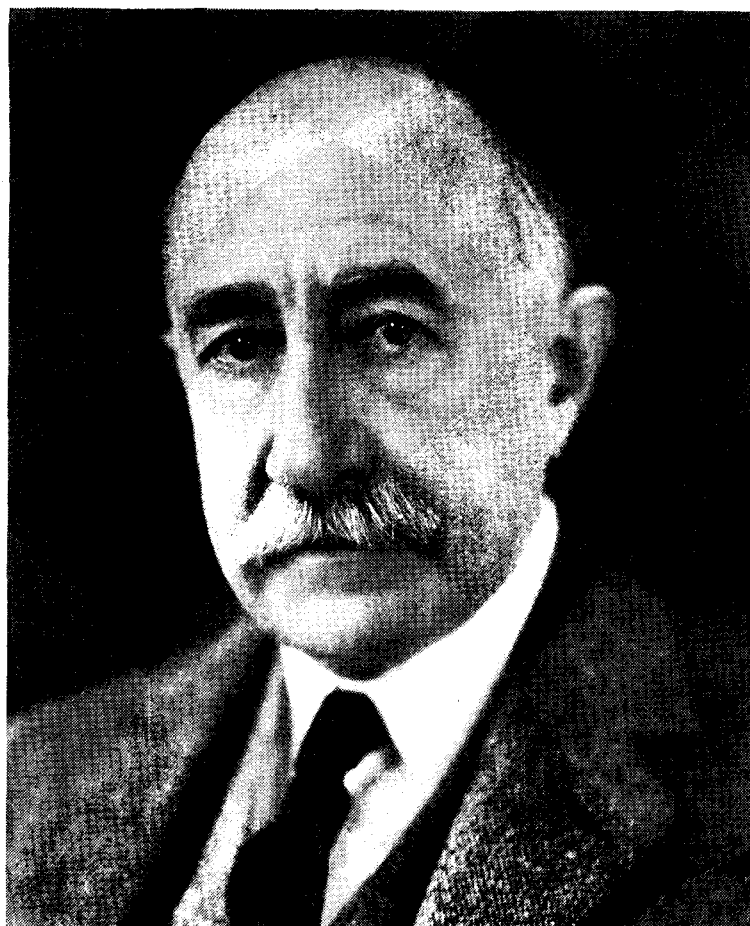
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Coming Home By Barry Benefield



Illustrated by
Charles Sarika

*A well of water flows with
more gold of happiness
than an oil well*

He was waiting desperately for he knew not what

SIM JORDAN and his family were now rich but homeless. Mr. Eddy, who had bought Sim's farm, had said he might not demand possession of it until the following summer. Meanwhile Sim could go on with his crops, and gather them if there were time enough, without payment. That had been one of the inducements the fat, wall-eyed oil gambler had used on the long, big-boned, slow-thinking farmer. On the other hand, Mr. Eddy had warned Sim that he might have to demand possession the next month, he couldn't tell. But whenever he should ask for the land Sim would have to move on. That was in the contract. So it was all in the hands of the oil man.

Things were too uncertain to encourage Sim to go on working his promising green crops. He lost interest in the fair, upstanding things that he had planted and fertilized and plowed with the high, stimulating hope of the annual gamble that he loved. He and his wife and three sons remained in the four-room log house he had built twenty years before, though he felt that they were only camping. He was merely waiting upon another man's order.

Sim couldn't bring himself to do anything definite. He was waiting, desperately waiting for he knew not what. When finally he yielded to the repeated onslaughts of Mr. Eddy it had been in his mind that he could easily buy in the

neighborhood another hundred acres of sandy land just as good as those he had sold and for a fraction of the ten thousand dollars now to his credit in the Minden Citizens' Bank. He did look around a little, then gave up the idea of locating near by. The oil boom had sent land prices to heights that prohibited buying them for corn and cotton.

SIM felt uprooted, and was idle, fidgety, wretched. So was his short, plump wife, usually so jolly and hopeful. Often he stalked aimlessly about his fields, like a tall, slow crane, bending down now and then to snatch up with quick violence a bunch of useless grass sucking the life out of a stem of his corn or cotton. And there was in his big-pupiled gray eyes, deeply sunk under his jutting, bony brow, a look of puzzled hurt. And the boys were running wild, getting out of hand, spending half their time in town, and Sim hadn't the will to check them now.

In July Sim began spending money. Something was wrong with him and his family, he knew, and he had a notion that maybe by paying out some of his new wealth he could straighten out things. Having begun to buy, he plunged into what seemed to him an orgy of extravagance. And all this buying left

him and his wife with a nagging sense of doubt. Formerly their spending had been for things they had known about for years: things with whose qualities and prices they were intimately acquainted. Their purchases had given them a double satisfaction—possession and use of something long needed or keenly desired, and a sense of having made good use of their money. But now they were tortured by suspicions that they were buying foolishly and were also being cheated right and left.

"Aye, Lordy, I don't know," wailed little Mrs. Jordan, shaking her head, "I jes' don't know! I don't know nothin' at all about all these fancy things. I bet them storekeepers air a-skinning' us alive, Sim, an' then laughin' up their sleeves at us."

She had been content all her life with a sunbonnet, except when she went to town, to church, to a barbecue or a picnic. For these ceremonies and festal occasions one hat a year had been ample. Now she had half a dozen new hats. She had four silk dresses, five pairs of sharp-pointed shoes that squeezed and burned her feet, and a lot of pink silk underwear that made her blush whenever she whipped up her courage to put it on. Her short-fingered hands, plump and smooth and brown, were gnarled with cheap rings spotted

with stones of red and blue and green. Her round, brown eyes as strong as an eagle's, were decorated with gold-rimmed spectacles; but, then, she could bend her head and look over them whenever she wanted to see something clearly.

Having all these new things, Mrs. Jordan wished to make sure that other people knew she had them. So she bedeviled Sim into driving around the sparsely settled country to visit people he didn't care about seeing frequently and who, he was certain, didn't want to see him and his wife nearly so often as they now called.

In order to get around faster he bought a small automobile. But, then, in order to tempt his wife to stay at home, he bought an organ and a piano for the "parlor." When the two big instruments were moved in there was barely space in it for the old company bed, the two yellow plush rockers, the intricately scrolled center table and the marble-topped walnut washstand with the cake of perfumed soap that had been used one time by a visiting preacher.

MRS. JORDAN spent countless hours rubbing the new additions with furniture polish. When Sim was within hearing distance or when curious neighbors came in she toyed with the piano keys, and put the organ through its mournful paces with the stops in excruciatingly varied combinations. She said hopefully that she 'lowed she'd pick up a few tunes after a while, and she aimed to take lessons whenever there was a good teacher handy.

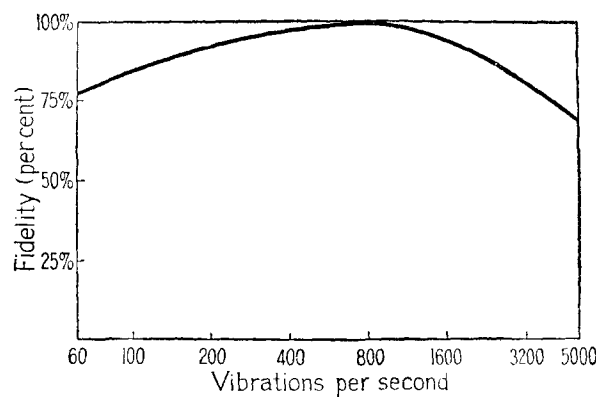
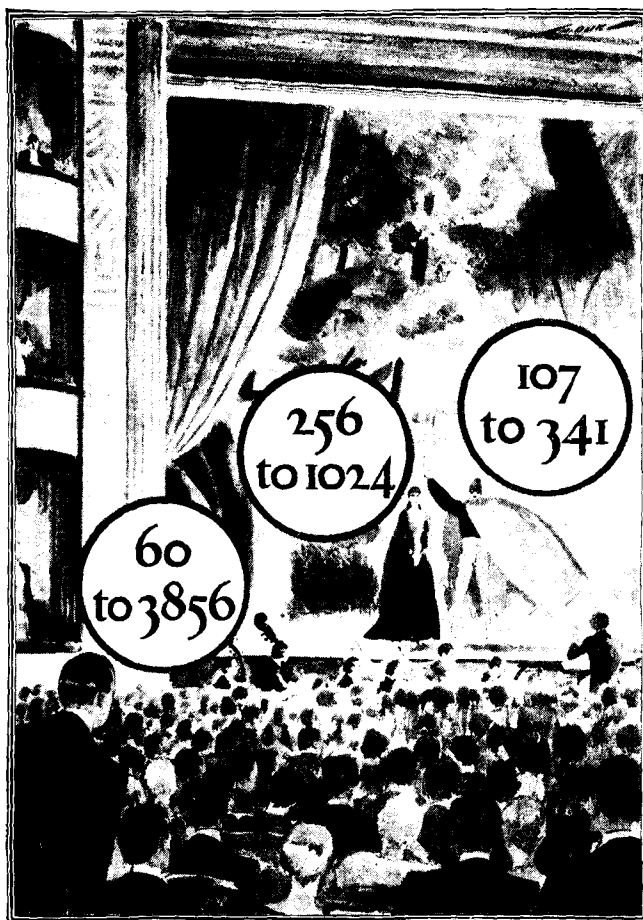
Once when she was alone and feverishly polishing the piano she sat down on the piano (Continued on page 59)

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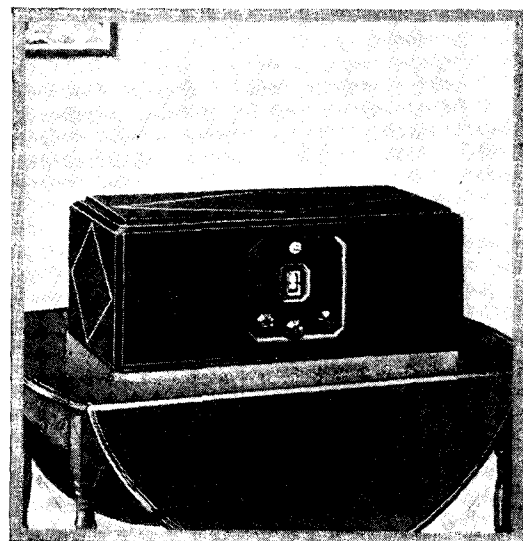
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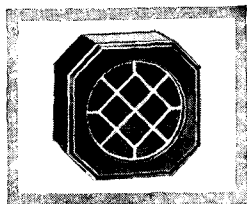


The new Eveready AC Set, Model No. 2, in die-cast aluminum cabinet, lacquered in green with striping in natural aluminum. Models Nos. 1, 2 and 3 have seven radio tubes and one rectifier, eight in all. All power is taken from the light socket.

Table Model No. 2, without tubes, \$155.

Die-cast aluminum supporting stand, finished to match the set, \$20 extra.

At right, the new Eveready Loud Speaker in die-cast aluminum housing, decorated in green lacquer, with natural aluminum striping, to match the Eveready AC Set, Model No. 2. Price, \$35.



EVEREADY

TRADE MARK

Radio Sets

and natural when received through Eveready Radio Sets.

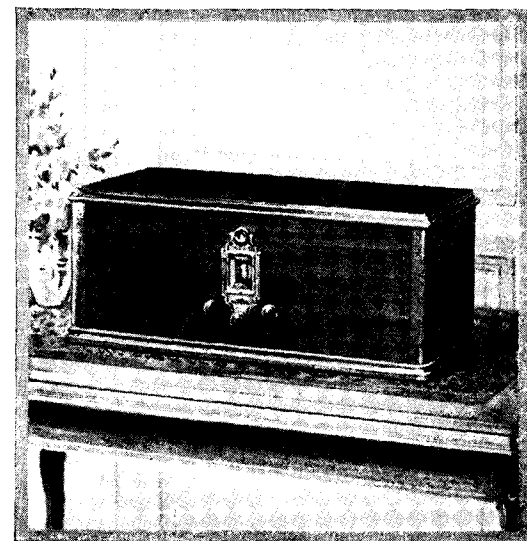
Fidelity means truly enjoyable reception. By giving you proved fidelity, Eveready has made a definite contribution to the enjoyment of music in the home.

Eveready Radio dealers are now ready to show you the Eveready Fidelity Curve. They have an unusual booklet, illustrating and describing each musical instrument, and showing how naturally it is reproduced by Eveready Radio Sets. This is proof positive of performance.

Look for this booklet, and have the dealer demonstrate these new receivers to you. Discover for yourself what new pleasure Eveready's really faithful reproduction adds to radio reception.

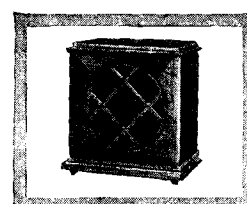
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
New York  San Francisco

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The new Eveready AC Set in wooden cabinets. Model No. 1 in maple—to obtain pleasing color contrast with mahogany or walnut furniture; also appropriate for association with Colonial and Early American furniture. Model No. 3 in mahogany—for those who prefer it. Price, table model without tubes—either maple or mahogany—\$145.

Supporting stand to match, \$10 extra.



At left, the new Eveready Loud Speaker, Model No. 1 in maple—to match either the AC or battery maple sets. Model No. 3 in mahogany—to match either the AC or battery mahogany sets. Either the maple or the mahogany loud speakers, \$30.



"When Brady waves.. it's 3:05!"

From
**"A Ride in the Cab of the
 Twentieth Century Limited"**
 BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
 Novelist, Essayist, Poet

THIS was a little ceremony dedicated to Time; and as I came into the Grand Central Terminal the early afternoon sun slanted in bright diagonal from those high windows, exactly transecting the clock on the Information Desk in a clear swath of light.

Not less decorously than a bride made ready for her groom is the Century inaugurated for departure.

A strip of wedding carpet leads you down into the cathedral twilight of that long crypt. Like a bouquet of flowers her name shines in white bulbs on the observation platform. In the diner, waiters' coats are laundered like surplices. Mr. Welch, the veteran conductor, carrying his little box of official sancta, has the serene benignant gravity of some high cleric. And as you walk by that long perspective of windows, you are aware they are not just a string of ten Pullman cars. They are fused by something even subtler than that liaison of airy pressure that holds them safe. They are merged into personality, become a creature loved, honored, and obeyed. This is a rite, you read it in every member of her crew. The blessed, the rich, the ultimate



*"... each making obeisance to the little private deity
 ticking in his pocket"*

human faculty of Rising to the Occasion! And you can see them, porter just as gravely as conductor, each making obeisance to the little private deity ticking in his pocket.

WHEN railroad men compare notes on the time, they don't say (as you or I would) "two-forty," meaning forty minutes after two. They know the hour, and take it for granted. It's minutes and seconds that concern them. Ask Mr. Brady, engineer of the electric that takes out the First Section, what he "makes it." He'll reply "forty-fifteen"—meaning forty minutes and fifteen seconds. There was a severity on Mr. Brady's face as he sat studying his watch.

The time was close. It was 44:30, 44:45, 45! Let's go!

Gently she steals out, along a corridor of that dusky underground forest where colored lights gleam like tropic birds. "Green!" "Green!" you hear Brady and his helper saying aloud to each other, checking up every signal as soon as it comes in view, each always verifying the other's observation.

The electric engine has fascination and efficiency of its own, but in this ceremony one is bound to regard it mainly as the father who takes the bride up the aisle on his arm. Thirty-three miles the electric takes her, to Harmon, where the bridegroom is ready, the steam engine; and (as the old rubric puts it) they are coupled together, to have and to hold.

The father may be (I dare say usually is) more of a man than the groom; but the groom gets the romantic applause. So the electric is not a personality; just a miracle. Smooth and swift it toles you past those upper reaches of the city. Looking out you see the Second Section spinning along, just abaft your stern, on the adjoining track.

THERE'S a little boy who comes down to Spuyten Duyvil station every fair afternoon, with his nurse, to see the Century spin by. It's a part of an engineer's job to know his roadside clients and salute them.

When Brady waves, the nursemaid can set her watch. It's 3:05. The bell chimes musically overhead, and again one feels that there is some sort of religion in all this. And I suppose (come to think of it) that isn't a bad sort of religion either: Getting There when you said you were Going To.

But what a moment, when you glide into Harmon and see waiting for you . . . what you came to see: one of the 5200's! Of course all talk about the groom is nonsense, for at once you adore her as She. There's only one phrase adequate for her: *Some Baby!*

Sharp work here: it must have been a couple of minutes, but in memory it seems only a few seconds of golden excitement. They can grin as they like at your borrowed overalls, you're the one that's going to ride that roaring child

for 110 miles. Have you seen the Central's 5200's? They've only been in commission a few months. This was 5217 and I shan't forget her. She seems as big as an ocean liner when you're in the cab.

They hand up a slip of yellow paper to George Tully, the engineer. If you're the engineer of the Twentieth Century they don't tell you to get anywhere by a certain time. They tell you not to get there *before* such and such. The message, signed with two sets of initials, was "Do not arrive Albany before 5:38." George Tully consults his watch (a nice faithful old Hamilton, incidentally; he's carried it for years). It's 3:36 (or 3:35:50, as near as I could read my own Hamilton in my excitement) and we're off.

I SUPPOSE the greatest moments in life are those when you don't believe it's yourself. It can't be you, in that holy of holies of small-boy imagination, the cab of an engine—and such an engine. More than that, made so welcome and at home by George Tully and Tom Cavanagh that you feel you belong there.

Perhaps the simple truth is that if men have something they're enormously proud of, it's pure joy to show off. And they are never so lovable as in their honest rivalries. "Well," Tom roared in my ear, as he explained the automatic stoking, "I wonder if the Pennsy's got anything better than this?" For the first thing that puzzles you is two big canted cylinders in the cab. They revolve in spasms. These feed the coal into the firebox. A man couldn't shovel fast enough by hand to keep the pressure she needs (she eats up four tons between Harmon and Albany). The fireman sits comfortable, with his eye on the steam gauge, and regulates the coal-feed by turning a handle.

I could tell you a lot about the marvel of that firebox, and the "butterfly-door" that opens in two wings to show you her fierce heart, full of flame and hardly anything else. The coal is practically consumed by the time it reaches the floor of the furnace. I fed her myself for quite a way. "Keep the gauge at 220," Tom said. "No black smoke, and don't let the safety valve lift. Every time she lifts that means twenty gallons of water wasted—costs three cents." "Keep her hot," George Tully shouted to me, grinning. "We've got five minutes to make up."

That was part of the fun of this ride: I had a chance to see how things go when the breaks are against you. For there's a lot of work doing along the line: four-trackage being put in, the new tunnel at Storm King, and unavoidable slow-downs. "We'll be knocked out six minutes before we reach Beacon," Tully said. "We'll get it back."

ASTONISHING how soon one adjusts one's judgments. Leaning from the cab window, watching the flash of her great pistons, watching the 1000-ton train come creaming along so obediently behind us, one soon began to think anything less than sixty mere loitering. All the imaginations that the cab might be uncomfortable riding were bosh. There is hardly—at any rate in those heavy 5200's—any more sway or movement than in the Pullmans themselves.

The one thing a constant automobile driver finds disconcerting is the lack of steering. As you come rocketing toward a curve you wonder why the devil George doesn't turn a wheel to prevent her going clean off. And then you see her great gorgeous body meet the arc in that queer straight way—a constantly shifting tangent—and—well, you wish you could lay your hand on her somehow so she'd know how you feel.

When George began to let her out a bit, beyond Beacon, I just had to go over and yell at him that I

thought this 5217 of his was a good girl. With the grave pleasure of the expert he said, "They're right there when you need 'em." He let me blow the whistle, which makes one feel an absolute part of her. Yes, if you were listening (about 4:48), that was me.

Alive, shouting, fluttering her little green flags, she divided the clear cool afternoon. Looking out into that stream of space I could have lapsed into dream. I came closer than ever before to the actual texture of Time whereof our minds are made. This was not just air or earth that we flew upon; this was the seamless reality of Now. We were abreast of the Instant. It was Time that we fed into the flaming furnace, it was Time that flickered in the giant

"He let me blow the whistle... if you were listening (about 4:48), that was me"



"Alive, shouting, fluttering her little green flags, she divided the clear cool afternoon"

wheels. This was the everlasting Now, we kept even pace with it and so the mind was (literally) in its own element, motionless and at ease. Terribly great, senseless, ecstatic, mad with her single destiny, yet with queer pathos in her whole great mass, so much at our command. Her cab looked like a clock-shop, so many gauges and dials. But there is no clock in an engine cab. She makes her litany to one god only—the intent man who sits leaning forward so gravely. And he verifies himself by the other little god—the tiny one in his pocket. As you watch him you understand what he said—"There's no two trips alike. They're always on your nerve."

"Green!" "Green!" They kept repeating to each other across the cab; Tom and I sat on the port side, where I could see the whole panorama of the Hudson, and far down

a curve of the river a white plume where the Second Section came merrily behind us, keeping her three-mile distance.

And, with Tom, I waved to the regular clients, including the two priests in cassocks and birettas, near Poughkeepsie; and the Cleary girls in Hyde Park, whose husband and father is the flagman at that crossing.

AND then Tom said suddenly, after a glance at his watch, "We've got the dope on 'em now. Forty-nine minutes to do forty-five miles." I began to see that when chance works against him, the engine-man instinctively personifies the unforgiving minutes into mysterious enemies who are trying to spoil things. These mischievous divinities had been hovering about us, making us scoop up water (you have to slow down to forty-five for that) or what not; but now we had the dope on them. And the engineer has some very subtle inward correlation of the feel of things; so that even before he verifies his instinct by minutes and seconds, he knows how he's getting on.

These men live with Time in a way we rarely dream of. Time is not their merry wanton, as she is to some of us. She's their wife, for better for worse. There was a truly husbandly grievance in George's eye when, just outside Albany, we had to slow almost to a standstill. Number 7—which left Grand Central forty-five minutes earlier—was right ahead of us.

There was the accent of King Tamburlaine in 5217's whistle as she shouted a blasphemy in steam. We came to a stop in Albany at 5:42. And as she wasn't due to leave there till 5:49, everything was jake. I saw Tom, who is young and proud, taking a last look at his watch as he pulled his little black satchel out of the locker.

Even in spite of that fifty seconds just outside Albany, "they" hadn't been able to put anything over on us. We were On Time—spuyten duyvil!

THE story of Christopher Morley's ride in the cab of the 20th Century Limited has been reprinted in booklet form, with many interesting pictures not shown here. Let us send you a copy of this story, along with a copy of our own illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper," which tells something of the care taken in making Hamilton the great "watch of railroad accuracy."

Smart Hamilton strap watches and Hamilton pocket models are on display at any fine jeweler's. He will be only too glad to show them to you.

Address the Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Wheatland Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Extreme Left—The "Wheatland." This harmoniously designed Hamilton with its Gothic face and exquisite simplicity holds a subtle beauty all its own. In 14k filled green or white gold, engraved, (as shown), \$50.

Left Centre—The "Square." A shape in increasing vogue—especially among men who appreciate that rare combination of accuracy and smart appearance in their strap watches. In filled gold or 14k engraved, \$57 and \$87. Also at \$55 and \$85 in plain cases.

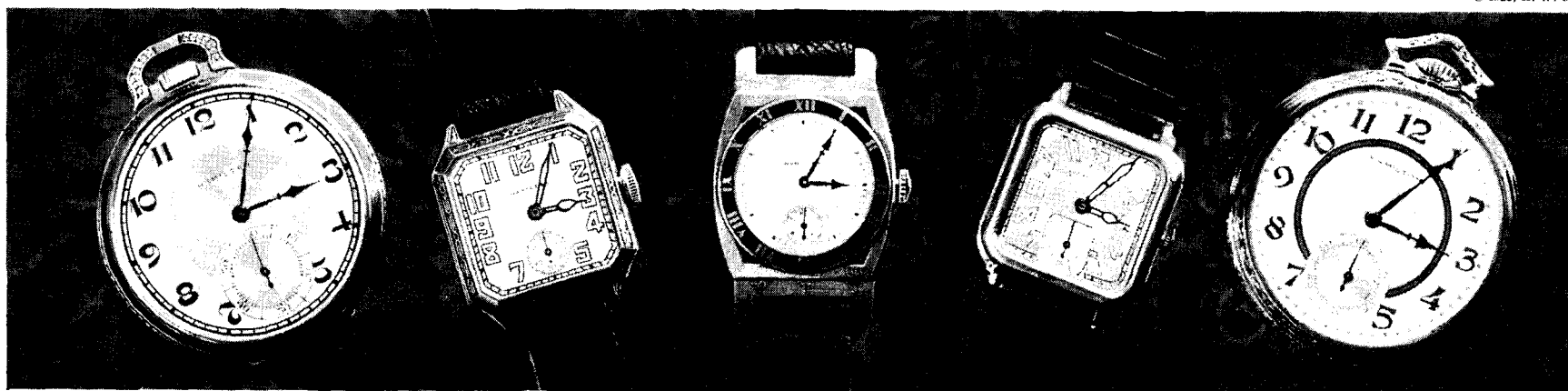
Centre—The "Piping Rock." An ultra-modern strap watch styled by designers of international prominence. The numerals of gold, set in enamel, are a part of the case, not the dial. Available only in solid 14k yellow or white gold, with 19-jewel Hamilton movement, \$125.

Right Centre—The "Hastings." Beautifully proportioned in line, and masculine in appearance is the new "Hastings" strap model with its modern radial face. In 14k filled yellow or white gold, and 14k gold, yellow or white, plain, (as shown), \$55 and \$85.

Extreme Right—The "Brunswick." Designed with an eye to tomorrow—but not at all ornate. In 14k green or white gold engraved, with dial shown, \$117 to \$172.

Hamilton

THE WATCH of Railroad Accuracy



© 1928, H. W. Co.

Master of Sinister House

By
**E. Phillips
Oppenheim**

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR OWSTON is employed by Martin Hews for the purpose of breaking the power of a certain Joseph, who is the one person seriously hindering Hews' plans for the possession of most of the famous art treasures of the world.

Martin Hews, born without legs, lives in a huge, electrically guarded mansion on the Breezeley marshes with his niece, Beatrice Essiter. Major Owston is quite fascinated by this girl's beauty.

Jim Donkin, a London gang leader, and tool of Martin Hews, who is in constant warfare with Joseph in the East End, is indiscreet enough to steal his enemy's girl, Rachel. He flees to Breezeley, places the girl in Hews' care and leaves the country.

Martin Hews establishes Owston in an apartment in town. Owston, with Hews' reluctant consent, becomes friendly with Inspector Bloor of Scotland Yard, who advises him in his search for Joseph in West End society.

The first large function he attends, in company with Beatrice Essiter, is Lady Bonofar's reception. As they leave, Lady Bonofar's brother, Mr. Leopold, suggests a visit to the Blue Skies night club.

On their arrival Owston goes into the office to sign the register. Everything goes black and he awakes in a police cell, accused of drunkenness. In court Leopold testifies that Owston was drunk. Owston knows he was drugged but decides not to let Leopold know his suspicions.

After his release he goes to Claridge's to call on Beatrice. She is not there. Seeing Leopold in the lobby he pretends surprise at her disappearance and asks Leopold's aid.

In a short absence of Mr. Leopold he steals a mysterious letter from that gentleman's overcoat pocket. Soon after he starts for Breezeley.

VIII

ONCE again I swung over the stile at the end of the long cinder walk facing that gaunt, incredible building which arose from the sodden, unwholesome-looking marsh, a leering gesture of Brobdingnagian architecture. It was wrapped in darkness when I left the station, but in those last few minutes of my tramp it suddenly flashed out into light from cellar to attic, a sign, as I had gathered before, that someone had left the station and was approaching. I shivered as the front door opened without any summons from me, and Minchin, more like a Chinaman than ever in his sinister immobility, bade me enter. The house was incredibly still. He led me to the elevator.

"The master is waiting for you, sir," he announced, and this time I was sure that there was a note of malicious pleasure in his tone.

I advanced as bravely as I could into the little circle of light thrown from Martin Hews' red lamp—the only illumination in his room.

"Sit down," he ordered me briefly, without looking up.

I obeyed. My employer was bending over the table, studying what seemed to me to be a chart. He had pins in it which every now and then he moved after consulting some notes by his side. His mouth was slightly open, and drawn sidewise, giving a most unpleasant twist to his face, and disclosing his fanglike teeth, which I could never see without an inward shiver. His beady eyes seemed more prominent than ever, his flaxen hair was brushed so smoothly that it positively shone in the lamplight. I watched him with fascinated eyes. There were times when it seemed almost impossible to believe in his humanity.

His white fingers, with their shining nails, no bigger than a baby's, played

hesitatingly around the pins before he moved one. He was dressed as usual with the utmost care. His rich satin tie was fastened by a pin, mounted on which was an exquisite pearl.

The minutes went on, and, so far as he was concerned, I seemed to have no existence. It was at least a quarter of an hour before he spoke to me:

"So you are good for nothing except drayman's work, after all, Owston?"

"It seems so, sir," I admitted. He removed a pin and still stared at his chart. He had the air of being entirely engrossed by it. Anything he said to me might have been the in-

different commonplaces which are the gesture of a great general engaged in mighty work.

"You were sent to the West End of London to establish yourself there for a certain purpose. On practically the first night you stepped guilelessly into a booby trap. You cannot now enter a single night club in London. Your name is being posted as an undesirable person upon the warning lists. You will need courage to show yourself wherever people of the world into which I wish you to penetrate are gathered together. The cards of invitation for the functions which I wanted you to attend with my niece have been, or will be, of course, withdrawn. You have destroyed your whole utility to me in a single evening."

"That is all quite true, sir,"

I acknowledged, "but it is not the full extent of my folly. You have probably received my telephone message, and you know that a much more serious thing has happened through my blundering. Your niece, of whom I was in charge, has disappeared."

He leaned forward across the table now and looked straight at me. It was obvious that he was enjoying my misery.

She paused at the first taxi and looked around. Her face was strained and ominous

"Disappeared?" he repeated. "Explain yourself, if you please. Your message was too vague."

"Miss Essiter went with me to the Blue Skies night club at the invitation of a Mr. Leopold, brother to Lady Bonofar. When we arrived there I was asked to visit the secretary's room, where I was damned fool enough to allow myself to be drugged, and woke up this morning in a police cell. This morning I went to Claridge's, and I learned that Miss Essiter had not returned. I have seen Leopold, and he declares that he put her into a taxicab at the club a few minutes after I had left. Nevertheless, no one seems to have seen her since. This afternoon I received one of those polite communications from Joseph. Here it is."

I handed to him the note which had been found in my letter box a few minutes before I had left. He read it through slowly:

"A fair exchange, my dear Major. I have altered my mind. I have decided that I will not raze Breezeley to the ground to snatch away your prisoner. Rachel is, after all, a little creature of the slums and alleys, but Beatrice—Ah, well, it would not be for you, dear clumsy enemy, to appreciate how wonderful a woman she is. I think that I shall rest content."

MARTIN HEWS read with the dawn of a devilish smile the words which had brought sobs to my throat.

"A delightful fellow, Joseph," he chuckled. "Good taste too. His little trollop has charm, but Beatrice—well, when she forgets to scowl, and the pleasant things of life come her way, I am inclined to consider my niece almost a beautiful woman. What do you think, Owston?"

I made no reply. I think that he scarcely expected one. He sat there with his finger tips pressed together, his repulsive eyes dwelling upon my face, gloating over my misery.

"And temporarily," he continued, "she has taken Rachel's place. She is now the Helen of the moment in the hands of the enemy—not with the same result, I trust—I fondly trust. Still, we must be prepared for the worst. Joseph is a man, and a lover of women. Who knows?"

THE SONORA MELODON

in the homes of **Mrs EMILY DAVIES VANDERBILT** *and*
Mr ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE Jr

IN the living room of Mrs. Emily Davies Vanderbilt's New York residence stands the magnificent Melodon—the new Sonora achievement that has so suddenly changed all ideas of the electrical reproduction of music.

There it yields to the ears of all its hearers a wholly new concept of the beauty which lies hidden in a phonograph record . . . superb rendition of every nuance . . . the true timbre of the human voice . . . the final purity of tone!

It is only natural that people who know the most about music are most prompt to recognize the perfection of the Sonora Melodon. In a long list of homes of well known people, the Melodon or the Melodon with Radio, is today installed.

For when these new Sonora instruments were first presented to a brilliant audience in New York, an assemblage of musicians, artists, scientists, patrons of the arts, lovers of music, men and women internationally known, their response was so immediate, their acclaim so enthusiastic, that Sonora stands today with

the sponsorship of many experts, for its very evident superiorities.

The Sonora Radio with or without the Melodon

You may have the Melodon alone, or in combination with Sonora Radio, as shown here in a corner of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle Jr.'s, New York home. Or you may have Sonora Radio by its own perfect self.

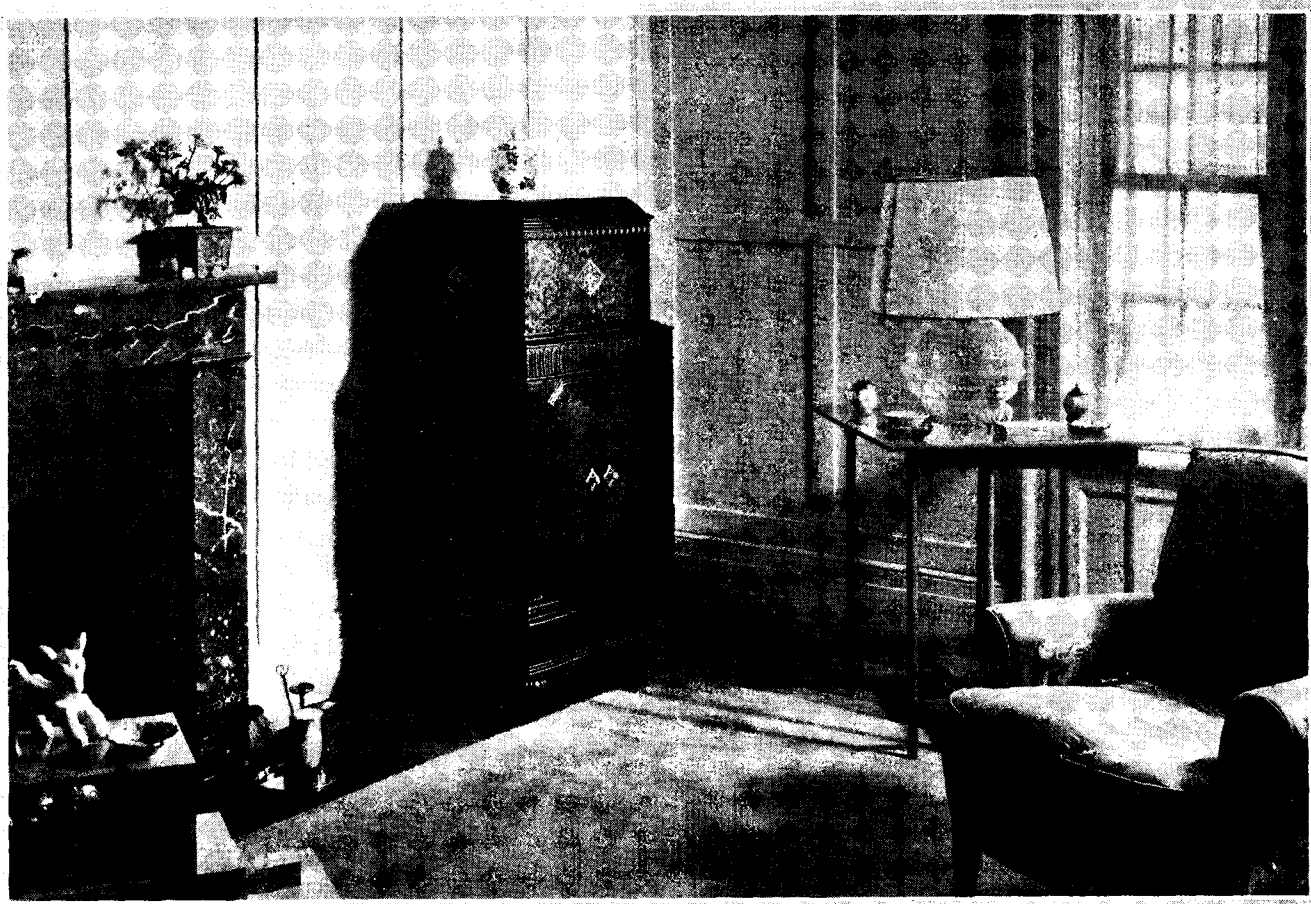
For Sonora spans the great field of radio and recorded music and its new radios are as distinct and certain an advance as is the Melodon itself.

The Melodonic principle of reproduction permits Sonora to present a radio that for the first time may be called a great musical instrument.

Gone is the consciousness of method and mechanism. You have aerial music in its purest and most lovely form.

For Sonora introduces advances easily perceived. Specifically, it employs the new Sonora

When Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle Jr., of Philadelphia and New York heard the new Sonora instruments, they chose the Melodon with Radio (Model A-40, shown at left) for the library of their New York home.



Mrs. Emily Davies Vanderbilt's little town house at 176 East 75th Street has, in its beautifully simple living room, this A-20 model of the Sonora Melodon, where it charms the eyes as well as the ears of all.



15 volt tubes, of long life and reserve power. This and Melodonic reproduction, brings sweetness, charm, and musical virtuosity to radio music in your home.

Get in touch with your music dealer. Hear these Sonoras as soon as you can. They will be for you, as they have been to so many other music lovers, a new conception. And when you learn their cost you will be delighted that so much pleasure may be purchased for so little money!

For, once you hear these new Sonoras, no other instrument will ever seem the same!

Write for booklet to Sonora Phonograph Co., Inc., Dept. C-118, Sonora Building, 50 West 57th St., New York City.

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Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL
(Acoustic Products Company)





Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

He leaned forward across
the table now and looked
straight at me

I felt the veins of my forehead almost bursting, but I kept silent. My employer tapped lightly upon the blotting paper in front of him with the tip of his ivory pen.

"You are a wonderful escort, are you not?" he went on, with a sneer. "You ruin my plans, and you expose my niece to the most terrible dangers with which a young woman can be threatened. Yet you look well and contented—carefully dressed too, I see. Evidence of a visit to the barber. You lunched as usual, I trust."

I knew that he was trying to goad me into losing my temper.

"Naturally," I replied, "I have lived my normal life."

He was obviously disappointed—a little surprised too, I think.

"My niece would be flattered," he murmured. "Poor girl, if ever we succeed in rescuing her we must tell her the story of your heroic composure. Perhaps you had better explain to me once more, in as few words as possible, exactly what happened."

I recounted everything, up to my first glimpse of Leopold in the lounge at Claridge's. He nodded resignedly and held out his hand as soon as I mentioned the man's name.

"You needn't tell me what happened," he groaned. "You remembered, of course, that you were a British officer, and that instead of brain you had been endowed with the muscles of an ox. Leopold is, I presume, in a hospital. Another police-court case tomorrow, eh?"

"Not at all," I assured him coolly. "I tried my best to make friends with Mr. Leopold."

"But when you went to Leopold in the lounge of Claridge's—surely you played the muscular hero then?"

"I apologized for the trouble I had given him; I thanked him for having seen Miss Essiter to the taxicab; I confided to him the story of her disappearance. I am to see him again at half past eight this evening in his rooms. I thought that by keeping in touch with him I might learn something. We shook hands at parting, and while he went, at my suggestion, to the hotel office to make inquiries for himself, I stole a letter from his overcoat pocket."

"You are beginning to interest me

curiously," my employer confided, with a little curl of the lips. "I cannot make up my mind whether it is a development on your part or whether you are indeed a singular mixture of imbecility and common sense. Show me the letter."

I produced it and laid it upon the writing table. It consisted of two lines only, written upon perfectly plain note paper, and presumably left there for Leopold. Martin Hews read out:

"2 - 39 - 21 - 20 - 18 - 37 - 18 - 8 - 1 - 1 - 19 - 9."

"A communication in cipher!" he murmured. "Well, have you been able to make anything of it, Major?"

"I am afraid not, sir," I admitted. "I thought you might be able to do that."

"YOU flatter me," was the cynical rejoinder. "Can't you see that this is not a code which lends itself to any of the ordinary methods of deciphering? Leopold must have the key. You are seeing him this evening. Possess yourself of it."

"Thank you very much for the idea, sir," I replied. "I'll see what I can do." He chuckled almost like a human being.

"Upon my word, Major, you are improving," he declared. "You certainly are improving. If I had the time to spare, I daresay, after all, I should be able to make something of you. As it is—well, I'm afraid you must go back to Rowton House."

"Very good, sir," I replied, rising to my feet. "I am sure I deserve it."

"Sit down, you fool!" he enjoined. "Of course you deserve it, but I shall probably be weak enough to give you another chance. You are responsible for my niece's disappearance. You must get her back."

"I should have set to work at that,

sir, whether you had sent me away or not," I assured him.

"As a matter of interest," he proposed, "tell me just how you were going to set about it. The methods of others are always appealing."

"Inspector Bloor will be coming to see me some time this evening," I announced. "I should have gone down to Scotland Yard myself, but I have an idea that I am being watched."

"What, that horrible man!" Martin Hews exclaimed irritably. "Don't you know that I object to the police interfering in my concerns, except in a case of absolute necessity? I won't have them about here asking questions all the time. Do you hear, Owston? If calling in the police is all you can do to find my niece, you had better get back to Rowton House. I don't want them. I won't have them. I've more brains in the tip of my little finger than you'll find in the whole of Scotland Yard."

"Perhaps you could suggest something, sir?" I ventured.

He made no reply. His right hand slid into that wicked little drawer, where, among other things, I knew that he kept his miniature automatic, produced a key, and thrust it across the table toward me.

"You needn't bother about Scotland Yard," he said. "That will bring my niece home."

"What is it?" I asked.

"The key of the wing where Rachel's apartments are situated."

My air of bewilderment seemed to please him. He scanned his bookcases. "No. 7," he said, pointing to it. "Get it down, will you. I think the frontispiece is what I want."

I obeyed him. It was a mighty volume and of staggering weight. The title, I noticed, was *Savage Animals of the West African Interior*.

"Lay it upon that table," he directed. "Open out the frontispiece."

We looked at it together—a great illustration four times doubled. In the far left-hand corner of it, stealing along through tropical grasses, dense shrubs, and in the shadow of enormous trees, was a strange, fierce-looking animal like some sort of huge cat. Its head was close to the ground; its eyes were set in an almost terrifying stare. In the background, following it closely, I saw a man in bush clothes, with poised rifle, creeping along.

"He wants the male," Martin Hews confided. "See here."

He leaned over and with his forefinger traced the way to a slight clearing. Here were two more of the animals lying at ease, a male and a female, the remains of a half-consumed animal between them. The head of the male was raised as though he were listening.

Martin Hews looked up at me with a smile which was almost fatuous in its conceit.

"The hunter wants a male specimen of that exceedingly disagreeable animal. What does he do? He follows the angry female."

There was a ring of triumph in his tone.

"THINK, Major," he went on patronizingly. "Keep on thinking, and perhaps you will understand why I threw that key upon the table. Give her Joseph's letter and let her go. My bargain with Donkin, which I faithfully kept, is at an end. He died yesterday on the boat."

He took down one of his telephones. In literally a few seconds a hard-faced woman who might have been a matron in a lunatic asylum, except that she was dressed in shiny black silk, made her appearance. Martin Hews handed her the key:

"Bring the young lady here."

"We must make up our minds, Major," he went on, the tips of his fingers pressed together, "whether it is possible for me to make any further use of you. The purpose for which I engaged you was to watch the West End of London, gaining entry, so far as you could, into such quasi-fashionable haunts as might be accessible to Joseph. I have an idea that in that part of town with which he is not so familiar he sometimes loses that marvelous cunning which enables him to steal about the sewers of East London untouched. Some day I believe that the man's own character, his vanity, his love of pleasure, his sense of humor, his constant poses, may bring him into the last passage of life."

"One false move on our part down east," he reflected, "and we should have to begin all over again. I have a good man there whom you have never met and never will meet. Yardsley tells me that he is aching to cast his net. I hold him back. I want certainty. I want to see Joseph where escape is not possible—not in the hands of the police—he'd wriggle away from them somehow. I want to see him with a bullet through his heart and the glaze of death in his eyes. I had hopes of you, Owston, in the West End. Joseph has been too clever for us. He has cut the ground away from under your feet."

"I shall venture to disagree, sir," I objected firmly. "The Blue Skies isn't the only night club in London, and I have friends of my own whom I could look up, now that I have the means, who could get me into a dozen. As to those evening parties, I am willing to take my risk of a snub. There were half a dozen more cards of invitation this morning. If I go anywhere where I am not received, I will make the best of it. Remember, too, I have not quarreled with Mr. Leopold." (Continued on page 55)

Eveready Prestone

*The anti-freeze without a fault! Safe, harmless,
all-season protection with one supply*

THERE'S nothing like Eveready Prestone for positive protection against a frozen motor. It is the final answer to the need for an anti-freeze that can be used with the utmost confidence all winter, without the need of replacement or replenishment. Put a supply of Eveready Prestone in the radiator of your car now and forget about cold-weather dangers.

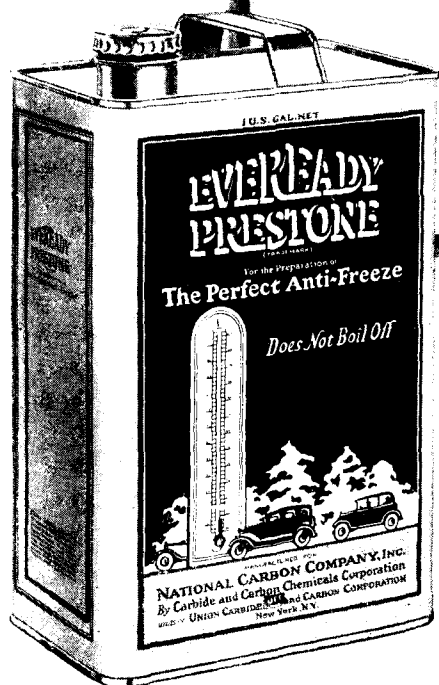
Eveready Prestone, the perfect anti freeze, has been welcomed everywhere by winter motorists. Its tremendous popularity is due to its many desirable characteristics. It does not boil off or deteriorate in use. It is perfectly safe for the materials of the cooling system and will not harm the finish of the car. It is unaffected by extreme changes in temperature. There never has been an anti-freeze with so many desirable qualities.

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Eveready Prestone is used in the cooling systems of the powerful motors that drive dirigibles and airplanes, where none but the surest protection against freezing can be used. You can have the utmost confidence in Eveready Prestone as a safe, harmless, permanent winter protection for your car. It is guaranteed by the National Carbon Company, Inc., manufacturers of Eveready Flashlights and Radio Batteries.

Each Eveready Prestone can is sealed with a special safety cap that protects the purchaser against the possibility of substitution or adulteration. Look for this cap.

Eveready Prestone does not contain any alcohol, glycerine



points of superiority

- 1 Gives complete protection
- 2 Does not boil away
- 3 Positively will not damage cooling system
- 4 Will not heat up a motor
- 5 Will not affect paint or varnish
- 6 Non-inflammable
- 7 Odorless
- 8 Does not become viscous at low temperatures; will not decompose at high temperatures
- 9 Never deteriorates—economical to use

Eveready Prestone, sold as a pure, undiluted product, costs more initially than other anti-freezes but less of it is required for complete protection and one supply makes your car safe as long as cold weather lasts. An investment in Eveready Prestone is the most economical winter insurance. Better to be safe than sorry. Go today and get the right amount of Eveready Prestone to protect your car for the entire winter season.

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EVEREADY PRESTONE

For the Preparation of
The Perfect Anti-Freeze

Something for a Headache

By Ruth F. Wadsworth M.D.

We all get them now and then, those pains between the ears. This will help you to understand them better and combat them more effectively

TO THE doctor who is sufficiently adventurous, or lowbrow, to visit a soda-fountain occasionally, that apparently innocent institution offers a constantly recurring source of horror. A man or woman will approach the clerk and ask for a dose of a well-known headache preparation and toss off fifteen grains of one of the strongest depressants known to medicine as if it were so much water.

A clerk at one of the busiest fountains in New York told me the other day that he dispensed, at times, as many as 25 bottles of it in a morning. I have also heard customers ask for a bromide, and when told they would have to buy it at the counter, have seen them come back with a tube of the drug and take a dose of 30 to 45 grains—a dose at which the average physician would pause.

The first conclusion one draws from this is that headache is a pretty common complaint in this country, and the second is that it is a complaint frequently self-treated. We might also infer that when the public doses itself it does so thoroughly. My friend Bill, the clerk, also informs me that he has regular customers who come for their dose every morning or every afternoon at a certain time. Even Bill shakes his head over the habit. (He used to be a bartender, and he has a prejudice in favor of the old style pick-me-up.) I have heard him tell a customer that ten grains was really enough.

We all know that fortunes are made in patented headache cures, and most of us use them often enough to account for those fortunes. The government does control the preparation of such patents, to be sure, and prevents pretty effectively the addition of any so-called "habit-forming" drug to them, but the depressants which most of them contain do get a hold on the people who take them, especially if they are taken

in excessive dosage, or for a condition which is habitual. And the man who can't get through the day without his aspirin, or his acetanilid, or his phenacetin, or the patent vehicle in which it is contained, is in his way a drug addict, however superior he may feel to the unfortunates who escape life's hardships temporarily by means of the true habit formers—morphine, heroin and the like.

He is no longer the captain of his soul. At first his headache came from some special physical or mental cause, unknown to him, probably, but eventually his headache comes from a lack of the drug which cures it. Of course the depressants have no secondary bad effect on the mind and character, as have morphine and its derivatives. They cause no actual pleasurable sensations, and they do not destroy the moral fiber, as their sole function is to end pain by lowering the threshold of sensation. But the habit of taking depressants is an admission of failure to adjust oneself to life, at the very least, and it may constitute an effective masking of symptoms which are given us to point the way to a trouble that might be corrected. We don't know a great deal about the eventual effect of the minor-drug habit, because no one takes it very seriously, and people don't often die of it and come to autopsy, but it is hard to believe that drugs which can poison, if taken in sufficient amounts, do not do some harm if taken continuously for a long period.

Diagnosis Should Come First

I don't believe that all self-medication is wrong. I know very well that it is not preventable. In this busy world of ours people are not going to rush to a doctor every time they have a headache which they think is transitory. But if we are going to countenance self-medication for headache, there are two things that ought to be pretty generally understood: the headache itself, and the drugs or methods used to correct it. The last item is not so difficult. We know a good deal about the pain-killing drugs, and if used intelligently they are not harmful. But when we come to the analysis of headache, we can only say "Whew! what an order!" Anybody can tell some of the causes of a headache, but let some bright little boy or girl tell me something which never, in any person, does *not* cause a headache, and he gets a prize.

In the public mind there are two chief causes of headache—the eyes and the stomach. As secondary causes most people give "nervousness" some credit. It is true that eyes, stomach and nerves do cause some headaches, but they are responsible for only a small number of the headaches of suffering humanity.

We will class headaches, in our attempt to help every man in his efforts to treat himself intelligently and without injury, in three groups.

I. Headaches caused

by some disease in the head, such as a tumor, abscess or other cause of internal head pressure (teeth, ears, sinuses).

II. Headaches caused by some infection outside of the head, as in the lungs, intestines, or any part of the body where the infection gives rise to fever.

III. Headaches caused by faulty habits of life, such as overfatigue, constipation, excessive irritation, anger and so forth.

The first two classes of headache should eventually reach a doctor for a treatment, preferably not too late. But the patient himself must do some of the early diagnosis. He must convince himself of the necessity of seeing a doctor. The third class should not only be diagnosed by the patient, but it can be effectively and safely treated by the sufferer himself, with real benefit to his general happiness; but it must be carefully identified as habit-headache, by the process of eliminating the other kinds, before we can safely undertake self-treatment.

I. The Pressure Headache.

The more serious causes of internal head pressure, such as tumor, abscess and the like, produce a headache so severe, and so persistent, that most people make no attempt at self-treatment. Few people try to endure any unceasing pain in the head. The detailed symptomatology of such headache, therefore, we need not go into here.

But the minor causes of head pressure are very numerous, and can generally be identified by the patient himself. Let us consider them separately.

Eyes Are Frequent Offenders

Headache from eye causes is variable in frequency; there may be days when it occurs with severity, and others when it does not occur at all. It comes on after the eyes have been used persistently, or when they have been strained, as by reading fine print or watching moving objects. In other words, the eye headache is much more frequent in the afternoon or evening after the eyes have been in use, than it is in the morning. The location of eye headache is generally constant; in the forehead over the weaker eye, or over the forehead as a whole if both eyes are weak.

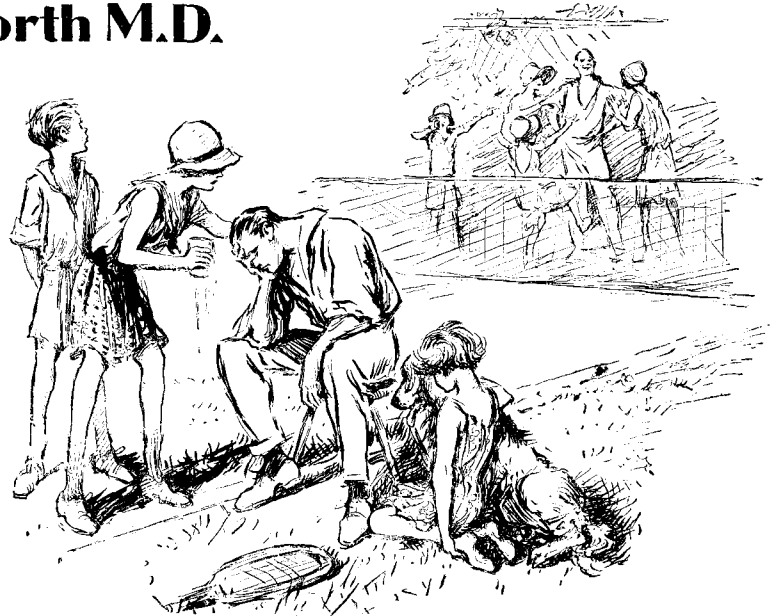
Such headache is often accompanied by a faint feeling of nausea; rarely by vomiting. There may be no discomfort in the eyes themselves; in fact there generally is not. But long continued

headache from eyestrain is likely to be associated with a reddening of the lids of the eyes, and by a longitudinal crease in the forehead, between the eyebrows. For most people a diagnosis of eye headaches means one thing—a visit to the best oculist available.

Drugs often fail with eye headache, whereas rest with closed eyes will cure it. But unless an oculist has seen and prescribed for strained eyes, drugs should not be resorted to except in emergency. Of course there are some of us who know our limitations, and cannot always live accordingly. For instance, we may know we have inefficient eyes, and be using the best glasses possible, and still have to endure occasional eye headache because the exigencies of life force us to use our eyes sometimes more than we know is good for us. In such cases rest, not only of the eyes, but of the whole body, is the best possible remedy; when rest is not possible a pain-killer may be resorted to, preferably the simplest and least poisonous, but in adequate dosage.

Sometimes a cup of hot coffee will relieve fatigue and help the headache which comes from eye fatigue. The person who has eye headaches, in spite of well-fitted glasses and reasonable daily care, should not do certain things. He should not read fine print on trains; he should not read in poor light, and he should not use his eyes when he is generally tired. Moreover, he should find out from his oculist whether he should wear his glasses at the movies, and what distance from the screen it is best for him to sit at the theatre.

Headache from affections of the sinuses is extremely variable. However, it has some characteristics which make it possible to identify it. There is generally some attack of acute sinus trouble in the background from which the headaches started. The pain is generally localized sharply over the affected sinus; under the cheek bone, over the eyes, or what seems to be in the center of the head. There may be weeks when there is no headache, and it may recur with a spell of damp weather, or with extreme fatigue, or with a cold in the head. Sinus pain occurs at any time of day, with a tendency, however, to come on in the morning. There is often a little fever with it—99.8 or 100 degrees by mouth. People who have sinus headaches should be at least supervised by a specialist, (Continued on page 35)



The excitement headache occurs to the man whose blood pressure goes up when he loses a game of tennis



The man whose headaches are caused by fatigue should spend his lunch hour in the open

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The man who appreciates a finely made motor car, an accurate watch, a perfectly balanced golf club, will quickly add The Carter Pen to his "favorites." And it *will be* "for keeps." The Carter Pen is built for long and faithful service You need not experiment. Select the Carter Pen best fitted to your hand. Then put this pen through every test—we do not want you to buy it unless it gives you virtually a new conception of how well a fountain pen can be made, and how smoothly and easily it can write You may want a desk stand, as well as a pen for the pocket—speaking of pockets, The Carter Rocker Spring Clip is *built in*, grips firmly, releases instantly and keeps the pen safe. Or you may want an attractive pen and pencil set for *her*. All Carter Pens are tipped with

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BETWEEN YOUR BRA



THE GREATER

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Suddenly, desperately, down goes your foot on the brake! What happens?

Does every part of the braking mechanism function perfectly—only to be nullified by the failure of the tires to grip the road?

This won't happen to you if you ride on Goodyear Balloon Tires with the new All-Weather Tread.

Between your brake pedal and the road is a positive connection—the big, tough, sharp-edged blocks in this famous Goodyear tread pattern.

These blocks are placed in the *center* of the tread, where they belong.

They are deep-cut and rugged, so that their non-skid effectiveness lasts for thousands of miles.

When you need to start or stop, they bite down through sand or mud or snow to firm footing beneath, *seize* and *grip* and *hang-on*, carrying your car forward or bringing it to a stop, as the need may be.

Goodyear Balloon Tires are surefooted, skidless, safe, and they are long-wearing, smooth-running, good-looking as well.

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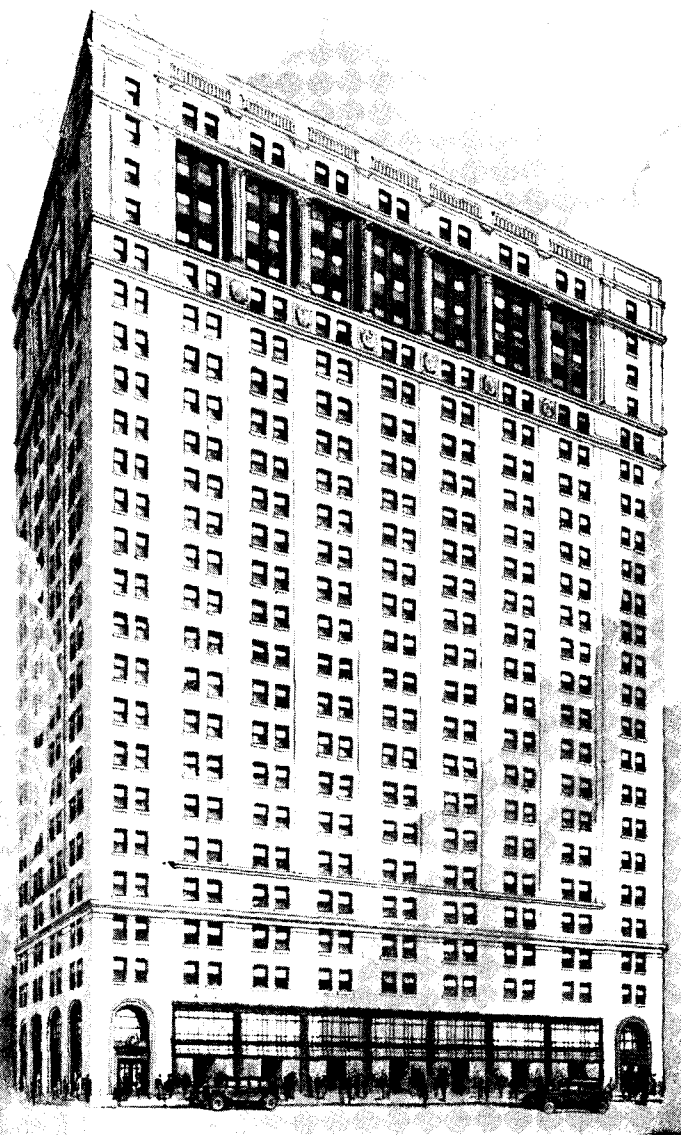
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is the twenty-four story Clark Building, embodying every modern feature of office building construction and equipment.

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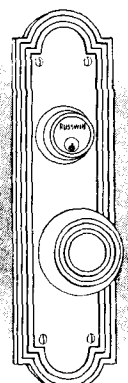
*...Every Great Building
is an Architect's
Vision Realized...*



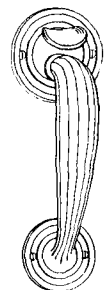
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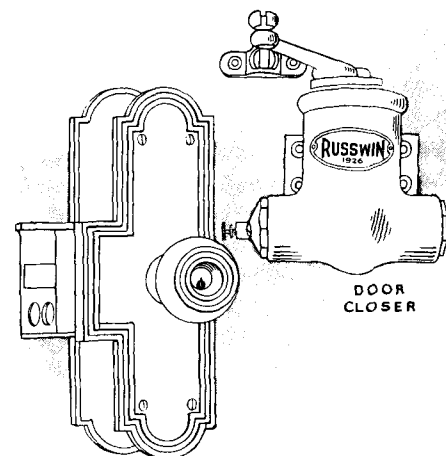


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Something for a Headache Rising in the West

Continued from page 30

although they may not consult him for each headache. They should know what their own specialist prefers in the way of treatment, and not experiment on their own account.

Headache from infected teeth is of two kinds: the neuralgia headache, and the dull, intermittent, throbbing headache. The tooth which is responsible for the pain may be extremely innocent looking from the mouth, but through X-ray the reason why it is causing increased pressure in the head becomes obvious. The location of the pain in the head may be far from the site of the infection in the jaw. Therefore, any indeterminate pain in the head, without any previous history of sinus trouble, should cast suspicion on the teeth.

A Good Rule

Infection of the roots of the teeth rarely causes temperature elevation. Aside from infection, teeth which grow at faulty angles in the jaw often cause headache by undue pressure on the nerve, another condition which is revealed by X-ray. In no case is it more important to attend to the cause of the trouble, rather than to take pain-killing drugs, than in the case of tooth infection. The pain, as a rule, does not stay in the head, but travels to the joints and muscles. Headache is only the first warning of the condition.

II. The Fever Headache.

Why an elevation of the temperature of the blood should cause pain in the head is not clear. We can understand why an increase in pressure would be uncomfortable in a closed, inflexible box like a skull, but why a simple increase in temperature should cause pain we don't know. With a temperature over 100 degrees headache is almost always present; as the temperature goes up it becomes acute enough for one to realize that he is ill; as it reaches 102 and 104 the pain becomes severe, and it is wise for one to go to bed or consult a doctor or both. The fever headache is accompanied by thirst, and a general feeling of discomfort. It is not sharply localized.

A very good rule to follow is to take the temperature with any unusual and unexpected headache. I think it is safe to say that no temperature-accompanied headache should be self-treated. Such headaches are nature's warnings—the storm signals of more serious disease.

III. The Habit-Headache.

The headache from faulty habits shows us that human bodies are widely different. One person will have a headache if he is constipated; another will not. One person will have a headache if he skips lunch, or breakfast; another will have a headache if he eats breakfast. And so on, and so on. Therefore each individual must, in a physical and perhaps a nervous sense, know himself. He must start with the assumption that something can be done about himself, if there is a poor adjustment to his living conditions. So often you hear people say: "Oh, I always have a headache if I do so and so—it's my nature, I suppose," and the answer is, "Probably, but why do so and so, or why do it in just that way?" especially as the chances are that the headache is habitually corrected with a large dose of a depressant, or possibly of a stimulant.

The stomach headache, so called, may be the result of anything from simple overeating, to constipation, or to starvation. We do know that unpleasant developments in the digestive system are

generally accompanied by unpleasant sensations in the head: dizziness and headache precede disturbances in the liver which we have long called biliousness; discomfort in the head precedes vomiting; acute intestinal pain is often followed by fainting or a sense of fullness in the head, which is worse than simple headache.

It is poor treatment to take a pain-killer for a headache that results from overeating, or from constipation, or from going without a meal. The remedies for such headaches are obvious.

The depression headache we assume follows a subnormal blood pressure. It occurs in people who are underweight, inactive, pale and listless. It is the result of a combination of bad habits. The sufferer generally eats poorly and faddishly; he feels the cold, and therefore is inclined to dislike fresh air; he does not feel up to vigorous exercise, and the poor ventilation extends, therefore, to his lungs. He sleeps long and heavily, and hates a cold bath. For treatment he needs: three square meals a day, regular exercise, a cold bath in the morning, only seven or eight hours' sleep and probably a good tonic from his doctor. Often he needs a good mental rousing as well. The depressant drugs cannot really help him.

The excitement headache is the response of the nervously unstable person to the flurry he creates for himself in living. Among the things which give him a headache are: sugar irritation, worry, hurry, fears, bad news, exciting amusements, emotional stimulation. This type of headache occurs to the man whose blood pressure goes up when he has a life insurance examination, or when he loses a game of tennis, or when he reads about some palpable injustice in the newspaper. He is really helped by the sedative and depressant drugs, although they do not offer a true solution to his problem. When he has realized that he is paying a physical penalty for taking life so seriously, his treatment has begun.

Ask the Doctor

The fatigue headache results from doing any one thing for too long a time. It is a common complaint of office workers, who sit all day, nearly continuously, in one position, doing one sort of work. It comes on toward the end of the day, and is not definite in location, being generally described as a dull pain throughout the head. Poor ventilation and lack of exercise are large factors in fatigue headache. The man who can diagnose his headache as caused by fatigue should leave the office at lunch time and spend part of his time walking in the open. He should get up and walk around in the office occasionally, and should stretch himself whenever it is feasible. He must look to his water intake, as water drinking is often neglected by people with sedentary occupations. A cup of tea or coffee is better than any drug for this type of headache.

As for the pain-killing drugs, which have their function in headache emergencies, one's own doctor is the best instructor in knowledge of them. If preparations of unknown formula are avoided, and doses are kept small, and one does not allow oneself to become dependent on any drug, nor to increase the dosage, one is fairly safe. But drugs should be used as they were meant to be used—as emergency measures, not as a part of the daily routine for maintaining comfort.

By
THE GENTLEMAN
AT THE
KEYHOLE



MR. LA FOLLETTE, by the time this appears in print, will be reelected to the Senate. Thus his public career is on a firm basis. He was elected the first time as an act of sentimentality, to fill the unexpired term of his father. Few who voted for him thought they would be voting for him again this year.

He was hardly more than a boy at that time, barely old enough to be eligible for the Senate and extraordinarily youthful looking for his thirty years. He was modest and unaggressive, he stumbled through his first speeches, having never made a speech in his life until his first campaign forced him to do so.

Today he is a finished speaker to whom the old senators listen with respectful attention. I should say he is among the ten men in the Senate who never have to talk to empty seats. Some day he will be an orator, not a fiery orator like his father but one of the more modern type of plain, direct, unpretentious speakers.

Stranger things have happened than that this young man should some day be nominated as candidate for President by one of the great parties, if there is in his lifetime a liberal party. He is the rising hope of the politically generous-minded people.

Let us see what he has had to overcome to get where he is.

The older members of the La Follette organization, feeling that they were entitled to preferment, resented the necessity of giving the senatorship to a mere boy just because he was a La Follette. It was time, they felt, that the La Follettes should step aside and let someone else have the high places.

So he had a difficult job to hold his organization together and assure his own political future. Washington was friendly to him personally, for it had known and liked him as his father's secretary. But it was prejudiced against La Follettes and it was critical of his youth. There had not been a thirty-year-old senator since Henry Clay first appeared in the upper house.

Wisconsin would not be satisfied with him unless he cut a real figure in the Senate. At the same time he seemed to lack the egotism and aggressiveness which would make him forget his youth and insist upon being heard. There was danger that he would drop back and be just one of those back-seat warmers of whom there are so many in the Senate.

Something New for La Follettes

At the Republican National Convention at Kansas City occurred one of the most surprising incidents of his career. It was his task to appear before the convention and read, as a minority report, the La Follette platform.

It has been the habit of Republicans to hiss and boo La Follette speakers. This convention listened to young Bob more attentively than it had to speakers with whom it was in agreement. It applauded him in the most friendly fashion. He smiled and said: "It is a new experience for a La Follette to be applauded in a Republican convention."

Those words might have been said with an air of triumph in an irritating manner. But young Bob is always ingratiating, and by that I do not imply that there is any weakness in him, any softening of his voice to win the favor of a hostile audience. He says all the things which a conservative does not wish to hear and says them in such a way that the conservative feels that La Follette is a fine, honest, sincere, intelligent young man.

His manner is moderate and friendly. Above all, he has the engaging quality of youth.

True to Form

What makes young Bob the figure that he is in Washington is his extraordinary common sense, plus a very agreeable personality. He is the kind of man who seldom makes a mistake, whose judgment is singularly sure and accurate. Let us compare him with the other progressives in the Senate. Borah is erratic. You never can tell what he will do, and he cannot tell himself. He is always changing his mind.

Norris is an unhappy man, disappointed in the results of his long public service. In his impatience he is capable of saying something extravagant but on the whole his reactions are more to be trusted than Borah's. Wheeler has courage, frankness and sincerity, but Wheeler is no student. The rest of the progressives are negligible.

La Follette's judgment is better and more consistent than Borah's. He would be quite incapable of Borah's absurd proposal to raise money to pay back Sinclair's contribution to the Republican party. He is more industrious than Borah or Wheeler. He has his father's habit of making a thorough study of any subject on which he speaks.

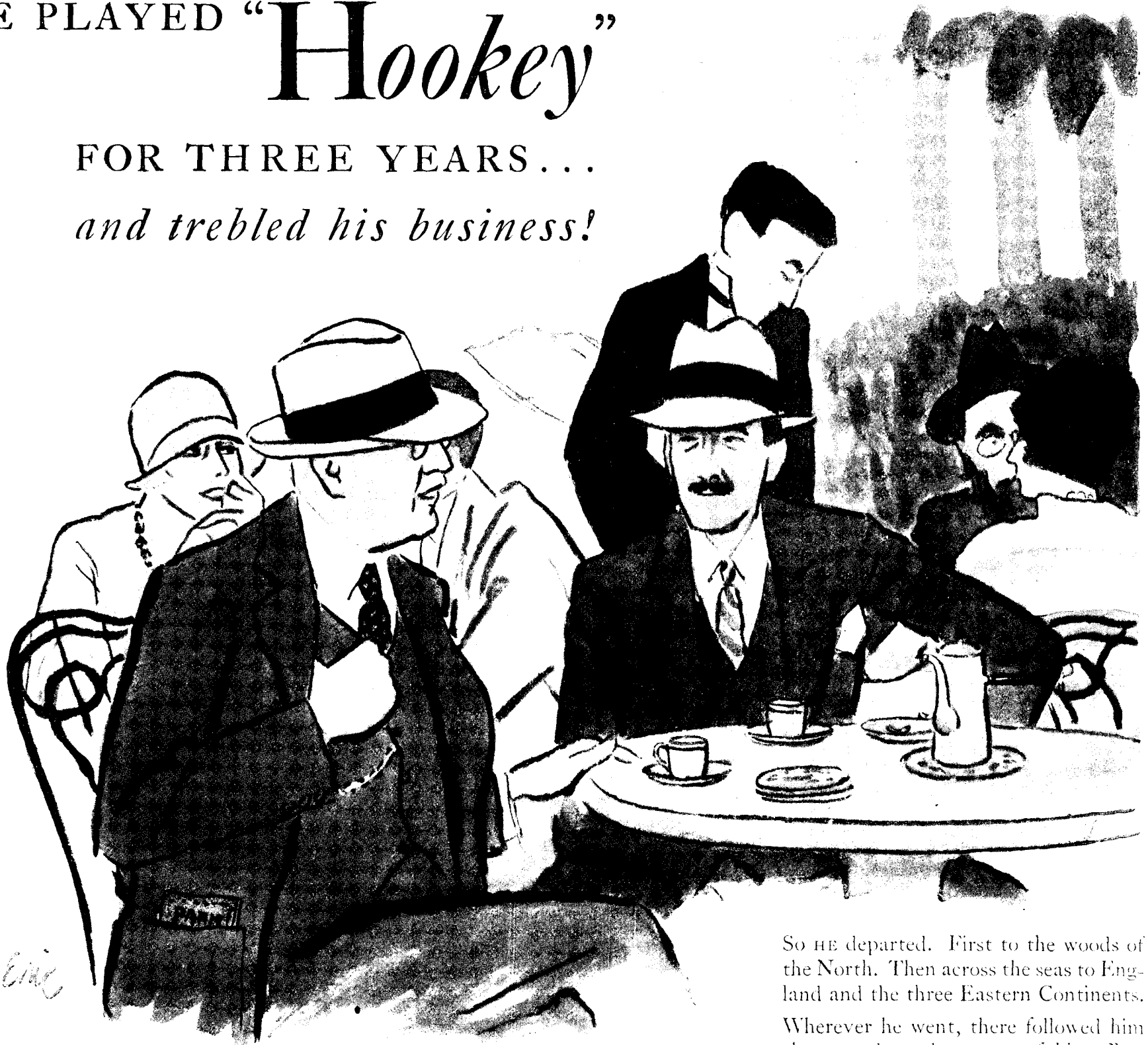
He lacks the experience of Norris but he does not lose heart and grow despondent as Norris does. He is not moody and uncertain. Under all circumstances he is the same La Follette, friendly, agreeable, clear-headed, sure in his judgment.

All of this may suggest a cautious, compromising, practical turn of mind, but he has lived too long in the passionate atmosphere of the La Follette family not to feel profoundly on public questions. He has great moral earnestness and at the same time a very cool head.

HE PLAYED “Hookey”

FOR THREE YEARS...

and trebled his business!



THE veteran head of a great American business called together his department heads and associates. “Boys,” he began, “I’ve got to play hookey. Something has snapped inside of me. And I want to get out before I’m carried out.

“But please understand, I want to get out physically... not mentally. I’m depending on you to keep me closely in touch with all that goes on. I want my mind to stay with you, even though my chair is vacant.”

So HE departed. First to the woods of the North. Then across the seas to England and the three Eastern Continents.

Wherever he went, there followed him the records and reports of his office. Typed and charted business facts and figures. Statistical “televisions” that enabled him to see into every nook and cranny of his business.

Three months after his departure, things began to happen.

From a fishing camp in Maine came a letter from the absent chief suggesting new colors for the new season’s goods. It was the first time “eye-appeal” had been added to this prosaic product. And the new line sold like “hot cakes.”

From Paris he mailed a series of new model designs, created by a French stylist, in the modern manner. Again,

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

a trade sensation was registered almost overnight.

From Germany he cabled a production short-cut which saved 15% in factory overhead, while improving the quality of the output.

Scarcely a week passed which did not bring a message from the Absentee Landlord, suggesting new ideas for the advertising department, hot stuff for the sales force, helpful hints to the executive personnel.

For the first time in thirty years, freed



from the fetters of detail, the business veteran found himself playing a complete and unhampered *thinking part* in the conduct of his business.

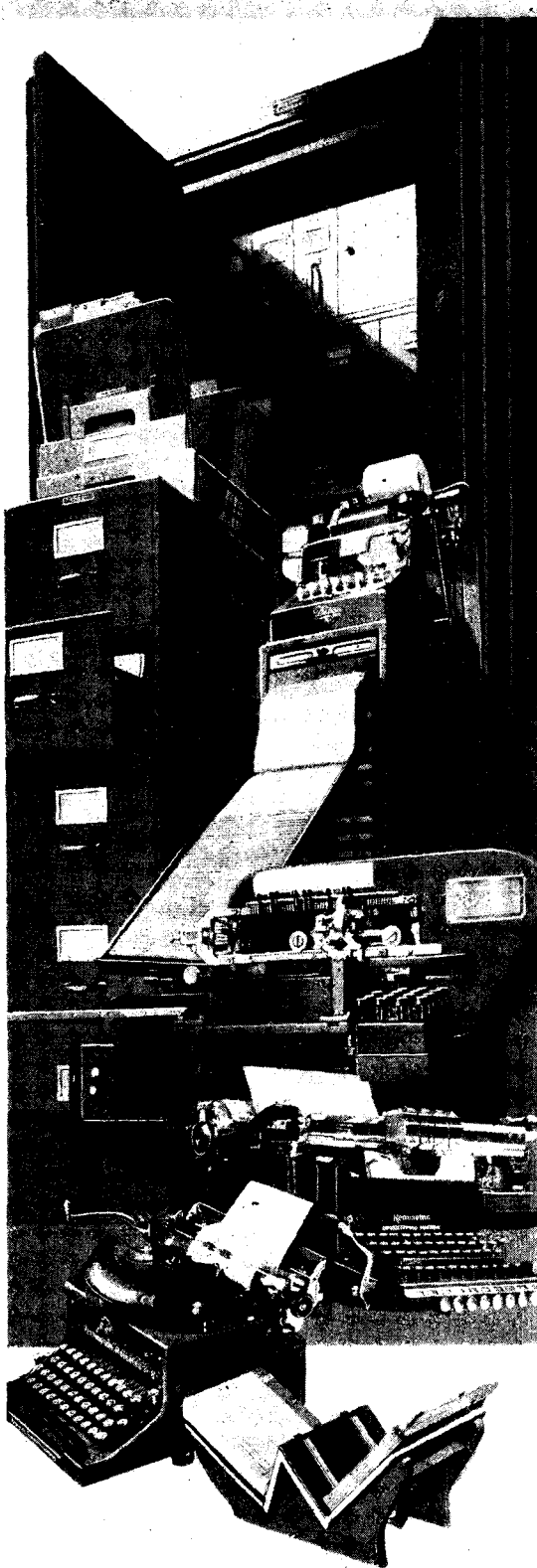
"The rolling stone may gather no moss," he chuckled, "but it picks up a lot of new ideas. Besides, moss belongs to the desk-tied mossbacks."

WHAT a man accomplishes in business depends largely on his viewpoint. His business can go no further than his aims and dreams. If he confines his viewpoint to the needles and pins on the office floor, he will never envision Opportunity's heights.

The Absentee Landlord was able to direct his business from afar because he never got away from his control. The facts and figures that kept this control with him came to him automatically. He did not have to stay on the job to dig them out.

The business machines and methods which automatically furnished him this constant mirror of his business were products of Remington Rand.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



These machines and methods are largely responsible for the emancipation of the American business man from desk-confining detail drudgery. They have replaced memory in keeping the records of business. They have vastly reduced the need for hand and head work in charting the day's results.

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THE LEADING manufacturers of business appliances have recently merged into one organization . . . Remington Rand. There is nothing comparable to the service it renders, here or abroad. No such central station for the reception of ability and intelligence, and the broadcasting of proved, *exact* methods, has ever been in existence. It offers a single source of supply for business equipment. And it combines 4,000 trained business analysts into a field force that can beat down the most complicated obstructions to better business.

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WRITE or telephone for a Remington Rand man. No matter what your need, it will be met adequately and with intelligence. No matter what your problem, it will receive the attention of a trained mind. Hit-or-miss office arrangements, stumbling routine, inefficient machines and ineffective employees may be costing you hundreds, even thousands of wasted dollars. Get the truth. Telephone our local office, or write Remington Rand Business Service Inc., Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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BUSINESS SERVICE

REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* . . . LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service*
RAND AND KARDEN *Visible Records* . . . SAFE-CABINET . . . INDEX VISIBLE . . . POWERS *Accounting Machines*
DALTON *Adding and Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO and BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment*

Sales Offices Everywhere

Rules Rush In

Continued from page 13

method of swinging, say, the left side of its line over to right of center. And she would thus transfer her men through her own territory—that is, they crossed over behind their center.

But at the same time they would send the right side of the line over to the left of the center and these right linemen would canter to their new positions in front of the center and even beyond the neutral alley or zone.

Stepping Out of Bounds

Our forwards therefore had to give way, back up, make room. Otherwise they would have had their hands trampled upon. Not that we didn't protest. But the referee ruled that this was quite permissible and that we simply had to back up and make way if we didn't want our hands broken.

Now the trick was this: Before our linemen could get back into position Georgia would put the ball in play, catch us out of position and charge all over us. We lost that game. Highly indignant, as any coach of a losing team is apt to be when outplayed, I wrote a fervent appeal to Walter Camp and was highly gratified (a year later) to find that the rules banned all players from the neutral zone until the ball is put in play.

You have seen—perhaps frequently—a back of the offense side receive the ball when close to the boundary and merely step out of bounds with it. This may have occurred to you as a waste of one perfectly good down—and you may be right.

Nevertheless that team, having been driven to within a few inches of the side line and not having been able to induce the referee to take the ball out, is willing to sacrifice a down in order to hit the weak side of the enemy line, an impossibility with the ball so close to being out of bounds. There are, of course, other reasons.

The rule has it that the ball is out of bounds when any part of the player who holds it touches the ground on or outside of the side line. When the ball goes out the team holding it may take it in 15 yards. To get full benefit of this rule players everywhere are coached to get out of bounds whenever they can advance no farther along the side lines. Thus they do not lose a down to get it out. I insisted upon that many years ago, telling my players to hurl themselves out of bounds, even flinging an arm across the line as they fell.

When this practice was first seen it was severely criticized. For example my Georgia Tech players were getting away with it nicely in one game and I took it upon myself to praise them during a rest period.

"Yes," said one of them, "but Phillips is sore. He's threatening to penalize us for it."

I went to Phillips—Henry Phillips of Sewanee, the referee—and asked him why the play irritated him.

"Oh," he said, "I'm not questioning the legality of stepping out of bounds when pressed, but it's very unsportsmanlike."

A month later Phillips came to me and said he had changed his mind; that it was not unsportsmanlike but, to the contrary, good head work.

Like a Collision of Locomotives

The rule which has it that there must be seven offense side players on the line of scrimmage when the ball is snapped was adopted to kill the bone-breaking mass plays. Yale's tackles with Bloomer, Hogan and Chadwick trampling the op-

posing younger generation, came to make football just a little more like a collision of locomotives. The rules committee then insisted that seven men be on the line. Of course the backs could have come forward and filled the line complement, but that, you see, would have ruined the play. The backs were needed where they were.

Since 1910 it has been illegal to use hands, arms or body to push, pull or hold upon his feet the player carrying the ball. However, the ball carrier may place his hand upon a teammate, but may not grasp him so as to be pulled by him.

Having both hands free, it is no job at all for an interferer to take hold of the runner and yank him goalward, but the runner with only one hand free would have quite a time of it getting a clutch on one of his teammates. Unless,

of course, the teammate had a handle of some sort on his uniform.

Now uniforms do not come with handles on them. But some years ago, seeing their value, I employed a couple of saddlers to sew leather grips or handles on the breeches of my men and on the canvas jackets just below the shoulders. It's illegal now but it was quite a sensation then.

Uniforms with Leather Handles

When my ball carriers saw a handle on a uniform in front of them, all they had to do was to take hold and hold on. Considerable yardage was added to their travels thereby. I taught my backs to take flying hold on the handles sewed to the uniforms of the guards as the latter swung out of line and swept toward and around the ends. It worked magnificently for a while. And then

the other lads began to double-cross us.

We went against a team whose guards were equipped with handles and the trouble came while my quarterback, Gus Lewis (125 pounds), was carrying the ball. Gus was not making much headway until he saw a familiar handle within his grasp. He took hold and was whisked around as though he had caught a charging bull's tail.

It was a rough ride and Gus had no opportunity to view the scenery. How was he to know that he had the handle of an enemy? He was bound for his own goal until Buster Hunter, one of his teammates, tackled him.

"That's using the head, Buster," complained Gus bitterly. "Why don't you try that on the other fellows? Or are you just practicing on me?"

"Listen, you shrimp," yelled Buster. "Let go that strap or I'll tear your legs off. That strap isn't ours."

You may not, without incurring the ire of the referee, kick a loose football when it is in possession of neither side. You may not even kick at it.

I think it was Al Journey of Pennsylvania who moved the rule-designers to write this into the book.

Hurdling a Football Sin

The ball had been fumbled. Both sides were making futile dives at it. Journey having missed it twice got mad at it and kicked it. Both teams took after the ball but Journey being the fastest reached it first. Not to be baffled again he gave it another wallop with his foot. The free-for-all chase was on again and once more the speedy Journey was the first to reach it.

This time he applied his foot to it with everything he had and it bounced crazily across the goal line where Journey, still leading the pack, fell on it for a touchdown.

During that entire season the Pennsylvania team used that method of taking the ball down the field. But this was too much of a return to Association football and the rules committee saved the American game from going back home.

You may step or leap over a prostrate foeman if you are carrying the ball but you must do it one foot at a time. The old business of leaping over the foe, both feet forward, is known as hurdling. And hurdling is a football sin.

The mighty Harold Weekes of Columbia (1899-1902) was entirely too adept at hurdling. With his weight behind his large cleated feet he ruined entirely too many enemy faces and ribs to suit the governors of the intercollegiate game.

The Hidden-Ball Trick

Harold's method was as simple as most effective measures are. The quarterback would hand him the ball and he would take a couple of steps forward and launch himself into the air—feet foremost. His fellow backs and the ends would collect beneath him, and supported by their arms, Harold would pause in the air for a moment. Then with a mighty and concerted heave, they would hurl Harold, javelin-like, into the faces of the oncoming foe. You can see for yourself what was likely to happen. And it almost always happened.

Harold would come down on the relatively soft countenances and bodies of foemen. Moreover, he had a knack of coming down running and he'd be off to surprising gains. And oddly enough he was never injured in accomplishing his great hurdling. He was, in fact, the only one to escape injury.

(Continued on page 42)

Jingles in the Rough

Here are jingles—plenty of them. Showing how even if your game doesn't improve your versifying may. Showing also how you can earn a neat gold luck-piece in the Collier's Jingle Tournament:

Many hopeful days I've spent
At practice in the sun.
But still remain a great big pill
Chasing a little one.

Mary Louise Leah,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Clara is clever and competent, too;
She's known for her great erudition.
But out on the links, it's peculiar but true,
She hopelessly fails in addition!

Larry S. Bidner,
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

The pro remarked: "Address the ball.
To follow through, I'll teach you now."
The dub first missed a mighty swipe.
Then he addressed the ball—and how!

T. J. Shanard,
Bridgewater, S. D.

I drove a ball into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where.
Until a caddy sold to me
A ball initialed H. P. G.

Howard P. Gray,
Chicago, Ill.

I'll tell you one
Which may be news.
My mental hazards
Are my dues.

Fred Abbott,
Archer, Fla.

When a crowd of friends are gathered round
Our little country club
I can always lead the foursome with a
first-class dub.
But when I go out early and there's no one
there to see—
How sweetly and how neatly I can drive off
that first tee!

J. H. Legh,
Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada.

Patrick Casey's daily divots
Made a gang-plow's work look
clean—
Now the boys are hanging Casey
For his tearing of the green.

Al Malone Barnes,
Morgan City, La.

I lost my wife, I lost my job,
I lost my friends because I'd razz
'em.

I lost my temper, many balls,
But still retain—ENTHUSIASM.

A. M. Eldred,
Ocean, N. Y.

Of golf she knows just nothing.
She is the girl who thinks
Her beaux speak of a bobcat
When they talk about the links.

Jean Carrol Dennis,
Uniontown, Pa.

The hardest thing
I've found to do
Is write these jingles
And play golf, too.

Alvin W. Talley,
Richmond, Va.

I like to keep the score myself,
Because, you see, I know
Which ones of mine are practice
strokes
And which ones really go.

Charles Gillies,
Los Angeles, Cal.

The lights are low, the house is still,
The bell a muffled tingle.
The children have been sent to bed—
Pop's making up a jingle.

Jean E. Phillips,
Flint, Mich.

Send your jingles to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. If we print one we'll send you a gold luck-piece with your initials engraved on it.

This man tells you how to win \$500.00

IF a manufacturer could talk to you personally...he would tell you many things of importance to you.

How to use that package of breakfast food, that tube of tooth paste, that new cooking device, whatever it is he makes. He'd tell you of other useful products he sells.

But he can't talk to you personally.

Instead he encloses a printed leaflet in his package. He calls it a "package insert". This is his message to you. It is an important message.

He spends thousands of dollars for expert editorial advice, laboratory and experimental tests in order to provide you with practical ideas and suggestions through these package inserts.

You read such package inserts every day. Read them more carefully and you may win \$500.



\$2,500 in Cash Prizes

1st Prize—\$500

2nd Prize—\$300

3rd Prize—\$200

5 Prizes—\$50 each

10 Prizes—\$25 each

100 Prizes—\$10 each

For the best answer to 4 simple questions, you may win \$500...Select any insert from any package and write your opinion of it. Base your answer on the four questions you will find in the rules in the next column.

Remember, any insert will do. Therefore carefully read all that you find. Five minutes of your time spent this way may be worth \$500 to you. Make your letter short. The prizes will be awarded on the merit of the practical suggestions given and not on literary excellence.

RULES

1 You may submit any package insert or a description of any package insert, accompanied by a letter of not more than 500 words covering your opinions on the following four points:

- (a) "What additional information, if contained in this package insert, would be helpful to me—and why?"
- (b) "Would more pictures be helpful—What kind of pictures?"
- (c) "My general opinion of this package insert."
- (d) "How was it most useful to me?"

2 Write your name and address at top of your letter.

3 Contestants agree to accept decision of the judges as final.

4 No communications will be acknowledged and no manuscripts will be returned.

5 All answers become the property of the American Lithographic Company, Inc. and the ideas contained therein utilized as may be seen fit.

6 Employees of American Lithographic Company, Inc. and allied companies are not eligible. Otherwise contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7 Letters must be received before midnight, December 31st, 1928.

8 Address all letters "P. O. Box 19, Madison Square Branch, New York."

Prizes will be awarded and the names and addresses of prize winners announced in Collier's as early as possible in 1929

THE JUDGES

Truman A. DeWeese, Vice-Pres. in charge of publicity, Shredded Wheat Co.; James E. Knox, Vice-Pres. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.; Stuart Peabody, Adv. Mgr., Borden Co.; A. T. Preyer, Dir. of Adv., Vick Chemical Co.; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Consultant; Stuart Benson, American Lithographic Company. The sponsors of the above Prize Offer, The American Lithographic Company, Inc., and its allied company, Alco-Gravure, Inc., are among the largest producers in the world of Package Inserts and other forms of advertising printing—such as window displays, hangers, catalogues, booklets, folders, covering all dealer-help and direct advertising. Our complete service is at the disposal of manufacturers.

AMERICAN LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY, INC.
ALCO-GRAVURE, INC.



A "used car" is *unused* transportation

A GOOD automobile is built to stand years of use. It will provide many thousands of miles of satisfactory transportation.

But only occasionally are all its years and all its mileage used up by one owner. It is the custom to turn a car in after an average use of only two to three years—long before its life has been exhausted.

This custom brings into the market every year so-called "used" cars which represent unusual opportunities to buy unused transportation at low cost.

Every year more and more people appreciate this fact. Today millions of families are driving cars of which they are the second or third or even fourth owners; and this year the volume of new car sales and trade-in transactions has created wider choices and greater values in unused transportation than ever before.

GENERAL

"A car for every

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND • BUICK • LASSALLE • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher* • GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening 9:30



3 out of 5 buy "used" cars

THREE out of five of the cars you see on the road have been purchased as "used" cars. You cannot tell—nor do you ask yourself—whether the driver of any particular car is its first owner, or its second or its third, providing the car looks well and is running satisfactorily. The term "used car" is relative.

The cars which General Motors dealers have accepted in trade vary in name, body style and price. Some have seen sturdy service; in others the potential mileage has scarcely been touched. And all offer a wide field of opportunities—

To the family wanting transportation at lowest possible cost.
To the family wishing to own a car of a higher price class.
To the family needing a second or third car to meet the requirements of all its members.

We invite you to examine the unused transportation in the stores of General Motors dealers. For your convenience General Motors extends the GMAC Purchase Plan.

MOTORS

purse and purpose"

YELLOW CABS and COACHES > FRIGIDAIRE—The Automatic Refrigerator > DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants > GMAC Plan of Credit Purchase
Eastern Standard Time. WEA and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.



If it is true, as some of our leading psychologists say, that the face reflects the mind, then most of our girls must be making up their minds most of the time.

They are having mouth-organ tournaments in Glasgow. The one who saves the most breath wins.

All men may be born equal, but most of them get over it.

Al Jolson has had his nose made more beautiful. Well, Al, that's a beginning.

It's a good thing that the wheat crop hasn't had to listen to some of the campaign speeches.

Nobody is going to complain of those campaign orators that they were short in their accounts.

The telephone company is nothing if not a time saver. They make you repeat the number you want so many times that you never have to look it up again in the book.

History may not always repeat itself, yet now we have the beauty parlor where once there was a Spanish Inquisition.

According to the Cameron-Cadie Expedition, the human race began its doubtfully distinguished career in the Kalahari Desert. This may explain why it has been so thirsty ever since.

Gene Tunney's fiancée had \$600 worth of gloves in her trousseau, but Gene had only one pair.



Rules Rush In

Continued from page 38

Gone, too, are the days when one was permitted to hide or conceal the ball. The Carlisle Indians were the first to bring the hidden ball trick into prominence.

It was in 1903 and the Indians were playing Harvard. Harvard kicked off and all the Indians surrounded the man who had caught the ball. Inside the circle the receiver slipped the ball up the back of the jersey of another Indian and then the pack dispersed. They ran in all directions and Harvard, unable to locate the ball and not knowing, consequently, which player to tackle, galloped around while the wily redskin who had the ball loped down the field for a touchdown.

But even before that, Alabama Poly played a concealed ball trick on Vanderbilt, much to the latter's disgust too. Early in the second half the Alabama lads wheeled out of scrimmage into a swirling formation—a revolving wedge—inside of which was Reynolds Tichenor, their quarterback, holding the ball.

No False Whiskers Today

The moment the milling started, Tichenor stuffed the ball under the front of his jersey. The mass around him disintegrated, the players scurrying to wide and varied parts of the field and with them went the Vanderbilt men who had industriously been trying to break up the wedge. Only Tichenor remained and he, apparently, was out of the play. He was on one knee, busy at tying his shoe lace.

But when the Vanderbilt team was as widely spread as his own, Tichenor arose and nonchalantly catfooted down the field for a deceitful touchdown.

Today there may be no hiding on the side lines. Your players must be out on the field without disguise and in plain view where they may be counted and accounted for. None of your false-whiskers nonsense such as I beheld before the rule was adopted.

At the kick-off, starting the second half, of a certain game some years ago only ten uniformed players deployed themselves to receive the ball. The absence of the eleventh man was not noticed. The kick-off was received and the receiver was promptly dumped. Then the team holding the ball took punt formation.

Instead of kicking, the fullback hurled a long, diagonal forward pass. Apparently he had pulled a bone. There was no one within 20 yards of the stretch of side line toward which he had flipped the ball.

But as the ball descended, a gentleman in a long raincoat stepped upon the field. On his head he wore a brown derby hat. In his mouth there was a pipe. With casual ease he caught the ball and ran like Charlie Paddock.

As he ran he shed the raincoat. There he was in regulation football uniform. The pipe and brown derby went the way of the raincoat. He was caught, after a run of 35 yards, but he fell only 5 yards from the enemy's goal.

Hocus-Pocus Has Been Banished

There was a terrific to-do about it of course but the rules book did not forbid such tactics and the play went as it happened.

But all that has gone. Time was when we fooled the enemy by having the quarterback pass a tan helmet to one of his halfbacks and the ball to another. To complicate matters further the fullback tucked a helmet under his arm and hit the center while the halves were skirting the ends. Before the opposition

had located the ball, its carrier was quite likely to be well on down the field.

We play the game straighter today. Hocus-pocus has been banished, although we have trick plays in considerable profusion. Pennsylvania's hidden ball play is actually not what it sounds. There is only one ball used, of course, and it is carried legitimately in the arms of one of the backs. It is not unlikely that Penn will use it now and then this season and therefore I shan't go into its details. Rather foolish too, to be so reticent about it. There's not a coach who doesn't know precisely how it's done. But its success depends upon the speed of execution and the deftness with which the ball is passed and re-passed.

Team Play the Objective

I hear it said that the rules committee is forever doing its utmost to kill the game—smother it with rules. That criticism is unintelligent. These critics have it that the game is being ruled colorless, that the machine age in which we are living is making the game mechanical and that it develops no great

heroes as it did in the days of Hinkey, Heffelfinger, Hare, Heston, DeWitt, Thorpe and Mahan. That, of course, is nonsense.

The rules committee has compelled the development of team play. And if you think the game has been injured as a spectacle by these additional rules, just try to buy tickets for a Notre Dame-Army contest. Or a Yale-Princeton. Or a Navy-Michigan. Or a Stanford-California.

A young fellow came to me at Georgia Tech imploring me to help him get two more tickets for the Vanderbilt game.

"I have managed to get six," he said, "but I've simply got to get two more. My grandparents would probably revise their will, leaving me flat, if I didn't rustle tickets for them. Particularly the old lady. She's taken up the game in a serious way. Yes, sir. She says it has got it all over the old mass play days although she's pretty sore on the rules committee. Says they ought to liberalize the forward pass and make all the offensive side eligible to receive the ball. She's written several letters to the papers about it."

(To be continued next week)



"You're a public nuisance, and I'm going to commit you for thirty days."
"Tut, tut, Y' Honor, commit no nuisance."

They Found the SECRET



HENRY T. BROCKELMAN



ANTONE F. BROCKELMAN



ARTHUR B. BROCKELMAN

*In 13 years
the BROCKELMANS ran their corner grocery
into a \$2,500,000 business*

THE BROCKELMANS of Fitchburg, Mass., built a \$2,500,000 grocery business in the short space of 13 years. Now 15,000 farm families have the habit of trading regularly at their store.

They found the secret of winning the farmer's trade. In fact they have discovered at least a dozen major rules in merchandis-

ing that any small-city retailer can profitably follow today if he is interested in expanding his business.

They Tell FARM & FIRESIDE

In an interview with FARM & FIRESIDE, these successful dealers tell frankly about the business secrets they discovered in retail food selling—starting from the day they only ran an average corner grocery, up to the present time when their sales are more than \$8,000 a day.

Their Ideas Free

Would you like to know, for instance, what the fundamental idea was that marked the turning point in the Brockelmans' business 13 years ago?

Also why the Brockelmans suddenly decided to bend every effort toward getting a big volume of farm trade? And what plan they hit upon to favorably introduce their store to farm customers?

Why they have specialized on nationally advertised brands?

And whether a merchant should expand

his own store—or bring his store to the customer's door-step?

Information You Can Use

These are just a few of the interesting points that the Brockelmans discuss with FARM & FIRESIDE. Points in selling that you will find valuable no matter what line of retailing you are in. Especially valuable if you happen to be in a grocery business in a small city yourself and looking for a bigger opportunity.

Send This Coupon

This interview with the Brockelmans is published in folder form—a copy of which will be sent free to any small-city retailer.

Just fill out the coupon—and mail today.

No obligation to you. FARM & FIRESIDE's established recognition among small-city dealers places on us the obligation of this service, especially designed for your help.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE's series — which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-personal magazine — edited straight to the individual — and read with warmer interest than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with the Brockelmans, successful food retailers of Fitchburg, Mass.

Name _____

Address _____



Keeping 'em down on the Farm

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

ONE of the biggest land schemes ever projected has been undertaken by the government of Western Australia. It will open up eight million acres of wheat and sheep land, mostly lying between Southern Cross and Esperance on the south coast. Premier Collier calculates that constructing the necessary roads, harbors and waterworks will cost nearly \$50,000,000 and will require five years.

They do things on a large scale down in Australia. This means adding to the area of productive agriculture a domain the size of Maryland and larger than Belgium.

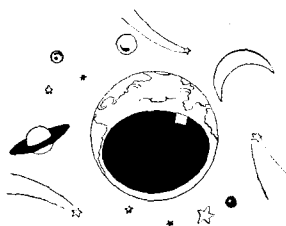
The first thought on reading of this new frontier is that here is a chance for the surplus population of old England, but a little figuring shows that such a hope is fallacious. For the land to be opened is expected to provide for only three thousand farms at the end of the five years of development, and the population of the mother country is increasing at the rate of 240,000 a year.

Under the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 the home government is assisting emigration to the dominions, and in 1926 the number so aided in moving to Australia was 21,344. But once there the emigrants tend to drift to the large cities instead of settling on the land where they are most wanted. Consequently the urban population of Australia gained 36 per cent in the decade 1911-21, while the increase in the rural population was less than 9 per cent. Australia has fewer "primary producers" in proportion to other classes than has Great Britain with her immense industries. After the Western Australian Government gets settlers on these 3,000 farms how is it going to keep them there?

The End of the World

I heard over the radio one night that the end of the world is coming soon. On the other hand astronomers see no reason why the world should not last at least as long in the future as it has in the past, and that they calculate at some 2,000 million years. This gives us who are listening in considerable range of choice between the two estimates and whatever we may choose will make no difference with the date of the event.

Now the geologists figure out that the human race is only about 300,000 years old, a very short period compared with the age of the earth and with its undefinable



future. From the depths of rocks deposited in the sea and especially from the rate of the decomposition of the radio-active minerals in them, it is possible to form some idea of how long the crust of the earth has been in course of formation, but there is no way of determining how long it will continue habitable.

A million million years from now the world may be rolling on about as now. The year will be a little longer and the climate a little colder, but doubtless still endurable, for we may fairly anticipate better heaters than we have now.

Time to Grow

But even allowing that the world may not last any longer in the future than it has in the past we see that humanity will still have time to grow. For if we call the 2,000 million years the equivalent of the three-score years and ten that are allotted by Scripture to the ordinary life, then humanity must be counted only three days old.

J. H. Jeans, secretary of the Royal Society, London, who makes these calculations, says:

"Looked at on the astronomical time-scale, humanity is at the very beginning of its existence—a newborn babe, with all the unexplored potentialities of babyhood; and until the last few moments its interest has been centered, absolutely and exclusively, on its cradle and feeding-bottle. It has just become conscious of the vast world existing outside itself and its cradle; it is learning to focus its eyes on distant objects, and its awakening brain is beginning to wonder, in a vague, dreamy way, what they are and what purpose they serve."

But this is assuming that man keeps on growing and developing for at least several million years. Man has certainly made wonderful progress in the last five thousand years but it is mainly, if not altogether, progress in education. He has learned more but it is doubtful if he has gained in native intelligence. Comparison of the present generation with the skull and stature of the skeletons of the cave dwellers of the glacial era does not give us any grounds for believing that the human race, as a whole, has made any improvement mentally or physically in the last 25,000 years. Nor do we see any reason for thinking that the quality of the race is improving at present.

Doorknobs

Continued from page 11

"She's a nice kid," said Lisha, a little awkwardly, and Kandy did not ask him who. "Brilliant, in a way." He paused. "You don't know her."

"Are you in love with her?" asked Kandy, in an even voice.

He shrugged. "I don't seem to fall much in love, Sis. It doesn't matter—she isn't in love with me. She's lonely, all at loose ends. I like her."

She continued to look at him wonderingly, her coffee growing cold. "It's—funny," she said, at last.

"It is funny," he answered. "Sometimes you wonder what it's all about. A girl like that—why, Kandy, she ought to be married and the mother of a couple of kids! But—" He smiled at her affectionately, and shrugged again. "I'm glad that *you* don't have love affairs, Sis!"

KANDY was surprised, unprepared for the anger which rose within her. "How do *you* know that I don't?" she demanded hotly.

Lisha stared. "Why—why, I suppose you'd tell me about it if you did!" he answered simply. Then he laughed. "Anyway, I'd like to see either of us get away with anything that the other doesn't know about here!"

She looked at him intently, still angry. "You knew that when you found me this studio!" she said defensively.

He was still surprised. "Why, of course I did," he answered mildly.

Kandy stared at her hands. The picture of him, with his arms about that beige-colored girl, his head bent, was still bitten deep in her memory. She had thought of how Lisha would kiss for twenty-one years—well, nearly twenty-one years—but she had never before actually seen him kissing anyone. Lisha, making love to someone else, someone whom he seemed to regard even more impersonally than he regarded her, if that were possible! It was such a waste, such a wicked waste! She wasn't jealous. Not really. Lisha was a man; she had never expected him to be any Galahad—never, oddly enough, even wanted him to be. But it was wrong, wrong that he should hold her as he did and give nothing in return. If only he would marry that girl, or any girl, and release *her*! If only he weren't so *blind*!

She moved into another studio the next week. Oddly, she felt nearer to Lisha now, when he had to walk three blocks to reach her, than when he had been living his so separate life just three feet away. He seemed hurt that she should desert him so, but the new studio was lovelier and more comfortable than the old, and he was not, he told her, a dog in the manger.

"Oh, aren't you, though!" she thought silently, hotly. "If you only knew!"

Yet she knew that he wasn't—really. It wasn't his fault!

In March he went up to New England, to supervise the building of a theater which he had designed, and Kandy was left in New York, with spring singing insistently in the air. Lisha had left her the key to his studio, in case she might want to borrow anything, and after a week in which she went there every day—moving about among his things, looking sidewise at the letters jumbled untidily on his desk and wishing that she weren't a woman of honor so that she might read them and know more about him, pressing her cheek against the pillow where his head had rested at night—she locked the door angrily, marched to the corner, and dropped the key down the sewer.

She was very lovely that evening, her head held high in proud anger at her own weakness, her eyes bright with restlessness and repressed emotion. Griffin Adrian, who also was at the dinner party, and who sat beside her, thought that he had never before seen anyone quite so lovely, and he took no pains to conceal his thought.

Adrian was a personage and a romantic, fascinating personality as well. He was an explorer and excavator, and his interests—almost one could add his explorations—were as broad as the earth itself. He was a shaggy man, his height rather lessened by his breadth, a man of bushy hair and bristling eyebrows, with mild eyes and a tender mouth that one did not discover—or expect—at first. His wit was quick and the words that clothed it slow and melodious. He could be almost irresistible to women when he chose—which was seldom—and he exchanged two phrases with Kandy and chose desperately.

Kandy was flattered and a little thrilled. Lisha lingered in New England, and soon she found that her impatience for his letters was no greater than her impatience for Griffin Adrian's frequent calls. He was so different, so gloriously, strikingly different, in every possible way, from Lisha! Comparing them would have been like comparing a mountain with the sea; they were each complete, ultimate.

When at last he took her into his arms and told her that he loved her, she thought of Lisha—who was so awfully nice, so perfect, in his way—and lifted her mouth again for Adrian's kiss.

"I love you!" she said.

They sat down side by side on the bench before the great studio window, and the afternoon sunlight poured in through the same yellow silk curtains, shedding a warm, luminous glow over them.

"It's going to be difficult, Katherine," he told her gravely, taking her hands in his and holding them tight.

She looked up at him radiantly. "Don't I know it?" she asked. "Here I've spent all my life being terribly in love with one man—you don't know what you've done to me!"

Griffin Adrian looked at her gently. "Tell me about him."

So she sat and told him about Lisha, stopping occasionally to kiss him, because she loved him and was happy, because he was so dear and understanding—and because he was so divinely different from Lisha Emory.

"You're very fond of him," he said quietly.

She nodded.

HE GOT up and walked across the room, and she waited.

"Then," he said, "there are my wife and children."

"Yes," said Kandy, and she tried vainly to visualize as tangible human beings Mrs. Griffin Adrian and her two sons—a colorless invalid lady who lived endlessly in southern California and raised roses.

"I owe her something," he said. "It was her money that sent me on my first expedition twenty—good Lord, Katherine, before you were born!"

She laughed at his dismay, as though years made any difference! And once seven years had been such an impenetrable barrier! Funny . . . funny . . .

"I don't know," she told him frankly, "whether I want to get married, anyway. I've been free—" She smiled, and corrected herself. "Been on my own for so long. Marriage—"

Adrian frowned. "You're so young, Katherine—but, God, I love you so! I'll be good to you!"

"I know that, Griffin." She nodded, meeting his so-tender eyes trustfully. It was lovely, that gentleness, that tenderness, which this great shaggy man had for her.

"Katherine!" He had risen and was still holding her hands in his tightly, drawing her to her feet. "I'm sailing for North Africa next month—in about seventeen days. I have to have a secretary—"

She curtsied, smiling mistily. "Do I get Sunday afternoons off—beloved?"

He crushed her in his arms. Then abruptly, he pushed back her hair from her forehead, looked down deeply into her eyes.

"Katherine—you must see this other man first," he told her almost sternly.

Her eyes did not waver. "I'm not afraid," she said.

LISHA, she realized now, had been right, after all, when he assumed so simply that she would tell him if she had a love affair. He was the only person she *could* tell! She sat down that evening and wrote him a long letter about Griffin Adrian. He'd heard of him, of course. As a matter of fact, hadn't Adrian given a series of lectures at Harvard when Li was there? He mustn't think that this was a light affair. It was really so little different from a marriage—only the ceremony omitted. It might be, she wrote, that she and Adrian would be together all their lives and eventually be laid in one grave! Which, she added, was more than could be said of most legal marriages. There was a mingling of humor and of drama in her signature. It was the first time that she had ever signed herself, to Lisha, Sis.

When the boy brought the telegram the next day, she thought that it was from Griffin. She opened it eagerly:

Do nothing until you see me. Arrive New York tonight. LISHA.

She stared at it. It was absurd; it was fantastic! *Do nothing until you see me . . .* what in the world was he talking about? Actually she did not grasp it until he came pounding down the corridor of her studio building and flung himself angrily into the room—until, even, nearly an hour after that.

"Kandy!"

"Oh, hello, Lisha!"

He was furious, brimming with angry excitement. He strode across the room almost threateningly and pulled her roughly to her feet.

"You little fool!" he cried passionately.

Kandy stared at him for an instant.

"Lisha!" she said sharply, and snatched her hand away from his grasp, glaring at him. "If you want to talk to me, you can do it quietly! Otherwise you can get out!"

She meant it, and it quieted him. "I'm sorry, but—Kandy, you don't know what you're doing! You're mad!" He flung his hat to a corner of the room and sat down on the bench.

"I know exactly what I'm doing," she retorted.

He stared at that. "Kandy—you haven't—you aren't—" His eyes implored her.

Kandy laughed. "Good Lord, Lisha!" She looked at him indulgently. "Since when have you put this high price on female virtue?"

He flushed, still staring at her as though he were trying to read her hidden thoughts. "You can't do it, Kandy! Go away with him, I mean. Why, it would ruin your whole life! Think of your mother! Think of—"

"You poor idiot, no one'll know un-

less you tell them! I haven't sent an announcement to the papers! They may speculate a bit—but speculation's a poor sport. North Africa's a long way away. And besides—she met his eyes squarely—"I love him."

"Kandy, you can't!" He was on his feet again, facing her, his hands grasping her arms just above the elbows, his fingers pressed deep into her flesh, and she realized confusedly that his nearness troubled her.

She pulled away. "What's the idea, Li?" she asked coldly, but she was no longer cold. She was trembling, as she had always trembled, at his contact. "Am I to remain an old maid just because you never like any men I like?"

He had followed her in her retreat; again he had her hands in his, and her own were trembling. "Kandy, you can't! I won't let you!"

She began to cry softly, uncontrollably. Why, when for the first time in her life she was happy and in love could he still spoil it? Griffin Adrian was just as real, just as thrillingly real as ever—but so was Lisha Emory!

"You can't stop me!" she cried, and flung back her head and sniffed; two tears coursed down her flushed cheeks.

"I can stop you, Kandy!" He was near; so awfully near. His eyes were burning into hers. "I shall tell your mother!"

Her breath caught; her tears dried before the searing heat of her anger.

"You'll tell my mother!" she repeated, in a low voice that was so tense, so terrible, that he released her involuntarily. "Lish—you fool! You—blind idiot!"

After twenty-one years she was saying it aloud to him.

"Don't you know that all my life I've been in love with you? Don't you know that I could have cut the heart out of every woman you ever looked at—from Anne Davis, when I was fifteen, to that girl in the Ninth Street studio? You didn't care about them—but they had you!" It was she, now, who was clutching his arms. "Didn't it ever once enter your dull head that what you suffered through Irene Heland in China was nothing compared to what I suffered for you? And this year—when I might almost as well have been living with you—oh, you fool!"

HER eyes did not waver from his face.

"Just like brother and sister, aren't we?" she demanded bitterly. "You've kept me from everything—kept me from knowing anything about love—by not giving it to me yourself! And now, when I have something offered to me that I can take—"

"Kandy! Stop!" She was crying violently, hysterically, staring at him with wide-open eyes. "Kandy!" Through her tears she could see his face, hurt, baffled, his blue eyes smoldering.

"I won't stop it!" she cried.

Astonishingly, he was beginning to smile.

"My God!" he said. And he looked at her. He held her off as though she had been a specimen impaled on a pin, and looked at her. Her tears stopped in her amazement before that look. "My God!" he repeated. And before she had time to think or wonder or say anything at all, he had drawn her to him as though she had no substance whatever, as though he were going to go on drawing her closer and closer, indefinitely, and his mouth was pressing down upon hers.

"Sister!" said Lisha, and he laughed. She had never seen his eyes so bright, never imagined his face so luminous. "Fool?" he repeated. Then: "Who's a fool? Why didn't you tell me this before?" And before she could protest or say anything at all her tottering consciousness was again smothered by his kiss.

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Miss Bori, with a half-sized sigh, "I have thought much of this matter of marriage. But I have always avoided the temptation to wed an artist like myself. Two artistic temperaments under one roof permanently will never do. And it never happens—permanently."

"Eef"—and she lengthened the word after the manner of ladies who use dialect, which she doesn't—"eef I should ever marry it would be a business man of the American pattern. That is all, I think, that one who has an art and works with other artists could endure in private life."

Her dog, which was very short and very Irish, gnawed angrily on a rug at a black rubber bone. She bent over him, a white rope of pearls against the rich red of her gown; the dog seemed to discover the imposition. He gave the phony bone a savage bite, then scorned it, and tried to tackle one of his mistress' pearls. He was tenderly smacked, and stalked off with the best imitation of high dudgeon that a small dog can give.

She chatted gayly about various adventures of this rather insignificant-looking dog, and I gathered that his diet and general conduct were of more concern to her than most things. She spoke of a predecessor of his—a young mastiff who made a mistake in identity, tackled a Fifth Avenue bus one bright morn and died on the field of battle.

Tragedies—Little and Big

I found out how, in a career of what seemed glamorous success, she came to hold a wraith of sadness on her face.

"I had made a splendid tour of the United States and South America," she said. "And in Buenos Aires the people had been extremely kind. There happened a small crisis and a great crisis."

"In the second act of Manon Lescaut, where I entered the stage in crinolines, I wore the dress so tight that an accident happened. This crinoline ballooned from the waist. And as I bent my right knee something burst; it was like puncturing a huge bubble. Instantly a kind tenor—it was M. Grassi—pulled the screen about me. But when I reappeared it was in the slim, deflated skirts. That Argentine audience laughed, and I blushed. Then they applauded and all was well."

"When such minor accidents start a tour we of the profession know they are premonitions of greater trouble."

"On that same tour, when Signor Toscanini made his great triumph for continuous conducting—and the South Americans really know how to create a furor—we ran into a spell of bad luck that rarely afflicts operatic companies of the first class. Some climatic change, perhaps. But first Toscanini himself became miserably indisposed with rheumatism. This when he was to conduct Mefistofele. So he ordered all rehearsals held in his apartment, where he sat up in bed, his right arm being baked in poultices while he struggled to conduct with his left."

"It was 48 hours before the opera, when suddenly, in the middle of an aria, the soprano, Bona-Plata-Bau—who should surely have been one of the world's greatest—totally lost her voice."

"Toscanini sent for me. Curiously, I had not even heard a complete performance of Mefistofele. At six o'clock at night I went into that apartment where the disabled maestro summoned the principals, and we drilled, with Toscanini in stinging pain, for twelve hours. Then

we went to our rooms to rest; at least, the others did. I struggled to master the part, and at eight o'clock the next night the curtain went up. It was the worst ordeal I have ever experienced, and I think I survived only because I took courage from the example of Toscanini, sitting there in torture and conducting with splendid energy."

And not long after that came a crisis that eclipsed these two mishaps. Miss Bori was destined to suffer the anxiety that befell her sister soprano who lost her voice. For a malady that did not appear grave she submitted to a throat operation on her return to Europe. She emerged unable to sing.

"I know what it must feel like for an active man to be suddenly stricken with paralysis," she says simply.

To cling to the top tier of opera singers and then to become dumb overnight—that is tragedy. For six months she was commanded by specialists not to attempt speech, to make no use of her throat whatever except to swallow food.

She repaired to the mountains beyond Valencia, fearful at heart that she would never sing again. There, on four peaks that overlooked the bare, burnt countryside and the blue Mediterranean where Quixote and Sancho Panza rode on their ludicrous quests, she spent her days building three cottages and a chapel, riding muleback from crest to crest. (And Miss Bori gives a realistic and athletic imitation of what it means to ride Spanish mules up and down mountains.)

When she conversed it was with pencil and pad—even to the ordering of her simple and sensible meals.

She resigned herself to the idea that never again would the Metropolitan in New York thrill to the sweetly painful cadence of the deathbed scene in Traviata from the throat of Bori. The aria always moved her to tears when she sang it. Even when this writer introduced her to the unseen millions of the air tears trickled down her cheeks as she sang.

For six months, then, she uttered not a sound—a walking cloister of silence surrounded her. Then one morning, as she toiled up, bending and swaying on muleback, the beast slipped on a rock, and in the perilous moment that almost saw her flung headlong down in a stone-ribbed ravine, her voice loosened. It was back.

Instantly she repaired to the little chapel she had built, marveling and afraid. (The chapel still stands, although she ruefully relates how the natives have sabotaged her American-furnished cottages in her absences overseas.)

"I stayed there for hours, all through the dark and to the dawn, in prayerful wonder at what I deemed a miracle," she says.

Patience and More Patience

Perhaps it was a miracle that a mule slid at that exact moment. More likely any serious shock would have awakened repaired chords or tissue.

And after breakfast, to the amazement of the household, she sang. Her father instantly warned her against undue effort of her returned voice. He was right. Almost immediately it left her again.

So for a solid year she remained in her native mountains, speaking never above a whisper, wondering and thankful. While the musical world of Europe and America wondered what had become of Lucrezia Bori the peasants of that

patch of Spain did not wonder, for to them Lucrezia Bori was not even a name. They saw the last of the Borgias recuperating from what they believed was a serious illness. They crossed themselves in gratitude that they were not similarly afflicted.

Patience and more patience. And a spring morning when she sang with a strength unmatched in all her career!

"I think," she can say gayly—and that gayety was earned by discipline to which few women could subject themselves—"that accident to my throat in Italy, much as I bemoaned it then, was for my good. It gave me a necessary hiatus, a rest period that benefited me tremendously in physique, for I was in hard country, leading a rugged life."

"But"—she tossed aside aftermaths with a gesture that would mean a fresh cigarette to a woman who smokes and Miss Bori never does—"but in my joy this brought a compensating misfortune."

"When I returned to sing in America, never revealing to a soul that I had lost my voice and found it, for that"—a shrewd smile—"would not have been what we call good business—when I returned, slimmer than usual, persons marveled."

"I take calisthenics, and I play golf terribly—and I always diet. Ah, there are people who will tell you that Lucrezia Bori is a strangely able golf player. That is another terrible misfortune."

Why She Has Won

"It was in Chicago at a country club—there where they were having a championship round. Chick Evans, I think, and some other well-known golfers. I was on the green, trying to play with a mixed company. My ball went wide of the green. Many people sauntered on, and, in impatience, I putted the ball. It went straight and fell into the cup, and everybody remarked how quick and accurate was Lucrezia Bori. The papers printed yards about it. So I suffer from that reputation. It is all so very silly."

I wanted to ask a few earnest questions.

"Memory and voice," she summed up, "are what a singer must have. I am prouder of the fact that I could memorize a new rôle in less than twenty-four hours and perform it without a prompter than of anything else."

"And will you please write that my favorite part is always the part I played last. That will save a poor woman so much postage, which I cannot afford when I must pay two income taxes, one here and one in Spain."

A disciplined lady is the last of the Borgias. She declares that in America Gatti-Casazza rules his Metropolitan aviary with a firmer hand than any impresario in Europe, and of Bori they will tell you that she has never failed rehearsal or performance call.

Likewise an unaffected lady. "I love to sing over the radio," she says. "For two reasons: the audience is large, and I am well paid."

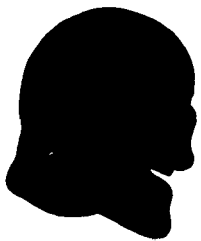
And a simple person. Once when she went to make records the recording studio was occupied by a jazz-singing lady. Stars have been known to storm. Executives, learning Bori was waiting, hurried matters.

"No, no," she insisted. "I enjoy that singing. Let me wait."

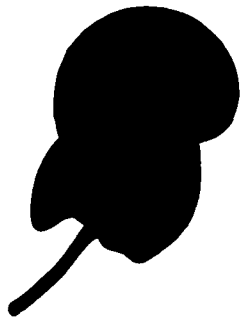
The last of the Borgias, from youth on, has always known how to wait. That is why she has won.

Cutting Class

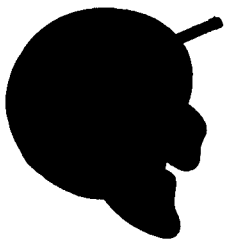
COLLIERGRAPHS are in order, gentlemen, and don't spare the scissors. Snip-snip! Juggle the pieces around a bit and you've created one. There are more detailed instructions below. Meanwhile here are some good ones—a good five dollars' worth:



Left: By H. V. Pettibone, Eastford Road, Auburn, Mass.



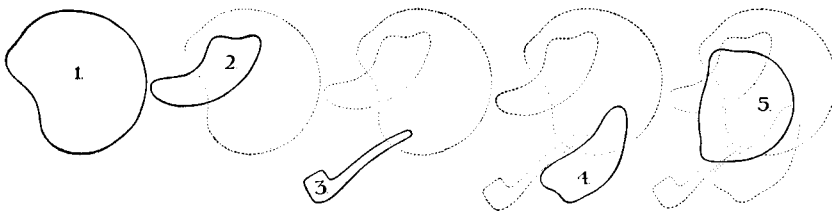
Right: By Richard F. Duggan, 529 West 180th Street, New York City



Left: By John Wm. Conner, 229 South Boulevard, McComb, Miss.



Right: By Robert Markland, 3037 N. 26th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



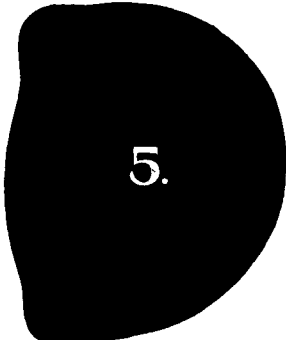
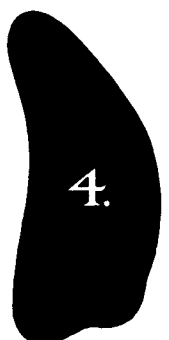
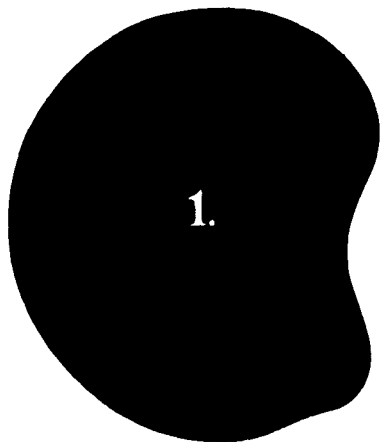
How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard, separately. When you've laid them on top of one another,



shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

Here are the pieces—cut them out



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Address.....

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But they also realized that while Englishmen had always put mustard on their meat they had not put it on fish or potatoes or many other things. If they could be coaxed to put it on fish and potatoes and in salad and other things, obviously the mustard maker would sell more of his condiment. And so the mustard men started that series of humorous advertisements known as The Doings of the Mustard Club.

Static for Twenty Years

All England laughed and little by little Englishmen began sneaking small patches of mustard on various kinds of foods other than meat, and the British mustard manufacturers began to use more and more of that unused plant capacity.

In our country observe the experience of the shoe manufacturers and the paint and varnish men. A hole in the sole is far more disturbing than a stain in the weatherboards. Yet the paint and varnish business has made great strides in the last ten years and the shoe business has not.

Both are old industries. Both were more or less static for 20 years—particularly the paint business. Then the paint makers began to advertise the economic value of paint. "Save the Surface and You Save All" they cried from the housetops—the housetops in this case being located in the advertising pages of magazines and newspapers—particularly magazines, in which three fourths of that crying was done.

No prayer was ever more generously answered. The paint manufacturers had set out to double the 1921 paint and varnish sales by 1926. The goal was reached a full year earlier. And now they are in the midst of another campaign to treble those 1921 sales by 1931.

Meantime the shoe men sat down and wept scalding tears over the decline of a civilization in which people insist on buying more automobiles and fewer shoes. But of course all the shoemakers did not feel the same way about it. That industry has in it one of the most remarkable of our American industrialists—Mr. Jackson Johnson, head of the International Shoe Company, the largest in the country. Like Henry Ford, he seems to have the strange notion that the cure for overproduction is to produce more. He advises the manufacturer to do two things—to lower his selling costs and to advertise the fact.

Lower Prices and Bigger Volume

During the last eight years—ever since the first collapse of our post-war prices—we have had two kinds of industry and, for that matter, two kinds of stores. One has been interested in lowering prices and increasing volume. The other has been clamoring for ways to reduce volume and hold up prices.

Now I have examined the statements of hundreds of large corporations in both types of industries and I have found this to be true: that our prosperous industries and stores have been those concerned about lower prices and bigger volume and our distressed ones those interested in cutting volume and holding up prices.

Sooner or later every large corporation must go in search of money. It is sure to need it and then it will have to present itself to the banker—the commercial bankers for a short-term credit or the investment banker for a long-term credit in the shape of a bond issue or a new stock issue. When the corporation head does this he will find himself in an embarrassing position if his con-

You tell 'em

Continued from page 9

cern is one of those interested in limiting production rather than in speeding up distribution.

"We do not lend money here," the vice president of a large investment house in Wall Street said to me. "We merely arrange the details for selling the bonds of corporations to the public. We examine the corporation first to see if it is a good risk to recommend to the public."

"In these studies of a corporation we always give the greatest attention to its merchandising and, as a part of that, to its advertising policies—and for very obvious reasons. We cannot say that a company is a good risk unless we know that it is actually marketing its product and planning for distributing the increased production."

"But there is another reason. Once upon a time the banker looked at the assets of a borrower very narrowly and these were usually physical effects which could be rapidly translated into cash. Now we scrutinize the assets, to be sure, but we look for very different values."

"Here is a list of 20 common stocks of large manufacturing corporations. The physical assets of all these companies are put down at 285 million. But the value of the shares of these companies on the stock exchange at existing market prices are 1,700 million. Just think that over. These companies have a market share value a billion and half in excess of the value of their physical assets."

"Where did that billion and a half come from? What is back of it? What created it? Well, look at these companies. One is the American Chicle Company. Another is Coca-Cola. Others are the Fairbanks (Gold Dust) Company, the National Biscuit Company, the Fleischmann Company, the Postum Cereal Company, and so on. Take, for instance, the General Motors Corporation. The market value of its shares is about two billion dollars greater than the physical assets of the company. You don't have to be told what created all that value which these great corporations have built with national advertising."

"When a banker is trying to estimate

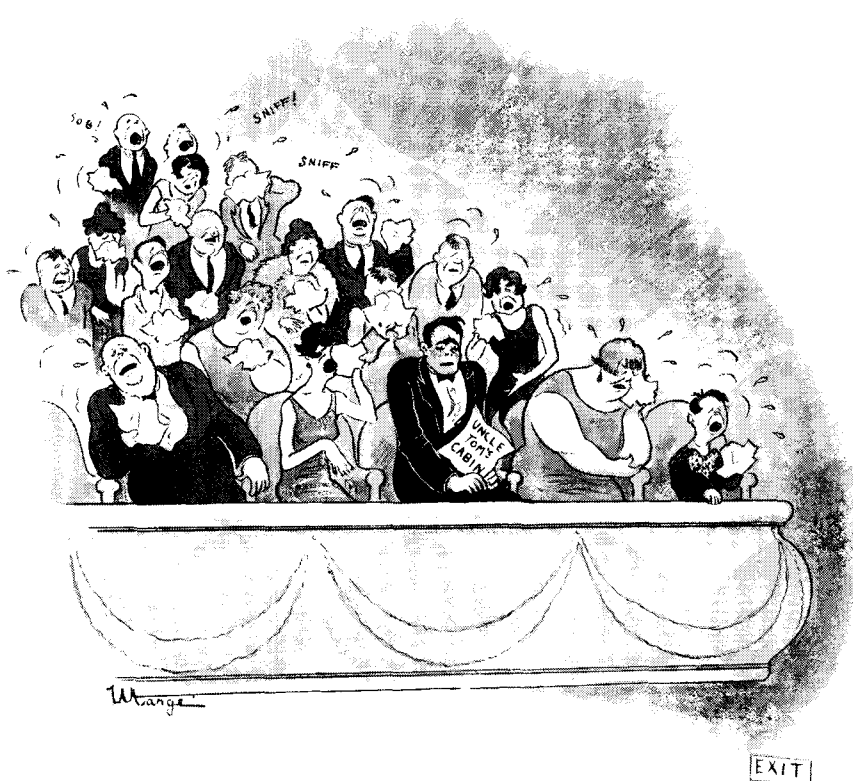
the value of good will as an asset in making a loan, he is forced to accept the extent and quality of the company's advertising policies as the most important factor in settling that point. And after we have settled the matter for ourselves and we go out into the market and offer the bonds it is quite obvious that it is very much easier to sell to the public the securities of the National Biscuit Company or the Postum Company or the Gillette Safety Razor Company than the bonds of an unknown and unsung concern."

The point I have been trying to make clear is that the American investing public is not so much interested in cutting production as in speeding up and expanding distribution, that the solution of the problem of distribution is to be the special mission of the coming decade in business, and that nobody is more concerned about this than the investor and, of course, the banker who is the custodian of his money. The corporation that is weeping about overproduction and is not putting the emphasis on selling its goods is going to have hard sledding sooner or later with its banker.

Drummers Spread Pessimistic Reports

When I was a boy the chief purveyor of industrial statistics was the traveling salesman. The news about business as he gathered it grasshoppering from village to village was served up in the town paper under the heading "With the Drummers" and a subheading reading "Business, Politics and Humor Gleaned Among the Knights of the Grip." The affairs of trade, the outlook for merchandise, the ebb and flow of public opinion about the great affairs of the world was thus brewed, highly seasoned with tobacco smoke and cracker-barrel wisdom and stronger flavors, in Pullman smoking-rooms and small-town hotel lobbies.

Now the drummer has disappeared from the pages of our newspapers as a chronicler and prophet of trade and in his place appear the reports of large statistical organizations expending great sums and infinite pains to collect the facts. But the drummer still retails



The man without a hanky

his news reports and his reflections thereon. He passes them out in trains, hotel lobbies, cigar stores. And the news and opinions which he rations out today are deeply soaked in the darkest and most somber tints.

The drummer is more responsible for the distribution of pessimistic reports about business than any other agency. And the reason is obvious. He calls on the small dealers. And the small independent dealers have been having tough sledding. Before the onward march of the chains, the mail-order houses and the large department stores the independent traders who buy from the drummers are steadily retreating. Business is bad with them. But it is good with the big stores and getting better. And one big, prosperous store sells more goods than 30 or 40 or a hundred little fellows.

Statistical Organizations Get Facts

At the end of 1927 the common stocks of fourteen department stores, seven chain-store organizations and two mail-order concerns, according to Women's Wear, showed an aggregate increase in their market value of \$2,727,000,000 in just 12 months. And the editor of Women's Wear adds that as a group these organizations showed marked progress in increasing both sales and profits in 1927. We have got to choose between the one-sided gossip of the Knights of the Grip and carefully collected facts of expert statistical organizations.

I have examined the statements of a large number of industrial corporations. Twenty motor companies made almost \$100,000,000 more last year than in 1926. Eleven rubber companies made \$20,000,000 more. Sixteen tobacco companies made \$4,000,000 more. The leather and shoe and clothing industries have been among the least profitable on the list. Yet nine shoe and leather companies made \$29,740,000 more and 24 clothing and textile corporations made \$12,000,000 more than in 1926. Nineteen stores made \$286,000,000 against \$250,000,000 the year before. Seventy-eight telephone companies added \$24,000,000 to their profits, and a group of 56 miscellaneous corporations made \$30,000,000 more than the preceding year.

Of course there were companies which did not do so well and there were others which did not make so much as in 1926, though their profits were high. But this talk about the "profitless prosperity" of business is a piece of utter nonsense.

One writer recently bemoaned the fact that while sufficient was made for dividends and interest few concerns made much more and he sadly called attention to the fate of industry if it makes only enough for profits and does not also make enough for expansion and reinvestment.

The financial world has moved unnoticed over that gentleman's head. Once upon a time the owner of a business had to make enough to be able to supply capital out of his earnings for extensions and further financial adventures. Funds for reinvestment came from the owners. But that is no longer so. The reinvestment fund today comes very largely from the pay rolls. And these funds for reinvestment are so vast that they have overrun all bounds.

Nobody can tell what our national income is. It has been growing at the rate of from four to six billions a year. It is growing faster than industry can absorb it. Many of our bankers actually urge foreign loans to get the money out of the country.

Last year we loaned about \$7,750,000,000 on various kinds of new securities, an increase of 27 per cent over 1926 and an increase of 47 per cent over the five-year average. Business can't absorb all the money. It is piling up in our banks

and trust companies and flooding into Wall Street to be used in brokers' loans. In that account alone we have almost a billion and a half more invested than at this time last year. Why bother about profitless industry, reinvestment funds, and buying power being exhausted in the face of these facts?

And now as to unemployment and its effect on buying power. I have looked into that as well as one can in the face of the confusing and contradictory reports that come in to us. I am convinced that these reports are exaggerated. I spent a good many years in a newspaper office and at a city desk. And I know how impressions can be created by merely increasing the emphasis on a particular kind of news.

If the editor happens to be interested in exhibiting Mexico as a lawless country all he has to do is to put every crime story coming from Mexico on the first page under a good headline. If he is interested in establishing the presence of a crime wave in his town he need only take all the items about hold-ups, robberies and street brawls, assemble them on the first page, and top them with good black headlines.

Last year there was (we were told) an epidemic of student suicides. We had them on the first page every day until it looked for a while as if our colleges would soon be empty. And yet during that "epidemic" the actual number of student suicides was less than usual.

And now it is unemployment. As nearly as I can make out we have about our usual unemployment plus those out of work because of strikes and those out of work because of the introduction of labor-saving machinery. This applies chiefly to factories. But this is offset by increased employment in other lines of labor—hotels, utilities, stores, etc.

I have asked some large employers in non-industrial fields for figures on their employees. The Woolworth Company tells me they have 3,000 more at work this year than last. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has an increase of more than 5,000 over last year. J. C. Penney, the famous chain-store merchant, wires me he has an increase of 1,000. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tells me it has increased its employees 5.28 per cent this year over last.

In New York City alone we have 2,000 more taxi-cab drivers than we had last year and 1,000 more gasoline filling stations. And my morning paper chronicles the fact that in the single month of February 17,154 new trucks were put into commission. Some of them replace old trucks scrapped but most of them mean new recruits among the drivers.

Bases Views on Careful Surveys

We have perhaps two million people out of work—which is somewhat more than normal but not large in so huge a population as ours. And the wise business man will keep his eye on the remaining 45,000,000 people at work in factories, in government service, in white-collar jobs, and in the professions and who have more money to spend than in any previous year in our history.

There is no one who knows all this better than the banker. He depends on idle gossip less than any sort of business man. He bases his views of business on the careful surveys of trained economists.

"The manufacturer or merchant," said one commercial banker to me, "who explains his deficit to me by whining about poor business has got to explain to me where all this flood of money pouring into my bank comes from. Someone must be making it. The worst place in the world to exhibit a woe-begone countenance is at the bank. The banker knows better."

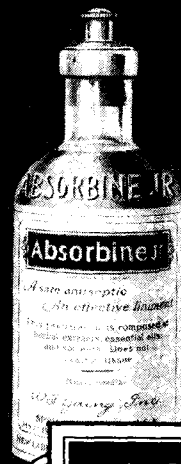
A FEW drops of ABSORBINE, JR., well rubbed in, will bring prompt relief. If the muscular pain or ache has been persistent, a few additional applications may be required. If there is a tendency towards muscular aches, rub in ABSORBINE, JR., after any unusual exercise. It will keep the muscles in good condition. ABSORBINE, JR. is pleasant to use. It is not greasy and does not stain the skin. Its odor is agreeable. There are many uses for ABSORBINE, JR.—read "Timely Suggestions," packed in each carton.

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for muscular aches

quick
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Before Shaving HINDS CREAM



Met a man
The other day
Who *likes* to shave!
Couldn't believe it
Till he told me
What he does
Before he lathers.
So I tried it.
Borrowed bottle
Of Hinds Cream
From the wife.
Boy! he's right!
See what
He did:



Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!



After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving HINDS CREAM



LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Sole Distributors

Dept. 758
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after November, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

Unabridged

Continued from page 7

Mr. Banks, "I have succeeded in making the game of bridge interesting to you."

"You have," responded Mr. Wommick. "My only regret is that—er—such golf as we have played has sometimes distracted my attention from what you were saying so entertainingly." It may be there was a mere modicum of irony in this. "I wonder if we cannot postpone further discussion until we can give an undivided evening to the subject."

"Gladly," said Banks, "but in the meantime I can run sketchily over the game so that you will have in your mind the main idea."

"Yes," said Weevil, "tell him that one about how to take your partner out of a no-trump bid with a niblick."

"Or what to do," said McWhinney, "if somebody stymies your singleton ace."

It may have been noticed that Mr. Wommick's jaws tightened a little and that his steel-gray eyes glinted with determination.

"Banks is all right," Weevil whispered in his ear, "but he does like to give instructions."

"A very reprehensible habit," said Wommick, "and one easily fallen into by a student of any pastime. I find that I myself have to exercise restraint to prevent myself from offering suggestions sometimes. As, for instance, with respect to that downhill lie you are about to play. If I was not perfectly aware that it might throw you off your shot, I would suggest that the stance you are taking will result in a slice. The ball should be played farther off the left foot, and the stroke is a sort of downward lunge, as you will have read in Braid's Advanced Golf."

"Exactly," said Weevil, "thank you for telling me."

Whereupon he played the ball off his right heel and tried to scoop it up with his mid-iron. The club head encountered the ground some seven inches to the rear of the ball. The shock to the earth agitated the ball somewhat and caused it to wobble nervously, but did not otherwise affect its position. Mr. Wommick made a regretful clucking sound.

"I wish I had told you how to play that shot," he said.

But Banks leaped into the breach as Wommick took out his spoon for a shot at the green. The ball was teed up beautifully on the splendid fairway, and Wommick eyed it as a hungry fox might eye a chicken. It was a lie among a thousand, and what he proposed to do to that ball was little less than epoch-making.

"Fore!" he said, to enjoin complete silence. And complete silence reigned until the club head started its descent in a perfect arc, perfectly timed.

MR. BANKS cleared his throat. "I beg your pardon," he said briskly, "for forgetting to mention to you a moment ago, when we were on the subject, that a bid made by a player who has previously passed his partner's uncontested major suit is not a denial."

Mr. Wommick's club head clicked against the ball. It lifted gallantly from the grass and soared, straight as the flight of an arrow, for the pin. It cleared the guarding traps, came to earth at the edge of the green and trickled up to within two feet of the flag. Everybody, including Mr. Banks, regarded it with amazement. Mr. Wommick regarded it with something very

like reverence. Never in his twenty golfing years had he made such a shot. He turned upon Mr. Banks and leveled a not polite finger at his nose. "There," he shouted, executing a caper not recommended by any book upon etiquette. "There, doggone you, I beat you to it! I socked that one. I lammed it right square through the middle of your this-and-that bridge game. Plaster your eye on that one. Finesse your queen through that, consarn you! Trump it with your partner's ace!"

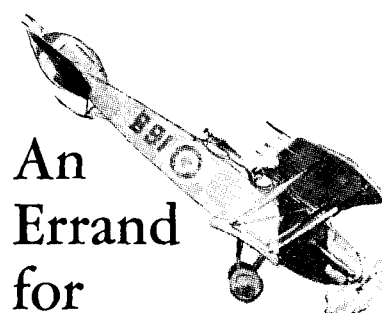
"Is that where you wanted it to go?" asked Mr. Banks in some surprise. "I thought you were aiming at that other flag." He pointed to the twelfth green.

Mr. Wommick quivered visibly.

"If I get a three on this hole!" he exclaimed rapturously.

"It looks," said Mr. Banks, "as if you would take this trick. That was your second lead, was it not?"

McWhinney's third was in the trap,



An Errand for Ladybird

The story of a wartime
masquerade that ended
in a carnival of heroism

By LAURIE
YORK ERSKINE

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Weevil's fourth was lost and Wills had put three out of bounds before he quit. Obviously it was Wommick's hole as he lay two feet from the cup in two. Mac descended into the pit with his niblick.

"The art of playing an explosion shot," said Mr. Wommick, "is one of the grandest points in golf. It should be played more off the right than the left foot. A fine discriminatory judgment of the weight and consistency of the sand is required, and perfect concentration."

"Gr-rrr-hh!" said McWhinney deep in his throat. He grasped his niblick so tightly that the marks of his fingers remain on the grip to this day. He swung back the club until it lopped over his left ear and slashed at the ball in a rage dreadful to see. Had the ball lain on the fairway Mac would have dug turf half a dozen inches behind it, and probably have sprained his wrists. In all its essentials it was the most abominably played shot of his career. But by a miracle all its wrongness

turned into rightness. His club head entered the sand behind the ball; something like the letting off of a mine resulted. McWhinney disappeared from view in a geyser of sand and pebbles; the ball arose gently, in a lovely arc, dropped just on the edge of the green, rolled on slowly, slowly, slowly—and trickled into the cup. Had Mac's intentions at the start of that shot been carried out—had he played the thing as he intended—the ball would have been taken cleanly and would have flown a hundred yards over the green. As it was he tightened and pressed himself into a perfect explosion shot. He chased the ball out of the trap, saw it roll into the hole and uttered whoops. He danced. He did jig steps around Wommick.

"Tell me how to play an explosion, will you? Try to talk me out of a shot, eh? What d'ye know about explosion shots? Look at that one, you! Slam into the cup! Now tell me how to play it. Go on! Let's have the information! Ya-aa-ah!"

Mr. Wommick, somewhat pallid, clung to his manners with weary fingers. "Excellent played," he said. "Your form was wrong, and your stance was much too close, but the results were excellent, due, I suppose, to one fault correcting another."

"G'wan and hole your putt—if you can," said McWhinney.

"It looks," said Mr. Banks, "as if he had trumped your ace, Mr. Wommick. That illustrates a point I wish to make."

"Never lead away from an ace. Play your high card first. It will surprise you how many times it will capture your opponent's singleton king. In short, Mr. Wommick, you should have played that second shot first."

Mr. Wommick grew purple about the wattles.

"Now," said Banks, "your ace having been taken, it is doubtful if you have a reentry card."

MR. WOMMICK had no entry card of any sort whatever. He putted with venom, which is a commodity one should use sparingly on the green. He swayed his body, jabbed desperately, lifted his head, and the ball scooted three feet past the cup.

"Too bad," said Banks. "You could have gone game with that trick."

Mr. Wommick putted again with his eyes shut and a rushing sound in his ears. He putted with severity, so that the ball should have whizzed half a dozen feet past, but, with a resounding *thump* it hit the back of the cup, bounded six inches in the air and plopped back into the tin for a half.

From then on the game became tense. They arrived at the eighteenth with eight syndicates hanging and with every match depending upon the result of the play on that hole. It had been a magnificent exhibition of well-played conversation. Every time Banks succeeded in talking Wommick into a seven or an eight Wommick made a magnificent recovery from the verbal rough by advising Weevil and McWhinney into an equally disastrous score. Bridge talk and golf talk ran neck and neck. And dispositions hung only by the most tenuous spider web.

The eighteenth is a one-shotter, the green a bottle neck guarded by traps into which a man may disappear and not be seen for days. A crisp mashie will take you to the pin, but a sliced or pulled shot is a descent into Gehenna. Of course a man may over-club him-

self and shoot beyond the green into the woods, where poison ivy abounds. There are, as will be seen, a number of choices.

In actual cash, something like \$86.75 depended upon this one hole.

"Banks," said Weevil, "tighten up your belt and justify your existence."

Banks wet his lips and flexed his jaw muscles. "The advisability of the weakness take-out or rescue has been questioned by players who argue that advancing a contract from one to two with approximately a bust holding, is merely increasing the commitment without providing material for winning additional tricks."

BUT Wommick burst in, talking shrilly and rapidly:

"I don't know what you men are going to do here, but I advise teeing up and using a jigger. Do not spare the shot, but play it with a slight cut—well off the left foot."

"On the other hand," Banks came to bat, "are the hands in which the no-trump maker has length and strength in the take-out suit; also those in which changing to a trump keeps a long adverse suit from being—"

"But," shouted Wommick, "if you choose to use a mashie, then almost no turf should be taken. Cut the legs from under the ball, bringing the club around well behind you on the back swing, and exaggerating the follow through—"

"Nevertheless," Banks came in panting, "all authorities agree that the rescue should never be made with a suit of less than five cards. A trump suit of this length—"

"... Giving a slight cut to the ball and causing it to—"

"... When the no-trump maker is short and one adversary is long in the suit named by the rescuer—"

"... In general it is better to under-club and press than to over-club and spare. It is much more difficult to spare a shot than—"

"... Also hands in which changing from a no-trump to a trump gives the adversary the opportunity to ruff one or more—"

Mr. McWhinney, wild of eye, snatched his driver from the bag. His driver! He teed up the ball on the wooden peg, gritted his teeth and tried to close his ears.

"Are you going to use that club?" asked Mr. Wommick in splendid astonishment.

Mr. McWhinney gazed with surprise at the club he had chosen, but such was the state of his temper that he could not admit error.

"You will," said Wommick, "knock a window out of the clubhouse."

"I'll knock out two windows if I want to," said Mac, putting all his jangling nerves into the shot. It was a wonderful drive. It would have flown quite 250 yards straight as an arrow but for the intervention of the flagpole. It was a tall flagpole and the ball encountered it more than halfway to the top. Such was the force of the blow that the spar trembled. The ball rebounded, and four sets of eyes followed its return flight and stared at it as it came to rest in the rough five yards ahead of the tee. Mr. McWhinney laid his driver carefully on the ground and jumped on it.

Weevil tried to use the wiles of the fox. "Lookit the airplane," he said, and as the necks craned upward to see the nonexistent aviator and an instant's silence reigned, he swung. But the silence was so brief, and the swing had, of necessity, to be so swift that he hit wholly with his stomach and not at all with his hands. The ball, half smothered, hooked sharply and buried itself in a humus heap not marked Under Repair. Mr. Weevil flung his mashie

after the ball and sat down on the bench with his fingers in his ears.

Wills sliced into the trap, and Wommick tried to talk and drive at once, while by mere will power he shut out the staccato sound of Banks' information that "all weakness take-outs are made after the dealer has bid and the second hand has passed."

His teed-up jigger shot was not a complete success. Instead of hitting beneath the ball with cut, he banged it square on the belt line. There was cut, but it was the cover of the ball which got it. It flew in a line not more than ten feet from the ground, over the green, into the woods, and disappeared beneath the beauties of the dogwood tree in full blossom.

McWhinney's second was in the trap. Eight strokes sufficed to disperse a ton of humus and unearth his ball for Weevil. Wills' club could be seen rising and falling in the trap rhythmically, accompanied by grunts. Wommick tried to play his ball out left-handed, using a goose-neck putter to that end, and reached the green in seven more. At last, somewhat red as to face, dry as to mouth and seething as to insides, every man was on the green, and two of them lay there in eight while two had reached their destination in nine. It was still anybody's match. Putting on the eighteenth was to decide the day!

McWhinney was away. As he started to putt, Wommick opened his mouth. He shut it again. He wet his lips and gulped. The other four watched him fascinated. But he was done. In an instant they saw it; he had cracked under the strain. Voice had departed, vocabulary was gone. In short, at the crucial moment he could think of nothing to say.

"Up and at him, Banks," shouted Weevil.

Banks, a little hoarse, a bit unsteady of voice, responded nobly. "The strength take-out is generally"—his voice faltered—"made with a major-suit bid. It takes two more tricks to score game in a minor than in a no-trump bid, and there are few deals in which a no-trumper held by one partner—"

Abruptly McWhinney sat down on the green.

"I move," he said tremulously, "we concede these putts. There ain't one over twenty feet. Give everybody a half. What's the difference, anyhow? The match is over. Wommick's dumb as a cigar-store Indian. Banks is one up at the end of eighteen. Wommick, shake hands with Banks like a sportin' loser."

BANKS extended his hand. "Every effort should be directed toward going game," he said. "Golf is an entertaining game. I've enjoyed your play. Thank you, gentlemen."

"Hold up a minute," said McWhinney. "What for?"

"I'm on the Greens Committee," said Mac. "I just want to notify you of a new local rule that gets posted tonight."

"What rule?"

"That bridge, if talked anywhere on the club property outside the lounge, shall constitute a hazard, and that any player can drop his ball 200 yards from it with a penalty of one stroke."

Mr. Wommick cleared his throat. "Gentlemen," he said, "a wise rule. As for myself, I have seen a great light. I am henceforward the world's foremost advocate of deaf-and-dumb golf."

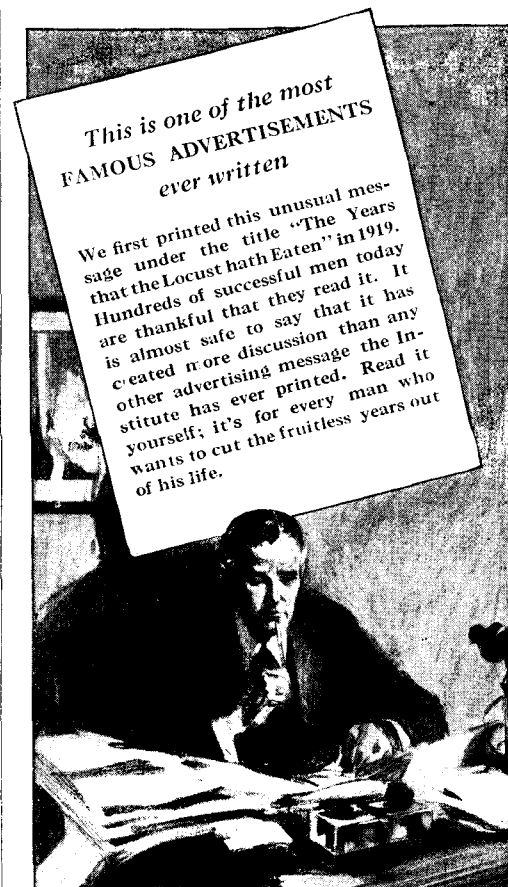
"Hear! Hear!"

"Furthermore," said McWhinney, "in any future contests between bridge and golf, golf shall automatically be granted a stroke a hole."

"If," asked Weevil, "golf is, as certain humorists have said, 'the hoof-and-mouth disease,' what is bridge?"

"Laryngeal epilepsy," said Mr. Wommick with profound conviction.

Many Able Men Waste Years before they learn this simple lesson



training and that the time to get that training is not next month or next year but *right now*.

The punishment of wasted years

This happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him detailed information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped more than 358,000 men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain the Institute's plan and method. And as he talked, naming one and another who now occupy high positions, he looked across at the gray-haired man, who was plainly disturbed by emotion.

The representative of the Institute turned away his eyes; he knew what that man was thinking. His thoughts were turned back over the fields of wasted opportunity; he was plagued by the thought of the years that the locust hath eaten.

Today's decision may save you tomorrow's regrets

You can hardly call this an advertisement about the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The facts about its Modern Business Course and Service have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated.

The average man could say them almost by heart. He knows that the Institute is the institution that specializes in taking men who know only one department of business, and rounding them out into fitness for high executive tasks.

He knows that 358,000 men are proof of its strength and standing; he knows that business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

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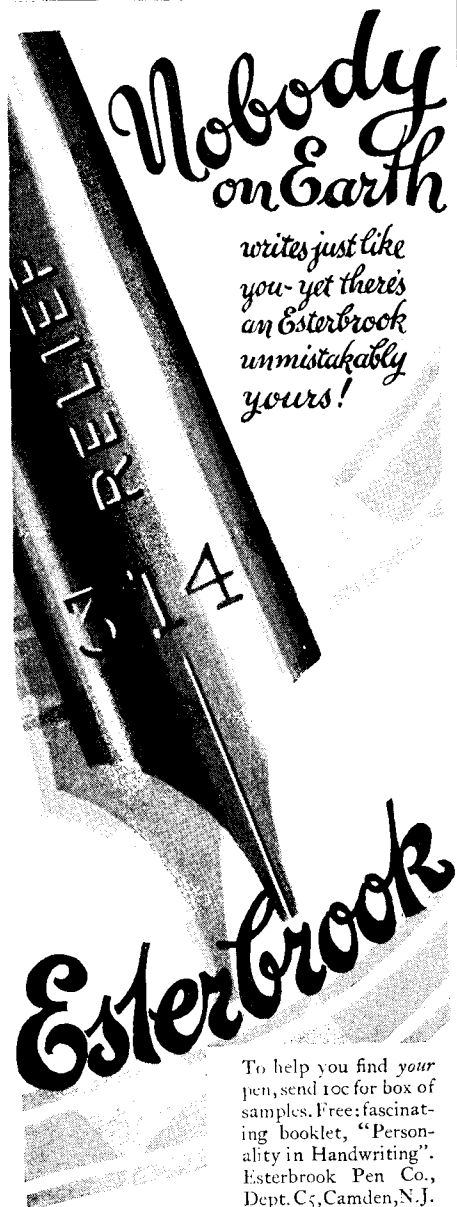


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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 15

"No one, except you, could ever turn Dad back from anything he wanted to do."

"You can help, Cliff. Your return an' the way you've been have struck him deep. It takes time for a change to work out in Clay. You must be patient. You must persuade. An' if Virginia is anythin' to you—hide it."

"Virginia is nothing to me, Mother," he said after a moment of astonishment at her speech.

"Cliff, I reckon it takes all the heart you have to keep to the task you've set yourself."

"All—and more, I'm afraid, Mother dear."

"MY SON, both your father an' I have taken a new lease on life since you came home. He doesn't know, but I do."

"Then you'll never hear me say anything like that again."

"I must tell you something that ought to be just as helpful," she went on, now in sweet seriousness. "It's about Virginia."

"But, Mother, I don't want to hear any more," returned Cliff, dreading he knew not what. It was as if he stood with blinded eyes on the verge of a precipice which, when he saw it, would draw him down.

"I reckon it's because you don't want me to that I will. Trust your mother, Cliff. . . . Do you remember Virginia as a little girl?"

"Not very little. She must have been ten or twelve, anyway. She was a red-headed imp always in sight somewhere."

"As a child she worshiped you. No one but me ever saw it. Then, as she grew up, an' her father an' yours became bitter enemies, she visited us less, an' finally never came. Now she's back an' I think that child worship of you is not dead. Only she's a woman now. Today she told me she had just ridden by the store. You sat outside asleep. You didn't wake an' she stopped, meaning to speak with you. But she didn't have the courage—you looked so white, so frail, so sad. Then she said to me: 'Oh, Mrs. Forrest, my heart broke. Tell me he is not going to die!' An' I told her I knew you were goin' to live. After that she perked up an' asked me if she an' I could not be good friends. But your father came, interrupting us."

"She is only sorry for me, Mother," he replied, with difficulty. "And I'd rather have her hate me, so that I could hate her."

"But hate is terrible, my son. It has ruined your father. If you let anyone hate you, or if you hate anyone, it will poison your blood."

"Mother dear, you are close to the angels." It touched Clifton deeply that his mother should champion Virginia Lundeen, and in her blindness of affection and goodness attach undue sentiment to Virginia's words and actions. Clifton did not dare accept his mother's interpretation.

His father came in, weary and dark, and ate his supper in silence. Soon afterward Clifton went to the little room that had been turned over to him and which once had been Virginia Lundeen's. The very bed upon which he sat in the darkness to undress had been hers, so his mother had assured him, as if there could have been sweetness in the knowledge.

Half undressed, he stretched out on the bed, thankful that he need move no more for hours. The internal strife of blood and nerve, of the very cells of his

bones, gradually quieted. In the blackness and solitude, alone with his soul, he could not adhere to doubt, to hate, to mocking bitterness. And the face of Virginia Lundeen, with the lovely troubled eyes, hung over his pillow.

He saw her standing in the archway of the home that had been his, crying out: "My God, is it possible you don't know!" And he pictured her from his mother's words, watching him asleep, helpless, unguarded, with his secret for anyone to read. Clifton repudiated that heart-moving vision of her. It was an illusion. It was his mother's imagining. It was only Virginia's pity. Nevertheless, whatever it might be, out of it welled a melancholy happiness that warred with reason and survived into his dreams.

Next morning, as he plodded out to endure the long walk to his work, he espied his father plying a spade in the garden. And the sight was a cheering one for the beginning of another interminable day. All his father had done was to sit and brood, or walk endlessly under the cottonwoods, unable to shake off the calamity that had befallen him. That, to Clifton and his mother, was more saddening than the calamity itself.

Clifton slipped along, careful not to be seen, and the walk to the store was not so much of a hateful ordeal. A waiting customer furnished another surprise. What a little thing could revive hope and keep it alive a moment! His chair did not see him fall asleep that day. And somehow he got home without fear that he might drop, never to get up again.

Days followed then, slowly dragging, not inspired, each one sapping his little vitality, which seemed mostly of spirit. And then there came one of the nightmare nights from which he had been mercifully free since his start for home. He did not know what had induced it. But mental depression seized upon him and tightened its grip. He could not get to sleep. The past weighed upon him, phantoms and furies raged, and when he did fall asleep it was to be plunged into a horrible dream, as violent to his physical being as had been the thing it pictured. So when the day came he was already exhausted.

YET he went to work, and it took all day to recover from the exertion. He remained late, hoping his father would come, as he had several times. But at length he started out alone . . . and by sunset he was crawling on hands and knees, as once he had crawled on the battle field, badly wounded, yet with less agony.

He heard the hoofbeats of a horse close behind him in the road. He would be seen. It goaded him to the last remnant of his strength and then he sank face down.

Swift, light footsteps pattered in the trail. He heard the swish of brush—a poignant cry. Someone knelt beside him. Strong arms lifted him, drew him to a sitting posture. He had one glimpse of Virginia Lundeen's face, terror-stricken, then his head fell upon her breast.

"Oh, Clifton—Clifton!" she cried, holding him tight. "What's happened?"

"I—gave—out," he panted.

"Is it only that? You were dragging yourself along. I thought you an animal. It scared my horse. . . . Oh, you must be terribly ill. You look so—so—"

"I thought I—was dying."

"What shall I do? What can I do?" she moaned. Clifton felt himself rocked

to and fro in her arms. She was kneeling and holding him up. He saw her pull a gauntlet off with her teeth. Then a trembling hand touched his wet forehead, smoothed back his hair, moved warm across his cheek and lips.

"Don't take on so," he whispered. "Maybe I'm—just all in."

"But something should be done," she implored. "I'll run for help—then ride home, get a car and fetch the doctor."

"Wait until—we see. . . . Maybe it's nothing. . . . I'm such a coward."

"Coward!" she cried, her voice deep and eloquent with scornful denial. He felt his head rise softly with the heave of her breast. And her heart sounded like a muffled drum. She hung over him. Her hair touched his face. She was bareheaded, her sombrero lying where evidently she had flung it. She was bending over him. Hot tears fell upon his cheek. Her touch, that even a half-dead man could not mistake, sharply affected him to the point of uplift. He had not the desire, even if the strength had been granted him, to move out of her arms.

Not for moments did he remember his physical state, and then he guessed it was just the old revolt of outraged nature, driven to the limit this time. As he realized gradual recovery, he dismissed a vague, dreamy thought of how sweet it would be to die in her arms.

"Help me to a seat—there," he said, indicating a low section of the broken wall.

"I am—quite beside myself," she replied, with a confused laugh that told she had at least become conscious of her aberration. She lifted him with ease.

"YOU'RE strong," returned Clifton, marveling at her, and he found that with her arm locked in his he could sit up steadily. Her lovely, tear-wet, flushed face would have dispelled all hate. And for the moment her tenderness, her astounding grief at his plight, had dissipated hate, resentment, doubt, all that he had imagined he had ever felt toward her.

"There. You're better. I'm so glad. . . . Oh, Clifton, I was frightened."

"Why?" he asked, fascinated.

"Even if you'd been a stranger, I would have been frightened. But you! . . . On the ship, on the train, up at the house that dreadful day you came—and down here, I was frightened for you. But not like this. . . . Oh, my heart is pounding now."

"Even for a stranger? And of course I'm that. I'm glad you said it."

"Yes, indeed, Clifton Forrest, you are a stranger. For once you liked me—years ago when I was a happy kid—long before the shame of this day to me and the sorrow to you."

"Virginia, I hardly knew you," he protested.

"You've forgotten. . . . You used to wave to me as you rode by. Then you made eyes at me. And once in the old post you caught me alone—you kissed me."

Clifton awoke to realities, to the void absence and war had made in his memory, to the hot blood that tinged his cheek.

"Did I? I had indeed forgotten. So much of the past is dark in my mind."

"There! You've made that strange move with your hand," she burst out impulsively. "You did it on the ship—on the train. And that day up at the house. Now you have done it again. Four times. Clifton, why do you do that?"

"What move? What do you mean?"
 "You pass your open hand before your eyes. It's a slow, strange action. You do not touch your eyes. You seem to brush something away. As if a shadow dimmed them, and you could remove it."

"It's unconscious. I never knew I did that. It must be to brush away pictures that never fade."

"Of what you've seen and suffered?" she asked softly.

"Yes, of what I've seen, surely."

"Clifton, you're doing the most wonderful thing I ever knew a man to do. You were a knight of my childish dreams. Now you are a hero. You had made your sacrifice. You came home beaten and broken. You found all changed—your father crushed, your mother sorrowing, both without even the comforts of life. Cheated out of their home—to grow old, poor and miserable! . . . And instead of succumbing you rise like a giant to conquer fate, catastrophe, death itself. Oh, how I honor you for this courage!"

"Virginia, you—you are making strong statements," he faltered. "I can only believe—you're overcome by my—our troubles—and the excitement of finding me on all fours, like a crippled dog."

"Overcome, yes, and I have been overcome ever since you fell at my feet. . . . Clifton, do you hate me because I am a Lundeen?"

"I'm only human."

"But I had nothing to do with the ruin of your family. If I owned Cottonwoods right now, I'd give it back. And if I ever own it, I will."

"Dad wouldn't take it."

"Would you?"

"Never from you."

"But why? If my father will not right a wrong, why should I be deprived of the happiness of doing it?"

"It would be too late then."

"You wouldn't take anything from me?"

"No."

"Clifton Forrest, your nobility does not extend to helping others besides your own people," she said, showing a bitter hurt.

"Don't talk sentimental nonsense," he returned with passion. "How could I ever help you? My God! . . . You—a young, beautiful woman! Healthy, strong, supple, clean-boned, who can ride like the wind! Rich! With home, doting parents, friends by the hundreds. You talk like a fool."

"I do not," she flashed spiritedly. "I may have good looks. That's a matter of opinion. I am well and strong, thank Heaven, and if I have to work you bet I can do it. But I haven't any home—any real home. I'd rather be here, where I lived so long. My mother does not side with me in anything. She lives in mortal fear of Father. I despise his greedy soul. It's dreadful to confess. But I think I do. And if he keeps on trying to make me marry Malpass I shall hate him. . . . You're not the only one in terrible trouble, Clifton."

TEARS of anger and shame fell unrestrainedly, and reproach darkened her eyes.

"Well, of all things! Virginia, I'm sorry. I apologize," returned Forrest, aghast. "Malpass! Isn't he the fellow who used to hire the vaqueros at San Luis? Dark, slick, fire-eyed Mexican?"

"You know him, Clifton. He is now my father's partner. He's a crook. It is he who hatched the plot that ruined your people. He absolutely dominates Father. And he will ruin him too if he does not get his way."

"Which means if he does not get you?"

"Precisely. Malpass is too smooth to hint that. But I know it."

"Is he in love with you?" asked Clif-

ton, with an inexplicable curiosity he could not resist.

"He has been for years, since I was sixteen. I didn't believe all Father's rant about it. But lately I have found it out. The more I repulse him the madder he gets. I think opposition has fanned his desire. He wants to take me to Mexico City, to Havana, then to Spain. Raves about how he'd show me off in courts—exquisite gowns, diamonds, pearls. Oh, you should hear him!"

"Thanks," returned Clifton dryly. "but I don't care to. . . . Virginia, how are you going to beat that combination?"

"I don't know. It's maddening. But if he got the best of me I—I'd kill him."

"No. That'd never do for you. I'll tell you, Virginia. Marry someone else pronto."

"Marvelous idea. I've had it myself. But whom?" she returned, with unreadable, dark eyes on his.

"Haven't you lots of—of admirers, among whom there's a fine chap whom you could care for?"

"You ask me that!"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Very well, suppose you choose for me."

"But, you child, I don't know your friends," he expostulated.

"You know the one I want most for a friend or—for—"

"Virginia!" he gasped. "Am I crazy or are you?"

"I'M QUITE sane," she replied. Her rounded cheek was no longer rosy. It shone pearly in the afterglow of sunset. "Suppose I ride down to San Luis tomorrow. Fetch a padre over to your store. . . . We'll keep it secret till the storm breaks. Then I'll laugh in that smiling devil's face!"

"I—I don't quite know how to take you," replied Clifton. "If you're serious, you're out of your head."

"Clifton, I am proposing to you—that you save me from their machinations."

"But, my God, you can't, you mustn't throw yourself away on a shell of a man like me."

"I fail to see the sacrifice. It would save me and might right a cruel wrong some day. And I could help you get well even though we kept our secret. Do I understand you to refuse?"

"Yes. What else could I do?" he replied faintly.

"Oh, because your father hates the very ground a Lundeen treads on. But I can't help my name. I am asking you to change it for me."

"No, Virginia, not because Dad hates your father. But because this would not be right or fair to you. He'd disinherit you. And I would only be a burden."

"You say that for an excuse. You must share your father's hate. . . . Oh, Clifton Forrest! You will never know."

"I tell you, I don't hate you," he cried desperately.

"And I tell you I don't believe you. . . . But this is cruel of me. You've had an awful day. And I, selfish woman, have made it worse for you. . . . Come, let me help you to the house."

"I can go alone. Dad might see you—insult you."

He rose, and she did likewise, still with firm hand on his arm.

"Are you sure you can make it?"

"Yes. I've rested. I'm all right."

"Let me see you walk."

He started off steadily enough.

"Good-by—Clifton," she called low. The gloom swallowed her before he could muster voice to answer. As he walked on under the whispering cottonwoods he stopped beside one to lean a moment. Then he heard the rapid hoofbeats of a running horse.

(To be continued next week)



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How would You play it?

North

♠ 9-5-2
♥ 9-8-6-4
♦ J-6-4
♣ 9-4-2

East

♠ A-K-J-10
♥ 7-3-2
♦ Q-9-7
♣ 8-5-3

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

West

♠ Q-8-6-3
♥ K-J-5
♦ A-10-5
♣ K-J-6

South

♠ 7-4
♥ A-Q-10
♦ K-8-3-2
♣ A-Q-10-7

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the bidding and playing follows:

The Auction

South opened the first round with one No Trump, West doubled, North passed, and East bid two Spades. On the second round South, West and North, of course, passed, and East therefore obtained the contract at two Spades.

The only Auction Bridge question in the bidding of this hand would be whether South should start by bidding one No Trump or one Club. The hand has ample strength to justify a No Trump. But in it there lurks a No Trump danger signal in the shape of a worthless doubleton. A worthless doubleton is not, however, nearly so great a menace as a worthless singleton; and with this type of hand a No Trump as a general rule works better than a four-card minor.

In this particular hand it did not make the least difference which bid South made because West would have doubled a Club just as willingly as he doubled the No Trump. If, after the Club double, East bid anything but a Spade, West would bid No Trump; but if East bid a Spade, West probably would let the Spade stand—having four in his own hand and Diamonds stopped only once.

In Contract Bridge, the bidding would be somewhat more interesting. South would start with No Trump, West would double, and East would bid three Spades (to show more strength than merely four weak ones); after which West, with his powerful hand over South's No Trump would bid four Spades.

The Play

South's opening lead against East's Spade contract was difficult but he naturally gave the preference to four Diamonds headed by the King, rather than to four Clubs headed by Ace-Queen-Ten; as it turned out, his guess was unfortunate. With the cards distributed as they happened to be the trump would have been his most effective opening, but that he could not tell.

East won the first Diamond trick with the Queen and at once started the leading-through game with a small

Heart. South played the Ten, hoping that Dummy would play the King; but he finessed the Jack. Declarer then got out one round of Trumps and at the same time put Closed Hand in the lead with the Jack.

The Heart lead through South was repeated at trick 4, but South this time won with the Ace. South now made what he considered his most harmless lead—the Queen of Hearts—which Dummy took with the King.

On trick 6, Closed Hand was placed in the lead with the Ten of Spades and the next attack through strength was made by trying the Club suit; on East's Club lead South, hoping that Dummy would play the King, again played small and again Dummy won with the Jack.

At trick 8, a trump lead placed Closed Hand in the lead for the third time and exhausted the adverse trumps.

To trick 9, a second Club was led from Closed Hand, on which South played the Ace; and to trick 10, South led a Club, that again being his safest way out of an awkward dilemma. West (Dummy) won with the King and Declarer, being able to mark the King of Diamonds in the South hand, coolly knocked two of his trumps together and put Closed Hand in the lead for the fourth time. This, of course, was followed by a Diamond lead from Closed Hand through South's King and toward Dummy's Ace-Ten which, the Queen and Jack having been played on the first trick, had become a Major tenace. It mattered not whether South played the King or a small Diamond; West had the last two tricks, whether South played the King or a small Diamond, and Declarer made eleven tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	East
♠ K-Q-4-2	♠ A-7
♥ 8-2	♥ K-6-4
♦ 10-6-5-2	♦ 9-8-7-4-3
♣ 9-6-3	♣ K-8-5
West	South
♠ J-10-9	♠ 8-6-5-3
♥ 7-5	♥ A-Q-J-10-9-3
♦ A-K-Q-J	♦ None
♣ J-10-7-2	♣ A-Q-4

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Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 28

"That," Martin Hews admitted, "may probably be your salvation. Let us refresh our memory concerning him."

From a drawer on the left-hand side of his desk he drew out a black morocco-bound volume, fastened with a lock. He selected a key from his bunch, opened it, glanced down the alphabetical index, and studied two closely written pages. At the bottom of the latter was a small photograph. He held the book out to me.

"Your friend, I think."

"That is the man," I assented.

"Leopold's career," he confided, "has points of interest. In his younger days, he was a suspected illicit diamond buyer and had to leave Africa at a moment's notice. He was also tried for murder, and there seems to have been no doubt that he and two of his associates really did shoot the man to whom the Reitzvontein Mine belonged, and by a fraudulently signed agreement became the sole owners of the property instead of holding only a tenth share. His later enterprises are connected with the floating of various doubtful companies, and his reputation in the city is not what it was. At the same time, he appears to be rich, and spends a great deal of money, although the mine is no longer a paying concern. He would come into touch with Joseph quite naturally on this illicit diamond-buying business, and there is not the slightest reason that I can see why he should not be connected with him at present. That is for us to discover."

"I might have a stroke of luck there, sir," I ventured.

He looked across at me speculatively.

"That is possible," he admitted. "No one is so likely to succeed with a clever man as a man whom that clever man believes to be a fool. I may still be able to make use of you, Owston. I am not sure for the moment how, but I have an idea. This little wild cat leans to you as much as to her own men. Something may come of that."

"If I could find your niece, and bring her back, sir," I assured him, "I should be quite content to have you chuck me out afterward."

"If YOU could do that," he acknowledged, "there is no telling what might happen, for you would relieve me of a great anxiety. I like to live with a clear mind, and a clear conscience. You may think that I run great risks. I do not. I have one of the best lawyers in the world to protect me, and to see that I evade the penalties of my necessarily sometimes illegal actions. I have at least a dozen fighting assassins to protect my person, to watch me and deal with those who would do me harm. I have a secret-service agency in London in which I employ a certain number of trained and highly capable men. My house here is, since that accident the other night, at any rate, impregnable. No one can reach this apartment in which I am, against my will. I live here in joy because I live with more of the world's treasures to worship than any human being knows of. But I have a secret—a secret which only two people know. One is seldom very far from the end of my revolver; the other is my niece. That is why I want her back."

I stared at him fixedly. It was hard to conceive of egoism so absolute. In a moment or two he went on again:

"In this matter of the return of my niece you will be able to help, if not directly, indirectly. You probably are one of those human beings who make a special appeal to women. I see that

there are lines underneath your eyes today, a grim set about your mouth. You are disturbed about my niece perhaps."

"I am more than disturbed about Miss Essiter," I assured him. "I have not seen a great deal of her, naturally, but I have the greatest admiration and respect—if I dared to say so, I would add, notwithstanding our brief acquaintance, affection for your niece."

Martin Hews indulged for a moment in a grimace which always filled me with horror. He laughed. It reminded me of nothing so much as of a rough sketch of a devilish leering at its mate, which I had once seen, made by a futurist artist in a moment of intoxication at an all-night party.

"Excellent!" he murmured as he sat looking at me with parted lips. "Several millions my niece will probably inherit some day, unless I found a museum, Major Owston. A young lady to inspire affection, without a doubt!"

THERE was the usual summons of a visitor demanding admittance. Martin Hews pressed the knob. The door opened, and Rachel came storming in.

Rachel's outburst of anger was short-lived, and the words seemed to die away upon her lips. There was something about the atmosphere of this so curiously impressive apartment which seemed almost to sterilize passion. Martin Hews pointed to a chair. His manner had become very grave and subdued. A stranger might have believed that he was really sympathetic.

"Young lady," he confided, "I have bad news for you. I beg that you will prepare yourself for it. The news will distress you, I am sure, but there is a redeeming feature about it. It will give you your liberty."

"Well, that's something, at any rate!" the girl exclaimed. "I'm sick of this old barracks—fed up with it. I suppose it's Jim? Have the cops got him?"

"Jim Donkin is dead," he announced. "His wound gave him great trouble on board ship, an operation became necessary, under which he succumbed. I received a wireless message from the captain this morning."

"So that's that!" the girl muttered, looking with hard eyes straight in front of her.

"I was under a promise to Donkin to give you shelter here and protection from Joseph. I have kept my word. At his death my responsibility ceases. You are free to go when you choose."

"Well, that will be now," the girl declared, without hesitation. "Poor old Jim!" she added, with a sudden break in her voice.

For a moment her head was buried in her hands. Martin Hews looked across at her with an air of gentle curiosity. There seemed to be nothing I could say.

"Poor old Jim!" she repeated at last, looking up. "I'm sorry. He had to go, though. I knew very well that Joseph was the better man. Joseph was his master, although Jim did steal a march on him once. Joseph would have had me in the end, anyway."

Martin Hews sighed.

"Joseph is a very troublesome fellow," he observed.

"Has he been spoiling any more deals?" the girl asked, with a shadow of a smile upon her tear-stained face.

"He has done something a great deal more offensive to me," was the grave reply. "Show the young lady the note you received this afternoon, Owston."

I handed it across to her.

(Continued on page 56)

A Monument



And monuments have commemorated objects less entitled to the honor.

IF France considered the inventor of Camembert Cheese worthy of a monument—unveiled a few months ago—why should not Germany erect a monument to Sauerkraut? Altho other countries claim it originated with them, and its fame has spread to every land, it is still the national dish of the Fatherland—and our main health food—and deserves our national recognition.

Altho this suggestion, at first blush, may cause a smile, it was serious, and future sightseers along the Rhine may admire a novel memorial.

Appreciation of Sauerkraut today is world-wide. America, too, is fast approaching Germany in its love of the famous dish. Its wholesomeness, its health qualities, its economical merits have placed it on the menus of hospitals, sanitariums, hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, dining cars and in thousands of homes.

Surprising? No. Dietitians from Metchnikoff on, tell us of its vitamins for general welfare; its lactic ferments to keep the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs; its mineral salts for the blood, teeth and bones, and its roughage for peristaltic action.

"Though many think of Sauerkraut," wrote a dietitian recently, "only as a food, it is also a tonic and a delicacy. It is an effective tonic even for those who are not ill. It has been used for years as a dish to keep persons feeling fit. It is one of the best blood purifiers, and for that reason has been called a beautifier."



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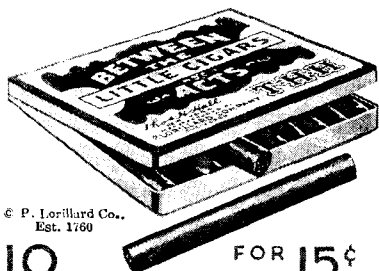
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Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 55

"What's this mean?" she demanded suspiciously, taking it into her hand but not at once reading it.

"A great deal of trouble for us," Martin Hews acknowledged. "Keeping my bargain with Donkin has cost me dearly. I am plunged into the depths of distress. My niece, Miss Essiter, whom you have seen here, has disappeared."

"Get on with it," Rachel enjoined eagerly. "Do you mean that Joseph has copped her?"

"My niece was dining in the West End with Major Owston here last evening, and afterward they visited a night club. Major Owston was inveigled into the secretary's room, and declares that he was drugged. At any rate, he woke up in a police cell, and my niece has disappeared."

THE girl was mercurial in her emotions. Her momentary spasm of grief seemed to be forgotten. She threw herself back in her chair, and her fine white teeth flashed as she shook with laughter.

"Bravo, Joe!" she exclaimed. "That's what you get for cooping me up here."

Then for the first time she seemed to remember the letter in her hand. She took it up, and read it through word by word. Its sense appeared to steal into her comprehension gradually. She dropped it in the end as though she had been stung.

"So that's it, is it?" she muttered viciously. "'A creature of the slums and alleys,' am I? Taken your niece for his girl, has he? We'll see!"

"Joseph is scarcely likely to proceed to such extremes," my employer said soothingly, but with an evil note of banter in his tone. "He is probably holding her as a hostage until I give you up. That time has now arrived. You can go to him at once, tell him that Donkin is dead and that you are free. You can let him know also, if you like, that I think it is almost time we stopped cutting each other's throats. I never part with a friend while he is alive. Donkin was my man, and I stuck to him. With Donkin dead, things have changed. He knows whom to approach if he wishes to get into touch with me. You can tell him to start with I'll give him thirty thousand pounds for the Borghese Medallions. He won't be able to show them even in America for years to come."

It is my belief that the girl had scarcely heard a word he said. She was all the time seated with her eyes riveted upon that sheet of paper. It was only the silence when he had finished which at last seemed to distract her from it.

"So I can go?" she said.

My employer nodded.

"Our friend, Major Owston here, is returning to London by the next train. There will be a car waiting at the door for you in a quarter of an hour. He will escort you to London. If you need money or anything of that sort until you rejoin your friends, Mr. Yardsley of Elm Street Chambers will provide it."

She stood with one arm akimbo, her other hand flat upon her smooth, shapely hip.

"I want none of your money," she declared scornfully. "What if I go straight to the police station? I've been kept a prisoner here, haven't I? It's a free country. You see what you've done. You've kept me away from my man, and he's took another. What have you got to say about that?"

She left the room. My employer watched her with expressionless face. As soon as the door was closed his

cheeks were puffed out, his lips parted. He grinned across at me.

"Did you see how I handled her?" he demanded, conceit reeking in his tone and every movement. "She's not going to look about her very much. She wants a word or two with Joseph. If they give her the chance, Major, I shouldn't be at all surprised if she didn't pay me a visit, or you, before many hours are passed. Do you know I am feeling quite reconciled toward your stupidity. I am not sure that this temporary separation from my dear niece may not bring about our greatly desired end. A furious woman has been the ruin of greater men than Joseph."

"Any other matters to report, Major, before you leave?" he asked.

"There is one thing more, sir," I told him. "I believe that I saw Joseph—at a dinner party given by Lord Farendon at Claridge's, and again at the moment I met with my misfortune in the Blue Skies night club."

"You really are developing gifts of reticence," my employer sneered. "It amazes me to think that you have sat there for the best part of an hour, talking about comparative trifles, and have not vouchsafed me that interesting piece of information."

"It is just an idea—an inspiration, if I may use the term. He sat facing me, at a table in the restaurant, and he looked at both your niece and myself—how shall I say?—with the air of one who recognizes and expects to be recognized. His eyes deliberately mocked me. I could imagine him distinctly as the man who led his gang in the attack upon this house, and I could imagine him also as the man leaning over the end of my bed. It was this same man who looked up from behind the desk in the secretary's office at the Blue Skies, and grinned at me five seconds before I passed out."

"Your suggestions," my employer admitted, "are full of interest. Try your hand at describing him."

I DID my best, although it was not an easy task. I looked through a dozen snapshots he pushed across to me and could do no more than find a vague likeness in any one of them.

"If he really is a man who has entry to society of that sort," Martin Hews continued thoughtfully, "it might account for several little things which have happened to me during the last year. After all, why shouldn't he? Anyone can dine with a lord, provided his bank account is large enough. What name was he passing under?"

"I got a maitre d'hôtel to bring me a list of guests," I said. "There was something queer about that too. He was put down as simply Mr. X."

"Not so good," my employer regretted. "A man as clever as Joseph would have a name and an identity, and plenty of corroboration ready at hand, just in the same way as he would never commit a murder without having established an alibi. You have a list of the guests with you, Owston?"

"Here, sir," I replied, handing it to him.

"It may amuse me," he remarked, glancing at the names, "to set this affair in train after your departure. Report to me anything the young woman says or does of significance during the journey, and do not—you would scarcely, I am sure, be guilty of such imbecility—attempt to follow her at Liverpool Street Station."

I could make little of Rachel on the way to London. She sat curled up in

a corner seat of the first-class carriage, her eyes looking steadily out of the window, a disfiguring scowl upon her face. Only once her lips moved, and she was evidently talking to herself. I fancied then that she repeated that unhappy description, "a creature of the slums and alleys." As we drew near Liverpool Street, I was obliged to speak to her.

"What about money?" I asked.

"Keep it," she answered. "I have plenty."

She rose to her feet, shook out her skirts, smoothed her hair, and accepted the hat which I had picked up. She studied her reflection in the looking glass, and made an almost obscene grimace.

"Ugly, ain't I?" she demanded, facing me defiantly.

"I have seen you look beautiful," I told her. "The night you came to me in Down Street, for instance."

For one moment there was a natural expression in her eyes.

"Beautiful, eh?" she murmured. "I didn't get much out of it, did I? You were too much in love with Joseph's last fancy, I suppose. Well, she's gone down the sink, anyhow, along with the rest of them."

I TOOK her by the shoulders and shook her none too gently.

"Don't dare to say such a thing, you little ragamuffin!"

"All right, all right!" she jeered, "you wait. You may get a surprise before long. Lot of stick-in-the-muds, ain't you? There's Mr. Martin Hews, as cunning as they make 'em; your old lawyer fellow Yardsley, who was to pay me money if I wanted to go to him; there's Bloor, the Scotland Yard detective, and the Lord knows how many of them, all after Joseph. And you can't find him. You don't know what he's like. You don't know whether he's a gentleman or a coster, and I could tell you—I could tell you all about him. I'd be found on the pavement the next morning, and I'd be buried before the week was out, but I could tell you all right. He's clever, Joseph is. Talk about brains; there's none of you can match him, but he's a devil all the same. He's a bigger devil than the Puck-faced mummy of yours over at the mansion."

"Why did you leave him for Donkin?" I asked.

"Because he brought another girl down," she confided. "That's the reason, if you want to know it, mister. Jim was all right, but he wasn't in Joseph's class. I did it in a temper, you see. I do things sometimes like that. I'm always afraid that some day—"

She broke off, realizing the interest with which I was listening.

"Talking a bit, ain't I? Never mind. No harm done. And you're thinking—shall I tell you what you're thinking about?"

"You'd be clever if you could," I replied.

"You're wondering what I'll do if I find Joseph with her. That's what's dancing up and down in your mind. You'd like to tell me what to do, wouldn't you? That little ogre back at the mansion would, anyway."

I leaned forward in my place. We were drawn up on a great tangle of tracks just outside the station, lights flashing on each side, and trains everywhere coming and passing.

"Rachel," I said, "listen to me for a moment. I want to get Joseph if I

(Continued on page 58)

Horning In

By Jack Binns

MERLE JOHNSTON has visions of training the saxophone in musical ethics so that it will be accepted in the polite society of the concert stage. It is an ambitious object, especially when one considers that the adherents of classical music look upon the saxhorn as the ringleader around which all the worst expressions of jazz originate.

Maybe he will succeed, maybe he won't, but Merle is quite an experimenter. Long before he became a featured saxophone soloist on the N. B. C. chains, he was a trombonist by nature and a pianist by predilection. That was the condition in which he found himself when he joined the orchestra at Clarkson Institute of Technology.

Fortunately for radio Clarkson Tech was somewhat surfeited with operators of the trombone, and quite a number of its budding engineers were skillful in the manipulation and higher mathematics of the piano-forte. The institute, however, was woefully lacking in fundamental knowledge of the saxophone—in fact, to be historically correct, there was no such device in the college.

Merle accepted the inevitable and instituted a personally conducted tour of the near-by villages. It is recorded that his trip ultimately resulted in the discovery of an old brass reed, upon which he began serious experiments for the glory of his Alma Mater. This devoted work finally gave Clarkson Tech a new instrument for its ensemble of musical servitude.

Such is the background upon which he begins his new venture. He has two alto and one tenor saxophones. Maybe, if he can obtain and train a soprano horn he will succeed in introducing the outcast into the enchanted realm of the musical four hundred.

Prolonging the Malady

The Federal Radio Commission has entered upon a truce with the broadcast stations of the country. Quite appropriately the truce becomes effective on Armistice Day, and grants an amnesty to the battalion of stations that has been warring upon the "public convenience, interest and necessity" ever since it invaded the public ether.

What a situation! The Federal Radio Commission was created to protect the public interest, not that of the broadcasters. When it came into being the task of eliminating more than three hundred unnecessary broadcasters confronted it. For a year and a half the commission has labored in an apparent effort to figure out some way in which these unwanted stations could continue their unimportant and unnecessary existence. In this respect the new order succeeds admirably, and now the public interest can await the convenience of the broadcasters.

Probably no other public body, with the full force of law behind it, has ever proceeded so timorously about

its task as has the radio commission. Even the backing of an overwhelming public opinion, demanding action, has failed to stir the commission, or remove the fear which seems to be deep-rooted in the commissioners that the law by which they exist is unconstitutional.

The faint-hearted commission has been beaten from the day it took office. What the cause is no one seems to know. It may be due to differences of opinion that are irreconcilable. It may be something else. Whatever it is there is no denying the commission has the power and the machinery to act in the public interest. So far it has failed. It is now high time to appoint a dictator who will enforce the law, or else a new set of commissioners who will work together to produce the same result.

Canning the Surplus

Two new companies interested in the operation of a Pacific Coast chain have combined to lend a helping hand to the small station struggling desperately for program material. They plan to record, by sound process on a movie film, the original programs as they are given in the studio for the chain. The films will then be distributed to the small independent stations for subsequent reproduction. In this manner the small station can have a quality program at a small cost, or perhaps less cost than its present inferior program.

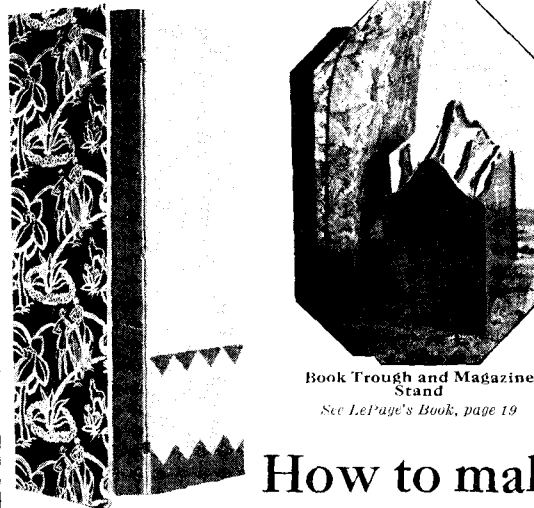
The scheme is certainly ingenious. It also gives all in range an opportunity to hear again some particularly good program.

The plan is unique, and quite important to the small station owner—yet one cannot get away from the fact that the programs will be "canned" music.

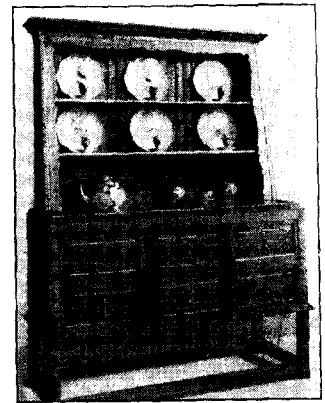
Very Loud Speakers

Miss Louise Swann of St. Paul, Minn., suggests that all man-made static is not electrical. She asks: "How about the room crowded with extremely talkative people apparently 'listening' to a radio?"

I agree with you, Louise, but—Radio engineers designed the power tubes and dynamic speakers to cure that kind of static, and promptly got themselves in Dutch with apartment-house dwellers. Now the latter are complaining to the Federal Radio Commission. The commissioners advise them to tell it to the magistrate. So you see we are running around in circles again.



Book Trough and Magazine Stand
See LePage's Book, page 19



Old Salem Ship's Cupboard
See LePage's Book, page 5

Modernistic Folding Screen
See LePage's Book, page 12

How to make your own Household Furniture

LePage's Latest Book Shows How—for Yourself; for Christmas Gifts

LePage's latest book, the new "Third Home Work Shop Book," contains complete, easy-to-follow directions for making 20 attractive pieces of household furniture, of which 17 are entirely new and never offered before.

This year the designs are divided into three groups. One group is based on famous old colonial pieces. Another group follows the furniture in popular demand for American homes of today. The third group is known as modernistic furniture, showing the influence of the modern skyscraper set-back architecture of New York City. To buy 20 such pieces would cost about \$1,000. You can make them for a fraction of that, yet be the owner of truly fine furniture.

Designed by Expert

All the designs, dimension drawings, actual pieces and photographs were made by William W. Klenke, Instructor in Woodworking, Central Commercial and Manual Training High School, Newark, New Jersey. Also the designer of the first two LePage's Books. Each

project and the directions for making it are perfectly practical.

In addition to the three pieces shown above, the book includes the following: Cape Cod Chest of Drawers, Alexandria Nest of Tables, Lady Washington Sewing Cabinet, Modernistic Book Shelves, Desk, Table, and Fire Screen, Smoking Table, Cane Side Chair, China or Book Cabinet, Magazine Carrier, Vanity Case, Book Stand, Fernery Stand, Folding Sewing Screen, Plymouth Built-In China Closet, and Chess and Checkers Table. Where else could you get complete directions for making all these for only 10 cents?

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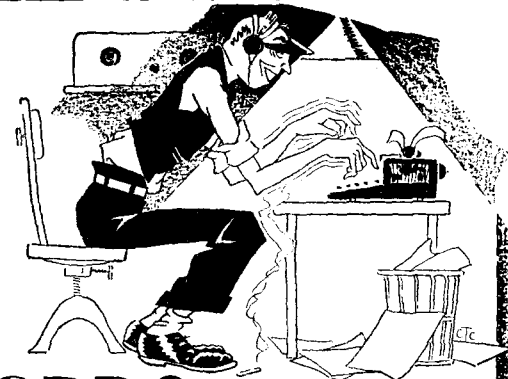
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Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 56



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can. That's part of my job in life, but, more than that by a long way, I want to make sure that Beatrice Essiter comes to no harm. I want her back again safely. Do you get me?"

She nodded.

"I'm not going to follow you," I continued. "I don't care where the devil you go to. If you're off to the slums looking for Joseph, I know jolly well you won't find what I want there, for if your man isn't a fool—if he's serious about her—he isn't going to begin by dragging her down to that part of the world. It isn't there I'm coming to look for her, at any rate, and there's nothing else I want to do but just that one thing. I want to find Beatrice Essiter, and after that I don't care what happens. Joseph can go to hell his own way, or any way you like to take him."

SHE was roused at last. She sat up; and her eyes sparkled.

"You're the first man I've met, anyway," she declared, "who put the girl before the job."

"You haven't lived long," I told her curtly, "and you haven't lived very widely. Anyway, you know the truth now," I added, as we glided into Liverpool Street Station. "You say you don't want any money, and there's nothing else I can do for you. Well, then, off you go, young woman, and the best of luck to you!"

She gave me her slim, nervous hand, hot and feverish in mine.

"You're a good fellow of your sort," she said, a little awkwardly, "and Joseph's a devil. I sometimes think he's Satan himself, but if I lived to be a hundred years old he'd be my man."

I last saw her sprinting across the broad platform toward the first of a rank of waiting taxis. I saw her pause on the step of the first while she looked around. A flickering light flashed upon her face, and its lines seemed suddenly strained, almost ominous. She stood on tiptoe, as though to whisper the address to the driver. Then she sprang inside and disappeared.

I found a hastily written note from Bloor at my rooms, explaining that he was very busy, but would come round the moment he could leave the Yard, probably between nine and ten, and at eight o'clock that evening, looking perhaps even more dejected than I felt, I was ushered into Mr. Leopold's very luxurious suite of rooms in Berkeley Street. My host, partly dressed and wearing a plum-colored dressing gown of thick satin, greeted me warmly.

"The cocktails at once, Maurice," he ordered, addressing the man who had admitted me. "Sit down, Major. Well, how goes it?"

"Badly," I admitted.

"No word of the young lady?"

"Nothing. We have an idea, though, as to what has become of her, and her uncle is furious. He has turned me out of the house, and given me the sack, and I don't blame him."

"Dear, dear me, that's bad!" Mr. Leopold sympathized. "You say that you have a clue, though, as to what has become of the young lady. What do you mean by that?"

"Not exactly a clue," I explained. "We have had an anonymous letter from a man who has a grudge against Mr. Martin Hews from which we gathered that by some means or other she has fallen into his hands. What it all means I scarcely understand. I have only known Mr. Hews a week or so, and the whole thing is a mystery to me."

"Sounds as though it might be a mystery to anyone," Mr. Leopold observed. "Perhaps it's one of those things better not looked into too closely, eh? In the old days it used to be 'Boys will be boys'; since the war, it's 'Girls will be girls.' Well, here's better luck, Major! I think you'll find that as good a cocktail as there is in London."

The cocktail was certainly good, and potent enough, as I discovered from my first sip.

"Now tell me, Major, is there anything I can do to help? You've been to Claridge's again, I suppose?"

"I was there half an hour ago. They have heard nothing of Miss Essiter."

"Would you like me to telephone to Scotland Yard or step down there?"

I shook my head gloomily.

"Very good of you, sir," I replied, "but I don't think I should do anything of that sort for a day or two. Of course there's always a chance that Miss Essiter may have joined up with some friends. Breezeley Mansion's a dull enough place for any girl."

"My own idea, precisely," Mr. Leopold agreed, almost eagerly. "No good making a fuss before it's necessary. Have you any clue at all you can give me as to who this person may be who sent the anonymous letter?"

"Not the slightest in the world," I admitted. "As a matter of fact, he's the man we've been trying so hard to find. He's the head of a gang of roughs down in the East End somewhere."

"Head of a gang of roughs," Mr. Leopold mused, his narrow little eyes still scrutinizing me keenly. "Well, the police ought to know something about him then, oughtn't they?"

I appeared to hesitate for a moment.

"Mr. Hews doesn't care much about the police," I confided.

Mr. Leopold grinned, a humorous, flesh-creasing performance. Every moment he seemed to be becoming more at his ease with me.

"I don't wonder at it at all, Major Owston. If you'd been with that scarecrow many more months, you'd probably have understood the reason well enough."

I permitted my glass to be replenished. My host glanced at the clock.

"If you'll just excuse me for a moment," he begged, "I'll finish dressing, and then I can drop you anywhere you want to go. I'm dining at the Hyde Park Hotel at a quarter to nine. Help yourself to anything you want. The cigarettes are on the table."

HE disappeared into an inner room, and from that to an apartment beyond. I strolled over to the table and let my fingers linger in a cigarette box. The details of the room were easy to assimilate. The writing table was of ormolu and ebony, and had only three drawers. They were wide open. The two cabinets were filled with china, top and bottom. The rest of the room was mostly taken up by bookcases. The obvious depository for papers or any forms of valuables was unmistakable—almost flagrantly evident. Let into a panel of the plainly decorated walls was a safe so cleverly concealed that only the keyhole and the slight difference of color at the hinges betrayed its presence. . . .

I strolled back toward my chair, looking at the titles of the books in the cases, wondering what Mr. Leopold's tastes in literature might really be. There were some very beautiful volumes, a surprising edition of Daudet, richly bound in white calf; Guy de Maupas-

ant's short stories, flaming in orange, green and purple; an edition de luxe of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and then the only volume which had evidently been taken out recently—an old book, bound in limp leather, hastily replaced, and still projecting beyond its fellows. I bent down to look at the title, and resumed my seat, smiling to myself. The idea of Mr. Leopold indulging in half an hour's solitude each day with the Bible amused me.

"Well, young fellow," he exclaimed, as he rejoined me, the last word in beperfumed and correctly tailored masculinity, "if you're ready, I must get along. How are you spending the evening, may I ask?"

"I shall probably dine in my rooms. I have a few little matters to clear up, and there may be a message about Miss Essiter."

"Don't you worry too much, young fellow," Mr. Leopold advised me earnestly. "You're doing the right thing, I am sure, in not making too much fuss about it. I expect you'll find the young lady has just slipped off for a bit of liberty. The girls of today will do it, you know, and I'm not sure that we don't like them all the better for it, eh? A good-looking girl like Miss Essiter is bound to have some pals."

I refrained from kicking him with difficulty, and we glided smoothly off.

"Would you like a job in the colonies?" he asked.

"I'd like a job anywhere where the work wasn't crooked."

"That sounds odd after you've been working for Martin Hews," he observed. "I suppose you would stretch a point sometimes, if there was a bit in it for yourself as well as for your employer?"

"I've got to live," I answered dejectedly.

THE car came to a standstill at the corner of Down Street and Piccadilly. I prepared to descend.

"I'll think things over, and let you know," Mr. Leopold promised.

I thanked him cordially for his hospitality and sympathy, and walked toward my own front door, a little wearily. I might have succeeded in gulling Mr. Leopold to a certain extent, but the main object of my visit to him remained unaccomplished. What sort of book, I wondered. . . .

The idea came to me as I turned the key in the lock and crossed the threshold. I sprinted up the stairs, two at a time, and directly I had reached my sitting-room I rang the bell.

"Smart," I asked, a little breathlessly, as soon as he appeared, "have you a Bible?"

"Have I—a—I beg your pardon, sir, what was it you said?"

"A Bible," I repeated. "You or your wife—anyone. I want a Bible."

"What cocktail would you like, sir?"

"I don't want a cocktail, Smart. I want a Bible," I reiterated.

He hurried from the room, and was away almost ten minutes. When he returned he was still blowing the dust off a large and moldy volume.

"It belonged to the missus' mother," he announced, placing it upon the table. "I'm afraid it hasn't been opened for a good many years, sir."

I seized it eagerly, and carried it to my writing table. I had only just brought out the cipher letter which I had stolen from Mr. Leopold when Smart returned.

"Mr. Bloor to see you, sir," he announced.

(To be continued next week)

Coming Home

Continued from page 22

stool and laid her head against the shiny wood. Presently she lifted her head just a little so that she could reach up and rub away the soiling tears with the polishing rag. She sat there weeping and rubbing away the saline results until she heard Sim coming back from a disconsolate trip out through the fields.

In October, leaving their livestock to run wild in the woods, the Jordans did at last move to Minden, though Mr. Eddy hadn't yet asked for the land. He had gone away, saying he would begin large operations the coming spring after the rainy season.

No, Sim didn't have to move just then; but he told himself he would have to get out *some* time, and his wife and boys had begged for town, and he himself was unbearably wretched and restless, and he couldn't "stand it" to look at his neglected fields any longer. Besides, he could recall from time to time that he had plenty of money now.

Sim rented a small house where the sidewalks ended. Every day he solemnly called at the post office for circular letters and at Mr. Goldfarb's store, where he had traded when he was farming, and at Davey's blacksmith shop, where he sat enviously watching the two busy smiths beating gold sparks out of sizzling white iron, shoeing horses and excitedly putting new hot tires on old wagon wheels.

On his farm Sim had risen early, for there was usually something worth doing. He still rose early by habit, but often he didn't want to get out of bed at all, there being nothing worth doing. He played with the idea of trying to find work in the little town, but when he mentioned it at Mr. Goldfarb's or at the blacksmith shop he was laughed at. What! A gentleman of wealth asking for a nigger's job driving a wagon or as handy man around a house? What else was there for him in Minden?

He admitted with words that his idea was foolish, but somehow he didn't believe it; and when help was needed at the store or the shop he leaped joyfully at the chance to use his great muscles, and so escape for a moment his disturbing sense of rusty uselessness.

AS FOR his little round-headed partner in wealth, she was putting on and taking off her new jewelry and clothes, uneasily buying more from time to time and regretting them, visiting a few neighbors to whom she hinted grandly of the joys of wealth and leisure, fretting about the boys "gittin' so towny an' uppity," and worrying about Sim. Usually slow of speech and wistfully amiable, he nevertheless snapped at her a great deal these days; and she was eternally cutting at him, though she didn't realize that fact.

Early in January, with the enthusiastic consent of his wife, Sim yielded to an instinct older than man—to run away from trouble. Except for a few hundred dollars, he left his money in the Minden Bank. In a vague way he felt some connection between his quick new wealth and his trouble.

The Jordan piano and organ, the shiny furniture, farming tools, their livestock except Shem and Ham, the pair of mules, all were gladly auctioned off for whatever their buyers chose to pay. For a little money and many large promises Mrs. Jordan sold to a neighboring Negro woman her decorative gold-rimmed spectacles and her fancy clothes, including the pink silk underwear that had always put riotous

and disturbing things in her head.

The two older boys flatly refusing to leave town, where they now had jobs and sweethearts, Sim and his wife bundled the youngest into the wagon when they started off. Sim went southward because only in that direction was land unclouded by rumors of oil.

Somewhere, he said, he aimed to buy another farm, when he found one to please him.

Sim and his wife thought they had recaptured what they longed for, and could find no words to speak of, on a fine plantation far to the south of Minden. He worked with desperate fervor, and she was mistress of a white frame cottage much grander, she often said, than their old log house.

Their landlord, noting their energy and skill, exerted himself to keep them content and permanent; they were worth a good deal to him merely as examples and pacemakers to his other tenants. He put the house in perfect repair, offered them blooded stock on their own terms, promised to sell them as much land as they wanted if some time they should decide to buy. They told themselves often—too often—that they certainly were lucky, and that they couldn't find a better settling place if they looked all over the country.

ONE night during their first winter on the new plantation, sitting hunched up in a chair before the fire, Sim said to his wife, "How'd you like to have a drink of water from the old well?" She leaped upon the idea of a well of water as the explanation of their haunting unrest, and they talked and talked about the one back home, so that presently it had for them a marvelous quality it had never before possessed.

Sim thrilled with the authentic glow of inspiration, for in his wistful, good-natured way he had been agonizing for weeks over some excuse to give to his generous and kindly landlord; and when, early the next year, still unsatisfied and restless, they drove on to the next county southward he told the landlord that he and his wife couldn't "abide" the well of water.

For seven years in seven counties Sim and his wife sought a mystic well of water. Then he turned northward again, saying he would try the county just above Minden.

They were now old. They had lost to a town and a girl and a job their youngest and last son. They had wandered far from home—they could think of only one place as home—and the roads were sometimes deep with sticky mud and sometimes frozen in jaggy ruts that threatened to shake to pieces the ancient wagon. But Sim pushed steadily on.

AFTER two weeks he was within four miles of Minden; and, though the Jordans didn't need to pass through that town to reach their destination northward, Sim and his wife agreed that it might be just as well if they visited it for news of their two older boys and of their banked oil money. The boys were gone, they found. Am was a brakeman running out of near-by Texarkana; Ed was a barber in Dallas.

The bank had failed. Sim didn't ask why, and no one told him that it had followed the collapse of Mr. Eddy's oil boom in the eastern end of the county. They thought everybody knew that.

Sim and his wife, sitting in their canvas-covered wagon parked in a side

(Continued on page 60)

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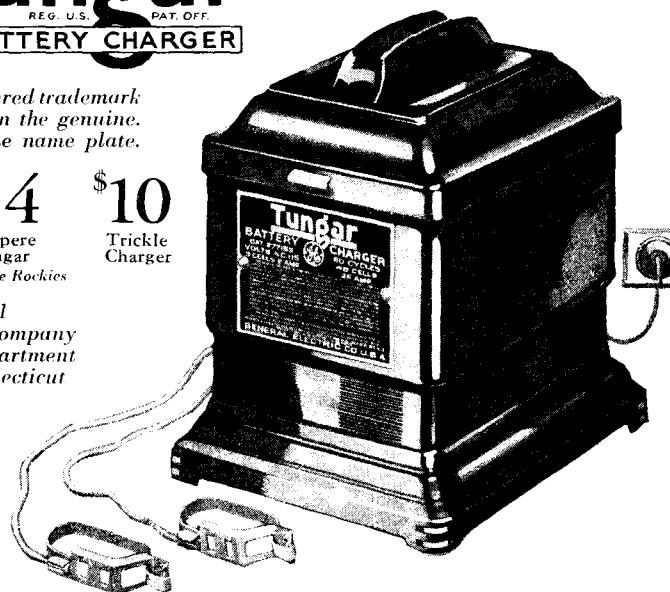
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Coming Home

Continued from page 59

street, eating sardines and crackers for dinner, didn't grieve about the oil money. They had never seen all of it; had never felt very close to it; had always been surprised when silver and greenbacks were handed out upon the mere tender of a slip of paper scrawled upon by Sim under the coaching of the cashier. And they had a notion that the oil money was the cause of their always feeling so cut loose and lost and generally "mizzable."

"Hit ain't much outen the way, Sim," suggested Mrs. Jordan casually as if she had just thought of it, "so let's go by the farm an' have a drink from our old well of water. I reckon hit's still there, anyhow."

HE ARGUED that by now the farm was all cluttered up with derricks, the shacks of drilling and pumping and piping people and the general mess of an oil camp. He said that maybe Mr. Eddy had torn down the house, filled in the well and "done around ontel you cain't even make out whar they were at." He didn't definitely agree to her proposal, but she felt that he was turning it over approvingly in his mind.

The old well of water! So they phrased it for the sake of simplifying something very large and intangible in their minds, in order the better to grasp it. They felt ahead of them, vaguely, the breathless possibility of a rich and complicated experience which might give them a glimpse of an ancient happiness, or which might suddenly stab them deeply with remorse new and strangely cruel. They were nervous and afraid and more silent even than usual as the wagon moved out of Minden along the familiar rutty road that seemed so little changed.

It was after midnight when the mules, without a twitch of the lines by Sim, turned off the main road into that short side road they remembered as well as he.

After a while the two strained watchers dimly made out a corner of their fence, and they listened ahead in an agony of suspense for the night sounds of an oil camp. They could see no flaring lights, hear no engines, hear nothing but the clink of their own harness, the "clunk" of their wagon hubs on shouldered thimbles, the sighing in the trees, and the whirling, sucking winter-time race of the swollen creek that crossed the road and ran through the lower end of their field. They could smell no oil, but only the clean, keen wind coming across miles and miles of pine forests.

The big outside field gate, unhinged, lay off to one side of the road. Upon the small flat knoll ahead of them, beyond the black shadow of the trees by the gate, Sim and his wife could see, in the thin, cold starlight, the outline of a house. It was the house he had built a long time ago for the girl who was the little old woman sitting humped up there on the seat near him.

The mules went on of their own accord and halted by what had been the front yard.

"Hello!" shouted Sim in a voice so weak and thin that he was shocked with surprise. "Hello, hello, hello!" He was shrieking it now.

No dog barked, no door opened, and in a second the long, stooping man and his short-legged wife were racing toward the house.

He put away the mules in the dilapidated stable, made up a bonfire in the rock fireplace, and brought up a bucket of water from the creek, since the well

house had fallen in. Mrs. Jordan swept a clean place on the floor and spread down their pallet of patterned quilts.

But she and Sim didn't try to go to sleep. She went wandering about the house and out in the kitchen, with a lantern and a broom, cleaning away rubbish.

And Sim went out in the fields, striding about, searching for evidences of their recent history and feeling the ground under his feet.

"I knows you," he kept whispering in a voice of swaggering triumph.

A few sections of his oak fence were gone, and scrub pines were beginning to take the fields; but he found nowhere a derrick, a pumping well, an obtruding pipe or any late signs of oil people. By the side of four widely separated piles of ashes he found four small holes in the ground. "Dusters!" he breathed joyfully. "They bored all they wanted to an' they never found nothin' but dry holes."

When he was sure of his facts he hurried back to the house to tell his wife.

"How is it, Sim?" She spoke low as if inquiring about something dear that was sick and might die.

"Hit's all right. Nobody here at all. They didn't git nothin' but dusters, an' ever'body's gone away. I reckon nobody wants this old farm now."

"They better not," she said passionately; and, dropping the lantern, she fled stumblingly back to the kitchen, where it was dark with the windows boarded up. She stood in a corner with her apron over her head for a good while, until she heard Sim's steps coming. And then she rushed out, saying shortly, "We better git to sleep."

They lay for two or three hours wide awake in the room where all their children had been born; and then spent the rest of the silent strained day cleaning.

THE next morning Sim hitched up his mules at daylight. He didn't say why he was going to town alone, but when he drove down to the big gate his wife was standing there. He stopped and looked at her.

"Maybe they'll rent hit to us, Sim," she said. "We're in good time to start a crop. Tell 'em we'll work our heads off on hit, Sim. Yes, see if they won't take us back as renters, anyhow. Do your level best, won't you, Sim?" Her eyes were raised to his, and her voice was that of a girl once lost and calling to him through the woods at night. They remembered that time now.

"I aim to," he said, looking away.

Sim drove on, and she stood watching after him until the wagon was out of sight. Then she rushed back to the house and flung herself at its cleaning again.

And that midnight, listening before the fire, she heard the rattle of his wagon far out on the road; and she ran down to the big gate to meet him, all out of breath, holding her hand to her heart.

The weather had softened during the day; lacy gray rainclouds swam slowly across the moonless sky; all about her was a tender blackness.

And then he came. "Is that you?" he called. He had long ago stopped using her name; uttering it was somehow too demonstrative for him after their courting days. The tone of his voice always indicated the fact when he was addressing his wife. "You'll catch your death a-cold a-standing out here. How long you been out here?" His voice was very stern.

"Not long, Sim. Hit ain't cold any more. Would they—"

"Well, I seen 'em at the bank." His words were slower even than usual, and thin and uneasy and queer to his terrified wife. He was getting down from the wagon. She wished she could see his face. He was coming close to her.

"Yes, I seen 'em at the busted bank, an' they said they're payin' only ten cents on the dollar to depositors now. An' they said they loaned Mr. Eddy five thousand on our place, an' now hit belongs to the bank."

"Hush!"

BUT that meant, he knew, that he should go on quickly—quickly.

"They said they'd tried to sell hit for five hundred dollars right lately, but nobody would buy—land's a drug on the market in these parts. An' they asked me if I would be satisfied if they give me three hundred dollars an' also our farm back to keep!"

"Hush, Sim, hush."

"So I took hit. Hit's *ours* again. I aim to keep hit this time."

The tall pines above them whispered,

"Hush, hush, hush!" Her hands were pulling at the lapels of his coat, and her voice was crying, "Hush, Sim; oh, hush, honey, I can't stand no more to-night!"

And, stooping, old Sim lifted her in his arms and carried her up the hill and into the house; as he had done once long ago, that day coming home from the church where they were married, and they were just beginning. They remembered it.

"Myrtle, we'll begin again."

"Why, *Sim!*" she breathed, her left hand patting at her mouth. "Hit's twenty years since you've spoke my girl name!"

"Well, hit's a right purty name, Myrtle is." He said it with a swaggering gayety.

When Mrs. Jordan talked to admiring old neighbors she enlarged upon the benefits of traveling about and seeing new things, and of what a continuous joy their pilgrimage had been to Sim and her. But often at the end of her enthusiastic talks she would say, "An' yit, do you know, we never *could* find a well of water like our old one here at home, so we come back."



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Civilized

WHILE this copy of Collier's is still being read we shall have chosen the next President of the United States.

The campaign has been hotly contested by two strong men. Looking back on it now we can see many things in which as Americans we can take pride.

First and chief is the way in which the leaders of both parties stood up honorably and courageously for tolerance.

The campaign touched deep emotions and some were willing to let prejudice and fanaticism dominate. But not the candidates nor their trusted advisers.

Both nominees showed that they would rather lose fairly than win contemptibly.

This is a great tribute to our maturity as a nation.

We speak of ourselves as a civilized and



enlightened people. Of what does our civilization consist? In just what ways are we and our next-door neighbors different from the Bushmen and the Hottentots?

Of course we have many things that they haven't—automobiles, radios, plumbing, schools, churches, libraries, theaters, hospitals and so on. With the aid of these things we live more comfortably. We have more means of amusing ourselves. Our lives and our property are safer. We know more about the world we live in.

But there is more to civilization than this. We might have all these advantages and still not be civilized. The Greeks lacked most of them. Yet all of us recognize that the Greeks were civilized. The Greeks proved their enlightenment by their tolerance.

Pericles told the secret in his famous oration when he said:

"Not only in politics are we open-minded. Without a scrap of jealousy we tolerate peculiarities of all sorts in each other's daily lives. We have no objection to our neighbor's following the bent of his mind."

Tolerance does not mean that we have no opinions and convictions worth upholding. On the contrary. We respect other

people's rights because ours are so precious to us.

Judged by this high standard we come out of the campaign handsomely. The candidates themselves demanded that we render a verdict unswayed by fanaticism and bigotry.

In this, whether we are winners or losers, we may take honest pride.

Save the Records

AT THE annual convention of the Massachusetts department of the American Legion a congressman urged the veterans to make a fight for a federal appropriation to have the war records reprinted. During the war paper was scarce. Wood-pulp paper was drafted for service beyond its capacity. Today the records on wood-pulp paper are wearing out. Expose them to strong light for even a few hours and they become brittle and yellow.

It is a fortunate thing for the records of the country's early wars that cheap paper was unknown. Many of these records are almost as legible now as the day they were written. They are priceless historically, and little short of sacred as the book of a great people in the agony of their heroic beginnings. Tomorrow the country's World War records will be no less cherished. To lose them is unthinkable.

War the people may wish to forget, but not the record of wars honorably fought through to victory by men the least of whose rewards should be the mundane immortality of imperishable records.

Women Only

IN GERMANY, according to Associated Press dispatches, the railroad authorities are considering abolishing traveling compartments designed "for ladies only." Observation has shown them that women don't take kindly to the idea of traveling solely in the company of their own sex.

Well, they might have known. Women do occasionally foregather exclusively and deliberately for luncheons and teas and bridge parties but the more outspoken of them admit that at these affairs there is always something lacking. You will often hear the fair ones make disparaging, nay, disloyal, references to what they somewhat inelegantly describe as "tea fights" and "hen parties." From men, on the other hand, you hear only glowing accounts of stag parties, hunting trips, poker sessions.

In the more softly lighted, lacquered tea rooms, where the hostess is always hovering at your elbow to ask if the cream-cheese-and-olive sandwiches are tasty enough, you will find women together lunching or dining.

But did you ever notice the superior gleam in the eyes of those who sweep to a table followed by a timid male?

That's the situation. Feminists may become indignant over it. Psychologists may explain it. Mere men may chuckle over it. But we observers on the side lines can only make a note of it and wonder what's the answer.

The Old Excuse

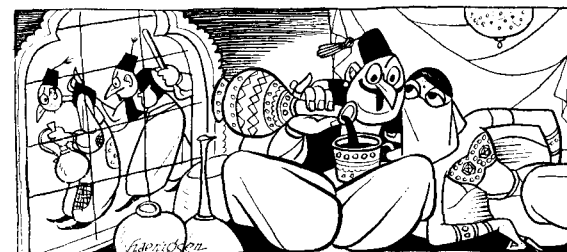
IF YOU think that human nature has improved during these recent generations of tumultuous change, you may find entertainment in a letter written more than two hundred years ago.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague met a Mohammedan official at Belgrade and in her letter of April 1, 1717, she wrote:

"He made no scruple of deviating from some pact of Mahomet's law by drinking wine with the same freedom as we did. When I asked him how he came to allow himself that liberty, he made answer that all creatures of God are good and are designed for the use of man, however that the prohibition of wine is a very wise maxim, and meant for the common people, being the source of all disorders amongst them, but that the prophet never designed to confine those who knew how to use it with moderation: nevertheless, he said scandal ought to be avoided and that he never drank in public."

This explanation is repeated today by many twentieth-century Americans. Prohibition, they still say, is good for working people but the privileged may drink with impunity.

This is a convenient way of quieting an uneasy conscience but it is not the solution which will prove permanently satisfactory to a nation founded in the belief that all men are created free and equal.





TAPPING A HEAT OF MOLTEN IRON TO BE ROLLED INTO PLATES AND SHEETS

Stamping out rust-fire

EEN executives in every line of industry are fighting rust . . . the unseen fire. For the damage rust-fire does is appalling.

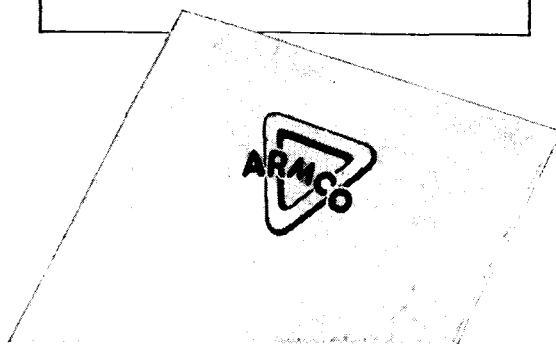
Every year it lays waste to plant equipment worth millions . . . runs up terrific repair bills . . . narrows the margin between production costs and profit.

But every year this needless loss grows less. More and more *Armco* ingot iron is being specified wherever sheet metal and plates are used.

Armco ingot iron is your best weapon in stamping out rust-fire. It is the purest iron made . . . practically free from the elements that hasten rust in other low-cost metals. *Armco* ingot iron outlasts steel and other irons by long years of service.

Save replacement and upkeep expense by using *Armco* ingot iron in all equipment exposed to moisture or corrosives . . . roofing, siding, tanks, stacks, mine cars, boiler tubes, pipes, etc. *Armco* ingot iron even costs less to install because it is unusually ductile and easy to handle.

ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST



The Armco Triangle stamped on every sheet identifies the genuine. Look for it when you build or repair!

**And in
the HOME**

Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and annoyance of frequent repairs. They are insisting on *Armco* ingot iron for gutters, downspouts, metal lath . . . and other metal parts about a house. When you build or repair, look for the sheet metal shop that displays the Armco Sign.

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Export—The Armco International Corp.

Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"

RUST-FIRE! *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the evidence of this fire.*

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF IRON AND STEEL SHEETS



Wild Turkeys Brownd and Golden and venison and purple grapes

for these we offer thanks

FROST came with the nights. The corn stalks withered and the hills were fire and scarlet. Partridge drummed and a fox barked behind the ridge. The stockade gates were shut. Out of New Hampshire rose the Harvest Moon.

"For these we offer thanks." A voice in the wilderness raised in thanksgiving . . . spreads and becomes the voice of a continent. A settlement grows and becomes a nation. Each year the nation offers thanks for the harvest. Each year the harvest is richer . . . in happiness . . . in material prosperity . . . in the joy of living.

A great part of the harvest of America today is the harvest of industry. Endless research and experiment, a divine curiosity, the open mind, these have brought new products and a new and better way of living.

And part of the march of progress, contributing to a safer, happier life, is Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator . . . now providing priceless health protection in over 500,000 successful installations.

But Frigidaire has not been satisfied with this achievement. And now, after 16 years of constant experiment, twelve years of practical experience in production, comes the New Frigidaire . . . beautiful, powerful, convenient, incredibly quiet . . . an entirely

new conception of automatic refrigeration. The New Frigidaire has reserves of power for every emergency. Its cabinets are built to

harmonize in line and color with the modern kitchen. It is incredibly quiet in operation.

The New Frigidaire safeguards health. It prevents food spoilage. It freezes ice. It saves time and work and money. It provides safe, dependable, care-free refrigeration . . . under all conditions.

Wild turkeys, brownd and golden and venison and purple grapes. For this material evidence of a successful harvest the Pilgrims offered thanks. The harvest of 1928 is nearly in. And already in thousands of homes the New Frigidaire has begun its work . . . quietly, surely protecting the health of the family . . . contributing to a safer, happier life.

• • Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio • •

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS